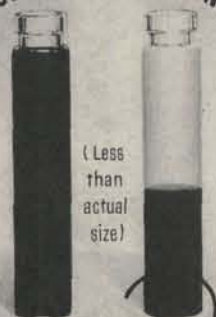


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Articles
Articles
Fiction
Photographs
Europe
The Orient
Associate Editors

at Week

THE presidency is a seventy-five-thousand-dollar job; a congressman gets ten thousand. You might expect that the Honorable Liberty Bill Lemke would spend seven and a half times as much energy in his candidacy for President as in his campaign for re-election to Congress from North Dakota. This, however, is not altogether true. Mr. Lemke seems to feel that ten thousand is ten thousand, and if anything should go wrong with the larger job it would be handy to have something to fall back on.

When Walter Davenport visited him recently in his home in Fargo, he found Mr. Lemke pausing to sort out the various causes he has espoused—and to keep himself right with Father Coughlin. In short, "Mr. Lemke Stops to Think."

THE highlands of Tibet are no place for a girl. And so when you find Annmarie Catherwood in the Gna'tsa Lamasery (devil-worship a specialty of the house) you must be prepared for trouble. Luckily you will also find there young Griff Cannon, a mining engineer with sufficient knowledge of chemistry to deal with any plain or fancy devils. In "Strange Meeting," Sidney Herschel Small records their story.

MR. ROBERT DONAT, who was firmly planted in a chair in front of a very bright light, was getting tired of the whole business. He had taken screen tests before and they had all been unsuccessful. "Register horror," said the assistant director. Mr. Donat burst into laughter and staggered out of the studio. But the camera had caught that laugh. And so Mr. Donat became a star. F. Pringle tells the story.

This Week

October 10, 1936

Cover by Alan Foster

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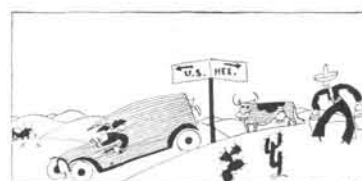
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EDITORIAL

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Any Week

BY ALL means the most disconcerting news we've received this week is the appearance and swift increase of butter bootleggers. From Mr. E. Thespaal of Fort Erie, Ontario, we learn that "a syndicate of armed desperadoes, equipped with powerful motorcars and airplanes, are making our nights hideous and our roads unsafe for after-dark travel." And Captain Grover Ronds of Brownsville, Texas, reports that "hundreds of pounds of cut butter are being smuggled in from Mexico every week by men who would have made Al Capone, Dutch Schultz, Mileaway Thompson and Miami Moe Knockles quake with terror." And the practice is en-



couraging other ruffians to defy authority. Not long ago a large truckload of string beans was high-jacked near Lopena, Texas, and the United States Customs has discovered a nasty plot to flood this country with Saskatchewan cabbage. Our private underworld scout, Mr. Pete (Needle) Nesbitt, assures us that it is impossible to exaggerate the situation and that the headquarters of this international ring of farm and dairy products pirates is in St. Louis, master-minded by an ex-convict who used to be czar of the gardenia racket.

MRS. EMMA HEISLER of Sioux City, Iowa, doesn't mention this particular brand of evil but tells us about a chap who might serve to track it down. This gentleman is an agent of the Department of Agriculture and is going about begging the citizenry to "stand up against the devil with Roosevelt." The devil is not, contrary to past reports, a Democrat. The agent does not accuse him of being a Republican but the inference is pretty nasty. "Fight him at the polls," cries the agent, "by voting for the American he fears most—Franklin Delano Roosevelt."

A GREAT many people would be at quite a loss to know what to do without us. The Reverend Thomas H. Gallagher of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, assures us that "Every week I find pleasure and profit in reading your excellent editorials. 'No Bribes Accepted' is truly good and cuts to the bone. Somebody needs to say these things and you are to be commended. More power to you and sincere thanks."

IN FACT, quite a number of excellent people are our friends. There are moments when we suspect that we fall slightly short of perfection but we stand ready to argue all night with anyone who doubts that we're not doing our best. And yet there are questions which we ought to have sense enough to ignore. For example, here is Mr. Gene Thackeray of Springfield, Illinois, with a flattener. Asks he: "How many candidates for the presidency have ever considered taking the time to bow at the tomb of Abraham Lincoln before or after their campaigns?"

BUT we may not include Mr. Claude E. McIlhenney of San Diego, California, among those who regard us with affection. By the time Mr. McIlhenney had finished reading Frederick Hazlitt Brennan's "True to the Navy" he was pretty bitter. We expect "a good punch in the nose" if Mr. McIlhenney ever meets us. "I am a former yeoman in the United States Navy," writes he. "I resent that story as a slur on all yeomen. Yeomen are invariably gentlemen. American women prefer gentlemen. Therefore, it is not necessary for yeomen to fear sailors or pay them bribe money to hold their own in affairs of the heart. Who do you think you are?"



QUITE a little satisfaction will be gathered from Mr. McIlhenney's letter by Miss Theo Maegher of Raleigh, North Carolina. She's afraid that our modern civilization has killed the art of the gentleman. "Where today," demands Miss Maegher, "is the man (gentleman) who, when speaking to a lady on the street, remains uncovered until she dismisses him with a courteous 'Good day, sir'?"

WE HAVEN'T any idea. But we're glad that Miss Maegher mentions hats. It gives us a chance to tell you that Mr. Edwin H. Lesko of Holly Springs, Mississippi, has noticed that our statesmen are less picturesque than they used to be. "They used to be much more interesting to see than to hear," says Mr. Lesko. "Now they aren't even worth looking at. For instance, they are abandoning the big black slouch hats and Windsor ties, congress gaiters and frock coats. Too bad, too, particularly about the hats."

AND the rabbits in them!



A Sculptor would Feel at Home

YOU'RE GETTING A LOOK "back stage" in this picture...watching one of the men who, with sculptors' skill, aid in perfecting the appearance of new Plymouth models.

Working from drawings, he is carefully modeling this radiator grille in clay...just as sculptors always make clay models before starting their final work in stone.

When finished, these clay models are critically studied and analyzed by the designers and engineers in charge of the lines and "looks" of the car. If they approve, the next step is a car carved out of wood...*from which a whole experimental car is built by hand out of steel.*

This is the way Plymouth got the graceful sweep

of its big fenders...its aristocratic "face"...its long, big-car lines...its smooth, modern streamlining in every detail.

This is how...and why...year after year, America continues to judge Plymouth one of the finest looking cars on the road...by far the most beautiful of "All Three" low-priced cars!

BEAUTY is a natural, normal part of the pleasure you have in owning a car...as well as top-notch performance and comfort. And that is why...along with brilliant engineering and honest, careful construction...enormous care is devoted to *keeping* Plymouth the most beautiful low-priced car.—
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M I M E O G R A P H



Scoring Play

By Lucian Cary

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES NICHOLAS LEWIS



"But it's you I love," she cried. Tommy tried to smile but couldn't. His lips were too swollen

JOE TOLMAN got off the Chicago express at half past ten of a warm September evening. He could have caught an earlier train out of Minneapolis. But he wanted to get into Grandison after dark.

He pulled his hat down and checked his bag and walked up the street, toward the Capitol Square. He had thirty-five cents in his pocket. He walked along one side of the square without meeting anybody he knew. He didn't want to meet anybody he knew. But he was cynically aware that he couldn't have walked that far in Grandison three or four years ago without being stopped every few yards by fellow students and businessmen who wanted to be able to say afterward, "as Joe Tolman was saying to me."

At the corner of the square he took the street that led diagonally toward the lake, and walked until he came to a big square house with a Mansard roof and

long French windows. A low stone wall and a hedge gave the house more privacy than most. Joe looked up and down the street. There was no one in sight. He jumped up on the stone wall. From that height he could see through the open windows into the living-room. He saw a girl sitting beside a lamp.

He couldn't see much but a blond head bent over a book. He wondered what she would do if he whistled the Psi Chi whistle. She'd lift her head. She'd remember. She couldn't have forgotten him completely. But perhaps some other Psi Chi was rushing her now. He heard footsteps coming down the street and jumped off the wall and walked on toward the campus.

He felt better for a moment. He thought that Ann Milburn wouldn't be sitting in the family living-room if she had married. But his feeling did not last. Even if she hadn't married somebody else he couldn't do much about it. They had quarreled too bitterly. She

had been a sophomore when he was a senior. She had said she wouldn't marry him until she finished college. She had wanted him to stay on and get his degree. He could have stayed on and coached the backfield and got his degree, instead of taking the big salary and going out West with the mining company.

Joe walked past the gym. He could see the rim of the concrete stadium against the sky beyond the gym. He had helped to build that pile. He had contributed as much to it as any other one man, even Kenyon, who had given a hundred thousand dollars and got the field named after him.

JOE knew that they had preserved the jersey he had worn in his last game, with the number 47 on it in big white figures, in the trophy room. It hung in a glass case and the legend underneath said of him that he was the man "who had made more long runs to touchdowns than any other football player in the history of the game." The list followed, beginning with the runs of seventy-four, eighty-one, and ninety-two yards to touchdowns against Minnesota that had made him famous overnight. No Minnewaska player had ever worn the number 47 since Joe had played his last game.

"And so what?" Joe Tolman said to himself.

He turned into a side street and stopped at a small shingled house. There was a light upstairs. Joe rang the bell. The door opened and he saw Mike Oakley's wide shoulders and bald head.

"Where's your bag?" Mike asked.

Joe told him.

"Minnie's gone to bed," Mike Oakley said. "Let's go out in the kitchen."

Joe followed him out into the kitchen.

"Hungry?" Mike asked.

"Yes," Joe said. He could tell Mike the truth. He had played football under Mike Oakley for three years.

Mike got a plate of cold steak out of the icebox. Joe noticed that he wasn't completely bald. He had a fringe of tightly curled brick-red hair.

"So you couldn't stay away from it any longer," Mike said. "Not when Minnewaska needed you."

Joe went on eating steak. He finished the steak. Mike ate a bowl of crackers and milk.

"I'd better tell you how I feel before we start," Joe said. "I didn't wire you because I thought Minnewaska needed me. I wired you because I needed a hundred dollars a week. I've got no college spirit."

MIKE looked at him. Mike Oakley had deep-set, blue eyes under shaggy brows. "I've known you when you'd give your shirt to help Minnewaska."

"I wouldn't any more," Joe said. "But I'll try to earn the hundred dollars a week."

"What happened to the mining outfit?"

"They turned out to be crooked."

"They didn't pay you your thousand dollars a month?"

"They paid it," Joe said. "Until I quit."

"What you been doing since?"

"Panning gold."

"Sounds like money."

"I averaged ten or eleven dollars a week—most weeks," Joe said.

"Come on," Mike said. "Let's get your bag. Minnie got the spare room ready for you this afternoon. It's yours till Thanksgiving."

"I'm not going to sponge on you," Joe said.

"Don't be so snooty," Mike Oakley said. "Minnie'll charge you for room and board. I want you right here."

He talked about his backfield while he drove Joe down to the station. Joe had known several of the men when



Joe raised his elbow and smashed the glass. He took the jersey

they were freshmen and he was a senior. He remembered Bill Soper, the first string quarterback, and Brinkerhoff, who was now captain and fullback. He hadn't known Phil Lawton, a halfback. Lawton had entered college the fall after Joe had left.

"His father's a big banker in Chicago," Mike said, "and keen on football. He's promised the kid a thousand dollars for every touchdown he makes. Phil can run faster than any man I ever saw in a football suit—except you. But he's got no brains. He runs as if he were on a track. You'd think he thought it was bad form to side-step a tackler. Besides he can't take it."

"Rich men's sons never can take it," Joe said.

"Is that so?" Mike said. "Do you remember Tommy Milburn?"

"Yes," Joe said. He didn't know whether Mike Oakley knew that he had been crazy about Ann Milburn that last spring or not.

"Tommy isn't a great half," Mike said. "He just isn't fast enough. But he can take it."

Joe said nothing. Tommy Milburn had graduated from prep that spring. Joe had liked him. Joe would have liked him even if he hadn't been Ann's brother. But he didn't want to discuss the Milburns; not even with Mike Oakley.

"We gotta get some plays that will give Lawton a chance," Mike said. "If he ever gets clean away nobody'll ever

catch him. But it'll take a masterpiece to get him clear. And it will only work once."

"Why?" Joe asked.

"They'll gang him the way they used to gang you," Mike said. "Only he can't take it the way you could. They never put you down for keeps until that last game and then you weren't in shape to play. If you hadn't lied to me about how you were you'd never have got on that field that day."

"And we'd have lost the game," Joe said. He had run seventy yards to a touchdown that day in the last three minutes of play and it wasn't until they got him on the rubbing table that they discovered the ribs he had said were all right had been broken.

"THERE aren't many things I wouldn't do to win a game from Michigan," Mike Oakley said. "But playing a man in the shape you were in isn't one of them. How long were you in the hospital—twelve weeks?"

"Not quite that long," Joe said.

"You were in long enough so you didn't get your degree," Mike said. He drove home in silence. "We haven't won a game from Michigan since," he continued when he had shown Joe his room.

Joe sat down on the bed. He was dead tired. He had sat up all night. He hadn't had enough money to buy a berth in the sleeper.

"Got any money?" Mike asked.

"Enough for now," Joe said. He had bought a packet of cigarettes in the railway station. He had twenty cents left.

Mike Oakley took bills out of his pocket and began to count. He laid a sheaf of bills on the dresser. "There's a hundred dollars," he said.

Joe thanked him.

"Joe," Mike Oakley said, "if you were to make good coaching the backfield you'd be hired as my assistant for next year."

"I'll try," Joe said.

"You'll make good with me," Mike said. "All you have to watch out for is the powers that be. Play it safe."

Joe Tolman lay awake after Mike Oakley had said good night. He hated facing Minnewaska as a failure. Everybody would know he'd come back to coach the backfield for Mike Oakley because he had failed in the world outside. He didn't care what they knew. He only cared what Ann Milburn knew. She had been just a kid then. She had been nineteen. But she had called the turn. She had been absolutely right and he'd been wrong. He had done what he wanted to do and now he was back where he'd started from.

Joe put on a football suit the next afternoon and went out to work with the squad. He noticed that Tommy Milburn and Phil Lawton disliked each other. He asked Mike about them that night at dinner. Mike looked across the table at his wife.

"You tell him, Minnie," Mike said.

"It was bad enough last season," Minnie Oakley said. "But this year it's worse. They both fell for the same little ash-blond siren by the name of Jane Atkinson. She's a Gamma Gamma and a born flirt and she's having the time of her life."

"THEY work together all right on the field," Mike said.

"Oh," Minnie Oakley said, "if they don't kill each other when they're off the field 'twill do no harm."

Joe got a chance to gossip with Minnie Oakley after dinner. He asked her who Ann Milburn had married.

"She isn't married," Minnie Oakley said. "And well you know it. But they do say she is going to marry Kurt Kenyon."

"Not the old boy who gave the money for the field," Joe said.

"His son—Kurt Kenyon the Third," Minnie Oakley said. "I've often seen her riding with him in that long gray roadster of his."

Joe Tolman looked up from his coaching the next afternoon to see a long gray roadster drawn up at the edge of the field. Tommy Milburn came over and asked him to say hello to Ann.

"I told her last night you were here," Tommy said. "And of course it was in the papers this morning."

Joe walked alongside Tommy Milburn toward the gray roadster. Tommy was talking football. He had no notion how much this meeting with his sister meant to Joe. The next moment Joe was standing beside the roadster and staring at Ann. She was smiling a little. She held out her hand.

"I'm so glad to see you back, Joe," she said. She was very much the woman of the world—so calm, so well poised, so friendly, and so detached. This was no momentous meeting, long dreamed of, to her. It was merely a pleasant social occasion. She turned to the young man beside her. His clothes were a symphony in brown. He looked the aristocrat, slender and cool and elegant. Joe wiped the sweat off his face with the back of his hand.

"Kurt," Ann said to the young man beside her, "I want you to meet Joe Tolman."

"I never saw you play, Mr. Tolman,"

(Continued on page 25)

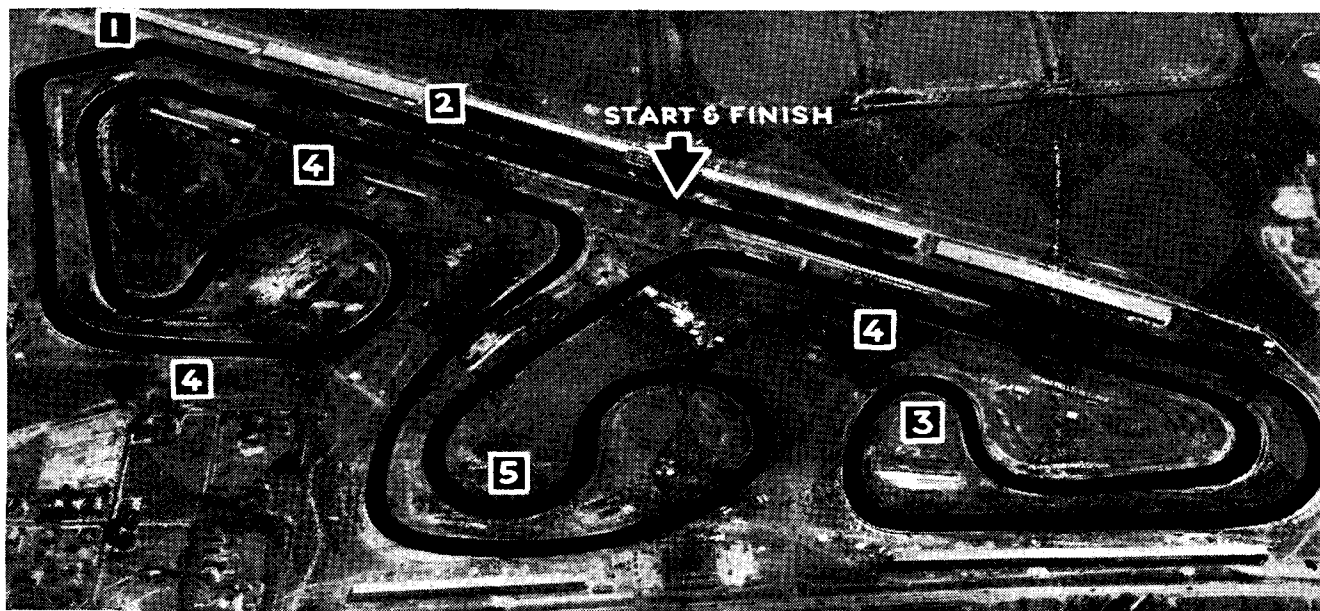
Hit the Road!

See those turns? They're flat. If you want to get a car around them at eighty miles an hour you'll have to skid it. That's just what the thirty-six racers from all over the world are planning to do when the flag is dropped at the opening of the new Roosevelt Track on October 12th. One hundred and forty miles an hour in the stretches—and watch those turns! Here they come!

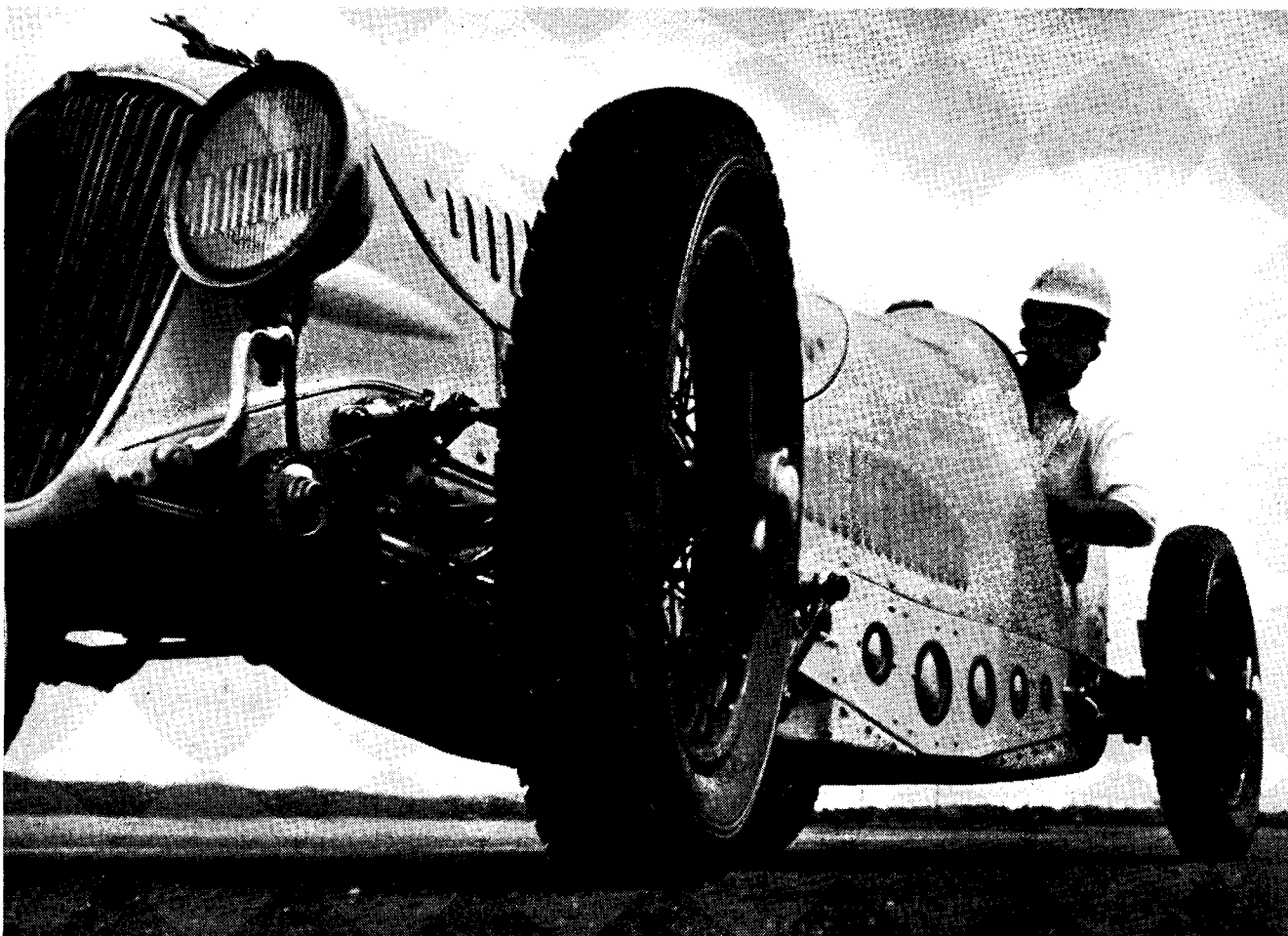
By Quentin Reynolds

An aerial photograph of Roosevelt Raceway on which the George Vanderbilt Cup Race will be run. At 1, drivers must cut speed to 60 miles to avoid hitting the chute. At

the straightaway (2) 150 miles is possible. The toughest turn is at 3, with a 55-mile maximum. The short straightaways at 4 permit 110 miles. At 5 is a tough double turn



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IVAN DMITRI

IF IT happened to be Wednesday and you said to Steve Reynolds, "Well, tomorrow will be Thursday again," Steve Reynolds would look skeptical and say bluntly, "Prove it." He was that kind of reporter.

The New York Times sent him to Long Island in 1909 to cover the Vanderbilt Cup Race, which at that time was the No. 1 sporting event of the year, transcending in interest even such aids to public hysteria as the World Series, exhibition flights by Lincoln Beachy and the Belmont Stake. Steve Reynolds went to Long Island a few days before the date of the race to look the contestants over as they prepared for the 250-mile grind. Reynolds had heard that these cars went as fast as a mile a minute. He had seen advertisements, in fact, of stock cars that went that fast, but actually he didn't believe such tales. He would see for himself.

He went to George Robertson, winner of the 1908 contest, and asked Robertson if he'd take him for a whirl in the car he was readying for the race.

"I want to see if you guys really go a mile a minute," he explained.

"Climb in," Robertson said laconically. Reynolds refused the goggles and overalls offered by Robertson's mechanic. Complete with derby hat, immaculate top coat and carrying a stick, he climbed beside Robertson, pointed to the road ahead, and said calmly, "Show me."

Robertson, a bit nettled by the reporter's skepticism, roared away. Slowly the speedometer climbed . . . forty . . . fifty . . . then it hit sixty, as the big car, its motor screaming defiantly, picked up momentum. Down the motor parkway the car poured, and then ahead there loomed a curve. Reynolds peered with apprehensive eyes. Robertson was a great one for skidding a car around curves. The reporter didn't know that. To him, certain disaster was on them. In sudden panic Reynolds threw his arms around Robertson. Robertson's arms were torn from the wheel, the car careened crazily down the road, swerving like a cork in a whirlpool and then, still traveling at a mile-a-minute pace, it brushed companionably against a tree, arose majestically in the air, did a one and a half somersault with a half twist and threw reporter Reynolds high into the air. Reporter Reynolds still clutching his derby hat, did a neat nip-up, a back bend and a double flip and then landed prettily on his feet. His derby hat wasn't even dented and his top coat was still innocent of wrinkles.

Pick Up the Pieces

Robertson? Robertson was lying there, with the motor in his lap and the song of birdies in his ears. When he came to in the hospital it was to learn that all of his ribs (count 'em—twenty-four) were broken; his right arm was smashed in a dozen or so places and two seamstresses were sewing up various bits of his anatomy, which had come apart under the shock.

"The next day," Robertson says now, telling the story, "Reynolds wrote a very fine story in which he admitted that we really did go a mile a minute in the road race. He was a little bit annoyed though about our accident. It seems that his cane was broken."

Sixty miles an hour? A mile a minute? People thought those drivers were hare-brained creatures flouting all the laws of sanity and nature. "A bicycle is fast enough for anyone," they snorted. "Sixty miles an hour, indeed!"

In 1910 the authorities closed the
(Continued on page 54)

Babe Stapp, prominent American entry, believes he can make a 105-mile average for one turn of the track

Good Until Monday

*Explaining the beautiful Shirley Corbin and the daring Appleton Hatch.
A surprise for Mrs. Osgood's guests*

By Frank Leon Smith



IT WAS Saturday morning in Mrs. Orpah Osgood's big new house in the country. Skipping down the long hall of the guest wing was our hero, young Mr. Appleton Hatch, and anybody seeing him would have sworn he was nuts, because he was jumping lightly on and off furniture, like a guy in a dream, and any guy who thinks he can do what he can dream, and do it as well as he can dream it, is nuts.

But Appleton Hatch wasn't nuts. He just felt swell because it was great to wake up in a house like Mrs. Orpah Osgood's, with an appetite like his, and dress to the song of the birds, and rush below and grab the morning oats from a sideboard that held four kinds of everything, and then rush back again.

The afternoon before, Appleton had roared across the Sound from Connecticut in a scarred old sea sled with an outboard motor that made more noise than a battery of anti-aircraft guns, and sent the boat over the waves like a ricocheting shell. He tied up at the Osgood pier, and went up to the house with a satchel that once was his father's Gladstone but now was a week-end bag.

Mrs. Osgood took him all over the house and he glanced at everything, and then they had dinner together, and they talked politics, first editions, and prize-fighting, until she told him, "Appleton, if you try to hide any more yawns behind your hand you may bite a knuckle out. You go to bed, and you can make an early start in the morning."

Now he was going to make it his duty to give everything in the house a good, hard look, and write down in his notebook what he saw, for Appleton, like his father, was an insurance man and an appraiser. His father had handled old Dan Osgood's insurance for years, and was carrying on for Dan's widow.

IN FURNISHING this new house, Mrs. Osgood had brought in things from three or four other town and country places, and to have the insurance right she wanted an inventory-appraisal of what actually was in this house, and young Appleton had until Monday to do the job thoroughly. He was going to start in at one end of the guest wing, and work his way, room by room, through the whole house, without skipping a book, chair, bed or etching.

He paused in the hall to say hello to himself in a mirror which had given back their reflections to George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, and his pal, Charles the King; then he went on down the hall and opened the first door, and went into the room where our heroine lay sleeping.

He didn't know our heroine, who was Miss Shirley Corbin, and who had arrived after Appleton had retired the night before. He had never even seen her, and he didn't see her now, for, although the windows were open, the Venetian blinds were drawn.

"Let there be light!" he sang aloud, and woke up our heroine.

He seized the cords and hauled up the blinds with a slatting racket, and as Miss Corbin watched, amazed, he took

a picture from the wall, looked at the back of it, and at the small wall safe which it had concealed. He was wondering if there was a wall safe in every guest room, when Miss Corbin spoke.

"Looking for something?"

He stiffened. He turned, holding the picture as though to catch his popping eyes. He saw feminine apparel the like of which he knew only from the ads, and he saw Miss Corbin, with a fine new silk coverlet pulled to her chin.

"I am Appleton Hatch. Didn't Mrs. Osgood—"

"No—she didn't," said Shirley, burrowing to her eyes.

HE STARTED to the door, steeling himself not to look at her, but he didn't have steel enough. He had to see if she was as pretty as his first frightened glance had told him she was, and if her hair was as golden on the pillow, and if her eyes were violet or just blue. She was even prettier, and her hair was golden, and her eyes were violet.

"I can't tell you how sorry I am. I didn't know there was anybody here."

"That's all right," she said, and her voice was pleasant. "I came late. I'm Shirley Corbin."

Appleton was a polite young man. He bowed. He started for the bed, his right hand outstretched. "How do you do, Miss Corbin—"

"Yes, yes—we'll shake hands some other time," she said hurriedly.

"Well, it's nice to have seen you, Miss Corbin," said Appleton and blushed, because there were garments on a chair that tore at his gaze. He went out and closed the door.

He was a confused young man. To crash into a room where the most beautiful girl in the world lay in bed, and start taking things from the wall—what could she think of him? He must have Mrs. Osgood set her right about him. He wouldn't want her to think he was a flashy fellow who went into people's rooms.

He approached the next door in the hall, and paused as he reached for the knob. Maybe there was someone in this room, too. But how could there be? He'd seen every one of these rooms the night before and they were all unoccupied. Still, better to make sure. He knocked on the door—and someone opened it.

It was a blond lady, who seemed short, because she had on heelless bathing slippers. She was clutching a robe to herself, and she gave him a vague, flat-eyed glance—he learned later that she wore glasses, and had left them off, for swimming. She said, "Hello, Hugh, you lazy bum. What got you up so early—or haven't you been in bed all night?" and she marched down the hall.

As Appleton stared, a big bald man, in slippers and shorts, came from the room. He looked at Appleton. He looked down the hall at the lady who now had part of her robe over her arm, like a train. He looked at Appleton. He said shortly, "Good morning!" He closed the door, followed the lady halfway down the hall, looked back at Appleton, shook his head, and went on.

"Godfrey!" thought Appleton, "can I be in the wrong house?" He looked around wildly. No, this was the right house, the house he had seen the night before, the house he had slept in. He decided he must see Mrs. Osgood at once, and find out what was what and who was who.

He paused at a window on the staircase landing, and looked out. Although Mrs. Osgood's place was on the Sound, she had the luxury of a swimming pool, as tides wait for no one, but mud flats do—twice a day. He saw the lady who had called him "Hugh." She wore a green bathing suit and cap, and she was trying the water with her toes, and making faces. The big bald man said something to her, then both turned and looked at the house. Appleton drew back. They couldn't see him, but he felt they were talking about him.

He trotted downstairs and found Thwaine, the butler, a thin, tall man, with high, surprised eyebrows, like Ed Wynn's.

"Oh, Thwaine—good morning. Mrs. Osgood isn't down yet, is she?"

Thwaine tilted his head back and looked at Appleton, and after a pause of two beats, he said, "Mrs. Osgood received a tellygram from the American Federation of Women's Clubs, urging her to address their convention at Cleveland, Ohio. Mrs. Osgood accepted. Mrs. Osgood's address will be broadcast nationally at nine on Sunday evening."

"Oh, so Mrs. Osgood isn't here, eh?"

"No. Mrs. Osgood has flown to Cleveland, and will return of a Monday, Mr. Hatch. She has asked me to apologize for her unavoidable absence. Fortunately, Mr. and Mrs. Burr-Lawford are here with a yachting party, so you will not want for company. Was there anything else, sir?"

"Oh, no. No, thanks, Thwaine. Thanks just the same."

THWAINES departed, and Appleton sat down, dazed, and stared at the rug. Mrs. Osgood, the only one who could vouch for him, had gone. He sat up suddenly, and he could have been confined in an institution for the wild look on his face and the gleam in his eye. Mrs. Osgood was a swell person. She didn't give a hoot for society and formality. She had known Appleton and his father over a period of years. It would not occur to her to explain Appleton to any other guest, or to her servants, and right now Appleton's standing was triple A with Thwaine.

Hitherto, Appleton had been "honest and decent and reckless in youth," but then and there, in a carved walnut cathedral chair, circa 1500 A. D., he decided to be an impostor. He made it clear to his conscience that he was doing this for Miss Shirley Corbin's sake, as Miss Shirley Corbin without doubt would feel better about it if it were a gentleman guest, rather than an insurance man, who had wandered into her bedroom. Of course, he would have to do his inventory-appraisal work meanwhile, but until Monday he was as good as the best.

He had all the makings—or, enough.

ILLUSTRATED BY
ROBERT O. REID

Miss Corbin spoke: "Looking for something?" He stiffened. He turned, eyes popping, and saw her with a fine new silk coverlet pulled to her chin

He had brought plenty of linen, he had some excellent flannels, and a sports coat as snappy as the next lad's. Like most fellows native to Connecticut, he had a line of ancestry that went clear back over the horizon.

As he toyed with the idea, he heard light feet on the stairs, and a voice that was merry in song. A big screen door slammed, and he shot to his feet, and to a window. He saw Miss Shirley Corbin trip across the greensward, and pause to speak to the couple returning from the pool, and for an instant he had to lean against the wall, because Miss Shirley Corbin, in the dots and dashes that were code for a bathing suit, made him giddy.

He must also have leaned against a bell push, for Thwaine appeared, and said, "Yes, Mr. Hatch?"

Appleton turned to him. "Oh, Thwaine, I find that I have forgotten my bathing trunks. You haven't by any chance—"

"Yes, sir. I shall have a swim suit sent to your room at once."

So, about eight minutes later, the big screen door slammed again, and young Mr. Hatch bounded to the pool, and dove in, and he found that he had dived into the shallow end, and he had to run like mad on his hands to keep his nose from grooving the concrete bottom of the pool, and the little teeth of the concrete looked like mountains to his startled eyes.

THEN something white flashed by him and a hand under his arm helped him to the surface. He shook the water from his eyes and saw Miss Shirley Corbin's face, a foot away, and she was looking at him with alarm. "Why, Mr. Hatch! I was afraid you had brained yourself! It's only three feet deep over there, and you dove straight down!"

"I guess I don't know my way around this place yet," he said, and then he blushed to the water line under his chin, and she blushed, too.

"Is this your first visit?"

"Yes. I came late yesterday, and Mrs. Osgood showed me around, but I haven't been in the pool before—and yesterday I could swear there was nobody in that guest wing—and I'm awfully sorry—about—about everything."

She smiled. "Oh, forget about it. No one would take you for a burglar."

She swam away. He followed rapidly, to show he was a good swimmer. Then he got embarrassed, following her up and down the pool, and he hauled himself out, and sat on the edge, with his legs in the water. Presently she joined him, and pulled off her cap and shook her head and ran her hands through her hair.

He tested forty beginnings and discarded all but, "Have a nice trip up the Sound on the yacht?"

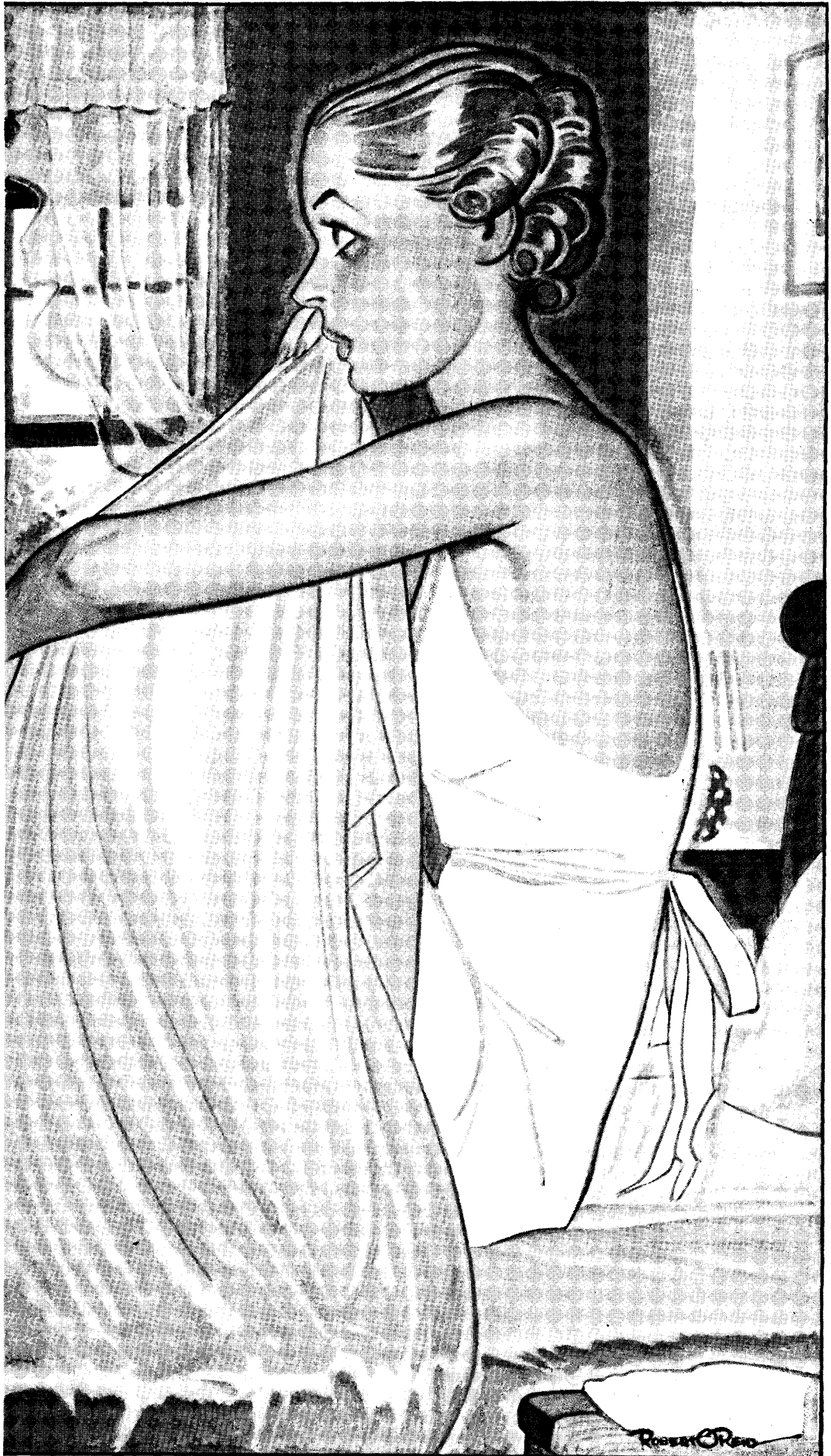
"Oh—I didn't come by boat. I drove down, late last night."

"I mean, Thwaine said a lot of people came on a yacht."

"Yes, and isn't it provoking that Orpah had to leave?"

"Sure is. Kind of like a wedding without the bride and groom." He grinned.

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The Complete Boss

By George Creel

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I FOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

When Frank Hague, ruler of Jersey City, wants to call a man the worst name he can think of, he says, "Amateur!" Frank himself is not that. He has made the business of being a boss into a science. He has devoted himself to it, wholeheartedly, forsaking all others. He sought power and he got it. Compared to his organization, even Tammany is a ramshackle outfit.

AT THE turn of the century almost every city in the country had its Iron Boss, sitting in a back room and issuing orders with all the force of law. Grim, ruthless men, ruling their communities as Rome's proconsuls lorded it over the Empire's captured provinces. Croker and then Murphy in New York; George B. Cox, who snarled his commands from a beer-slopped table in a Cincinnati saloon; Ed Butler in St. Louis; Abe Ruef in San Francisco; Roger Sullivan and "Bath House John" Coughlin in Chicago, and a score of others.

Today there are only two party leaders with any pretension to despotic control: Tom Pendergast in Kansas City and Frank Hague in Jersey City. Pendergast, however, is a local boss, while Hague exercises autocratic sway over the Democratic party in his state, passing on every candidacy and parceling out the patronage. In Hudson County, his feudal domain, he dominates even the Republican party, invading the primaries of the opposition with shrewd purpose to defeat strong men and name either unknowns or unfits.

Pendergast runs to type; Hague is unique. At no point does he bear even remote resemblance to the Crokers, Coxes and Butlers, for during the twenty-three years he has held Jersey City as his fief, no established rule of bossism has been followed, no single tradition respected. Instead of depending on "colonization" in the slum wards, his strength derives from the residential districts; far from having secret alliances with the liquor traffic, gamblers and a sinister underworld, he governs

Jersey City along lines that would have rejoiced the heart of Cotton Mather and the Pilgrim Fathers; in place of drawing campaign funds from public utility companies in return for favors, he exacts the last pound of flesh from them, and as for the "labor vote," every so often he institutes a "blood purge" that leaves many a gap in union leadership. "No vice, no crime, no racketeering."

That has been his slogan in seven mayoralty campaigns, and he makes the fulfillment of this pledge to the voters a highly personal matter, prowling the streets of his community at all hours of the day and night with the corrective fervor of a Puritan beadle. A Catholic, and as Irish as Paddy's pig, he looks much more the dour Calvinist. Neither a drinker nor a smoker, he carries his sixty years and 175 pounds with austere erectness, and his sober attire and clerical collar are in keeping with a chill, intolerant blue eye.

Another thing that sets Hague apart from the old-style boss is his free tongue and amazing frankness. In a heavy, authoritative voice that defies dispute, and a long, jabbing forefinger that drives home his points, he bars no subject from discussion, even checking over the list of crimes charged against him in order to make sure that none has been overlooked. A talk with him, curiously enough, differs little from an interview with any captain of industry, for there is the same emphasis on organization, efficiency, product and profits.

Politics Isn't a Revival Meeting

"Politics," he declares largely and dogmatically, "is a business. That's what the reformers don't get. They think it's a sort of revival meeting, with nothing to do but nominate some bird who's never seen a polling place, make a lot of speeches about clean government, and then sit back and wait for voters to hit the sawdust trail. It's a laugh. You got to have organization, and not for just a few weeks before election, but all the year 'round. Understand? What's more, an organization that reaches into every home in every block, so that the district worker knows every man, woman and even the children like he knows his own family. Get me?"

"According to reformers," and the long upper lip curled in contempt, "the average American can hardly wait for election day so he can exercise the sovereign right that the forefathers bought with their blood. That's another laugh. A full fifty per cent of voters have got

to be coaxed or dragged to the polls. Honest, I hate to think what would happen to democratic government if it wasn't for the boys in the wards and precincts who spend their nights ringing doorbells and licking stamps.

"Of course workers get the jobs. And why not?" His glare invited contradiction. "What would you think of an executive who hired fellows that knocked the company or didn't take any interest in it? We deliver for those that deliver for us. And as the district men and ward leaders make good, we move 'em up. Follow me? The merit system just like in business! Everybody in the organization knows he's got a chance to climb. Remember how Napoleon used to tell his soldiers that each one carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack?" A short pause while the mayor relished his historical observation. "Well, that's my system, too. Understand?"

The Opposition Concedes

Even Republicans dolefully admit that Frank Hague is an organizing genius, and after looking over the political machine he has put together, the wonder is that his candidates are not elected by acclamation. In Jersey City there are twelve wards and 308 election districts. Each ward has a leader, with a woman of almost equal authority at his right hand, and under them are the district captains, all held to an inescapable responsibility for results. Each block is a distinct unit, and the worker is expected to keep in intimate touch with every home, establishing himself as a guide, counselor and friend. He must be on hand to greet newcomers, and if a family moves out of his bailiwick, the change is reported instantly, so that some other district captain will be ready to get on the job.

No favor is too large or too small to be extended. The district workers must be on the spot if there is trouble with the landlord or sickness in the house; if the father or son is out of a job, the worker makes the round of factories and stores; he renders himself indispensable at funerals and weddings; every day, in fact, and in every way, the organization drives home to the voter that it has a warm, human interest in his welfare. At the height of the depression, city employees not only took a ten per cent cut in salaries, but contributed \$220,000 out of their own pockets for food, clothing, coal and rent.

On registration days, the worker goes from house to house, either getting

promises to register or else taking the voters themselves in the cars at his disposal. At stated intervals, he reports to the ward leader, and checks his list against the registration up to date, after which he scurries out again to pull in the dilatory. On election day he starts out at daylight to catch the early vote. At twelve o'clock, at two o'clock and at four o'clock, he gets the names of those who have not yet voted, and makes the rounds again. Or, if his check with the ward leader shows that his list is cleaned up, he hops into another ward where there is still work to be done.

Just as discipline is rigid, so is justice equal and exact. Uncles, brothers, sons and cousins do not pick off the plums in the Hague organization, for every man is figured on the basis of performance. If he makes good he is marked for promotion; if he falls down, no power can save him. It is not enough to maintain a majority in a ward or an election district. It must be increased or else Hague calls the man on the carpet, and wants to know what in hell's the matter. Jobs are divided fairly, each ward getting a proper proportion that is worked out with mathematical precision as to tenure, importance and salary.

Compared to Frank Hague's organization, even Tammany is ramshackle. The reason, perhaps, is that Hague himself built the machine with his own hands, and has never permitted it to get out of those hands. In politics before his majority, there is not a move in the game that he doesn't know, not a rung in the political ladder that has not felt his foot. Born back in 1876 in the shabby, crowded Horseshoe district of Jersey City, he left school early in his teens and worked as a blacksmith's helper, a job that gave him the broad shoulders and powerful muscles that he still possesses. At nineteen he won a place in the Hudson County courthouse, and at thirty-two he was custodian of the City Hall with a powerful voice in party councils.

The Rise to Dictatorship

Democratic leadership at the time was vested in Mayor Otto Wittpenn, Sheriff Eugene Kincaid and "Bob" Davis, Jury Commissioner. Each had a large personal following, but there was no such thing as a compact effective organization in either city or county. Jersey City went over to the "commission" form of government in 1913, and Hague, ambitious, masterful and cocksure, took advantage of the change to make a bid for supreme power. Already he had conceived his idea of a block-by-block organization, and when the returns were counted, it was found that out of five commissioners, Hague had elected himself and two followers, with Mark Fagen, a Republican and A. Harry Moore, a Wittpenn man, constituting the minority.

During the four years that followed, Hague consolidated his position with an iron hand, letting it be known that those who were not for him were against him, and making it clear that no quarter would be given. Davis died, Wittpenn and Kincaid disappeared from the scene, and Moore, an engaging, popular figure, made his bargain with the new leader. In the 1917 election, Hague went into the Mayor's office backed by four commissioners of his own selection, and took over the city.

Organizing vigorously and ruthlessly, crushing his enemies and rewarding his supporters, he brought the whole of Hudson County under his dominion, and by 1919 he was strong enough to wage battle with "Jim" Nugent, long recognized as the Democratic boss of New Jersey. Almost without a fight, so effective was his "machine," Hague nominated Edward I. Edwards for governor,

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With a strong voice and a jabbing forefinger Mayor Frank Hague drives home his points, defying opposition. The Margaret Hague Maternity Hospital, free to the poor, yet the best in the country, is one social advance of this robust leader.





We went inside. The cop in the checkered suit forced the window open

The Checkered Suit

How to make a clever murderer talk, when you don't know who he is. Detective O'Malley demonstrates his technique

By William MacHarg

A WOMAN got murdered on the East Side," O'Malley said. "It looks like it was a funny kind of case. She was about sixty years old and everybody in the neighborhood knew who she was, but there didn't nobody know anything about her. The name they knew her by was Miss Dubois, but it turns out she had several different names. There was some addresses in her place, and they found one guy that told 'em things about her but it don't point to nothing why she should get killed."

"What have you got to work on?" I inquired.

"Not much. My idea is this gets marked 'Unsolved.' Well, still I got to run around and look at it."

We looked at the woman. She must have been very pretty in her youth. She had been strangled with a woman's belt. Her clothes were of the best quality and the belt matched the dress she had been wearing.

"What's this?" O'Malley asked. He showed me some pinholes in the bosom of her slip.

"She seems to have worn a brooch," I said.

"Yeah? On her underclothes?"

He took a pattern of the pinholes on a piece of paper.

"We'll see the guy that told the cops them things," he said.

THE man's name was Collingham. We found him in a small but impressive office in the Wall Street neighborhood. He was a distinguished-looking man of about fifty.

"How was it about that lady that got knocked off?" O'Malley asked.

"I've already told the police all that I know, but I don't mind repeating it. She was a sort of pensioner of mine. Years ago, this woman was a motion-picture actress. Her screen name was Vera Cain. I worshiped her on the screen, but at that time I didn't meet her. A few years ago I encountered her on the street. Of course, she was greatly changed, but in spite of that I recognized her and introduced myself, and I learned that she was in want. In memory, as you might say, of my youth. I got her address and sent her a small check. A man like myself, who has made a great deal of money, picks up a certain number of people who are dependent on him. After that, each month I sent her a small check."

"I guess you seen her pretty often after you found where she lived."

"No; I never saw her except that one time on the street. She wrote me a note of thanks each month but I didn't keep them."

"You send her a check this month?"

"Yes; on the first, as I always did if I remembered it."

"That check been cashed?"

"Yes; it was cashed."

"You don't seem to feel very bad because the dame got bumped."

"There's no reason why I should. She was no longer the girl whom I remembered."

"Okay."

"That's a nice fellow, O'Malley," I remarked after we had left him.

"He talks like it."

WE WENT to see her home where she was killed. It was a poor neighborhood. There were pushcarts along the curb and a street filled with children; people sat on crowded doorsteps. A cop let us into her apartment. It was luxurious. The furniture was of expensive make, the bed things were lace and silk.

"Well, this is a surprise, O'Malley!" I exclaimed. "Collingham can't have known she was well off. Why did she live in the neighborhood?"

"I guess she wanted to. How was this?" he asked the cop.

"They don't know much. The guy came in the window."

He showed us. A rear window had been forced open. The window opened on a court. There was a fire escape under the windows of the apartment next. We examined the place carefully. Dresser drawers had been pulled out and the things scattered about; the cops hadn't done that. The closets were filled with expensive clothes. In one closet there was a trunk. The police had searched it but we went through its contents. There were souvenirs from hotels and steamship lines and summer and winter resorts.

"This dame was a gay one in her time," O'Malley remarked.

"She must have been."

"It's my idea it will turn out she was some kind of crook. What time did the medical guy say this dame got bumped?" he asked the cop.

"About four o'clock yesterday afternoon."

"What become of that address book that they found?"

"They got it at the station house."

O'Malley telephoned the station house to send us the address book.

"What do you make of it?" I asked.

"I got no ideas."

"I have," I said.

"Yeah? That's unusual."

"This is the kind of case," I said, "where the police go wrong because they find too many things that might be clues. They aren't really clues, and so they waste time on things that get them nowhere. Those things have nothing to do with her being murdered."

"Go on—you're doing swell. What is it that has got to do with it?"

"The way she lived and the way she

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Do Like de Man Say

The federal government's agricultural program leaves the Louisiana Negro slightly bewildered. But he has learned that when the government says plow, you had better plow, 'cause if you don't do like de guvmer say, dey'll put you in jail an' wawk off an' forgit all about you"

By Roark Bradford

IN YEARS to come, the Louisiana Negro field hand will have some tall and mighty tales to tell about it. But, currently, the federal government's agricultural program is viewed with a cross between bewilderment and tolerant amusement by the very men Washington officials are trying to benefit.

Where the problem of mass unemployment is met with WPA projects, there is little amusement or amazement. A laborer gets himself a job in the "public works" and makes his wages. His contact with his employer is so remote that it makes little difference whether the employer is a private individual or "Uncle Sam's N. R. & A." In either case there is a white foreman who can read a man's mind the minute he starts thinking about doing a little loafing.

In the rural sections it is different. The guvmer has a man in Benton who will ride right up and call you out of your house.

"Is yo' name Candy Haley?" he'll tell you. And befo' you got time to tell him hit is, he'll take a tape line outn his pocket and measure yo' cotton field. 'Start on dis row,' de guvmer man say, 'and plow up f'm hyar to de fence.' And den he gits back in his car and rides on.

"And what I'm tawkin' 'bout, when de man tell you to plow hit up, you better plow hit. 'Cause dat's de *natchal* guvmer! And when a man don't do like de guvmer say, dey'll put you in jail and wawk off an' forgit all about you!"

"Gittin' messed up wid de guvmer ain't like gittin' messed up wid de high sheriff. When de high sheriff git you, all you got to do is git word to Mister Dave, and Mister Dave will send de high sheriff word. 'Dat's my nigger,' Mister Dave will tell de high sheriff, 'and he can't lay in jail and make no crop, too. And efn he don't make no crop he can't pay me dis fall. You turn dat nigger a-loose.' And de high sheriff will do it, 'cause Mister Dave is a big man.

"But when de guvmer git you, Mister Dave can't he'p you. He kin send de word, but de guvmer'll jest say, 'Hunh? What did you say yo' name was? Dat's strange. President Roosy-felt ain't never spoke yo' name to me.' And you stays in jail."

Candy Haley is typical of hundreds of small Negro farm owners in North Louisiana. He is a hard worker and much above the average share-cropper in thrift and ambition. He was born on a river-bottom plantation, the son of Big Jim Haley, who is now almost a legend from Bossier City to the Arkansas line for his reputation as a hard worker, a harder drinker, and a still harder fighter.

Big Jim's son, Candy, was thrifty enough to save money earned share-cropping on the river-bottom plantations, and buy himself a small farm in the hills where land is as cheap as it is sterile. The place was bought in 1930, Candy paying half cash and giving an eight per cent mortgage for the remainder.

No Government Aid Escaped Candy

When the Federal Farm Loan Bureau was established, Candy was among the first in Bossier Parish to have his mortgage taken up by the government, the interest reduced to six per cent and the complicated system of interest-and-principal payments spread over a long period of years. When the government began lending seed money to small planters, he drew the benefit. When the plow-under program was started, he plowed under the maximum amount and received the full monetary allowance for his trouble. In fact, no government aid escaped him.

Candy is no smarter than most uneducated farmers. But he is advised on legal matters by one of the biggest law firms in the state; his financial affairs are in the hands of big Shreveport bankers; his

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ILLUSTRATED BY E. SIMMS CAMPBELL



"And when de man tell you to plow hit up, you better plow hit"

Bread into Roses

By Kathleen Norris

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

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The Story Thus Far:

BEAUTIFUL young Susannah Farjeon and Alexander Hazeltine, a wealthy widower with a young son, are married in New York City. Happy days follow for both of them; happy days which end abruptly when Alec succumbs to the charms of Merle Sargent, a nineteen-year-old siren, and, following a divorce in Reno, marries her.

With her little daughter, Evelina (born shortly before the divorce) Susannah goes to Connecticut. There, in a charming old farmhouse she goes about the work of readjusting herself to life without the man she has loved, and still does love. And there she receives another cruel blow: Evelina dies, leaving her more lonely, more wretched than ever.

Then one day, to her delight, Alec's son,

Phil, walks in. He has run away from a near-by summer camp. He wants a home—and love. And with Susannah he finds them both; she takes him in, mothers him, adores him.

Among Susannah's neighbors are Dr. Terence Duquesne (a quietly attractive, studious man who is preparing to go to Oxford for some special research work) and his sister, Mrs. Anne Lambert. Both are kind to Susannah; and presently Terry is in love with her; in love with her and imploring her to marry him.

For months she gives Terry no encouragement. He persists, however; and finally, realizing that Alec will never return to her, that Terry needs her and that she may be mildly happy with him, she promises to become his wife.

XI

THERE was an interruption. Susannah and Alec both turned from the window, and Susannah went back to her chair. She was very pale, but she spoke smilingly to the trim girl who had come in with some papers.

"Hello, Jean."

"You asked for the Carter file, Mr. Hazeltine?" Jean said, putting the papers down on the desk. Her face was one broad smile of recognition and surprise. "It's so nice to see you again, Mrs. Hazeltine," she added.

"It's nice to see you," Susannah returned, managing a shadow of a smile.

"Oh, yes, the Carter file—" Alec said confusedly. He put his handkerchief—how well Susannah remembered those fine, heavily monogrammed handkerchiefs!—back into his breast pocket, came forward and laid a hand on the papers before sitting down. "Yes, thank you," he said. "And this is to sign? Send it by messenger, will you? And tell Miss Russell that if Mr. Pope calls it's extremely important for me to talk to him immediately. I'll be in Philadelphia this afternoon; he can get me there through Grogan."

He stooped, scratched his quick signature; it was all as if she had seen it only yesterday. Jean Logan went out; they were alone again. Alec glanced at the papers; she knew now that he was having almost as difficult a time as she to control himself. When he spoke it was in a low tone, and with his eyes on the papers he was idly moving to and fro.

"Tell me about Phil," he said. "He seems to have outgrown those little-boy nervous fits and bronchial attacks—whatever they were. I get his letters; you're very good to keep him at it. My mother is perfectly delighted with the way he's coming on."

"He's a wonderful boy. Brown as an Indian now."

"You're not sending him back to school?"

"Oh, no. He and I—I couldn't get along without him."

"You've been awfully kind to him, Sanna. I'm terribly grateful to you, and my mother is, too."

"He's done much more for me—" She couldn't go on; she was beginning to cry again. "I appreciate your letting me have him," she added unsteadily, after a moment.

"Letting you! My mother was almost insane over the question of what to do with him. He ran away to you, did he?"

"Thank God he did! I might have missed him, otherwise—" But she was not speaking to Alec, or thinking of him.

"He found you when he needed you," Alec said.

"Ah, and how I needed him!" She had barely gotten the words out when the tears came in a bitter flood. Susannah put her elbows on the desk and her face into her shaking hands.

"I know," Alec said quickly. "I know. I was so sorry. I was so terribly sorry, Sanna."

Susannah was beyond all power to answer. She felt sweeping through her being the chill vertigo, the faint wretched sense of actual sickness that any reference to her child caused her. She could not control her tears. She lost all consciousness of where she was or of what Alec or anyone else in the world would think of her. Everything for a few dreadful moments was blackness and despair.

She had been his wife; the lost child had been his child; the child she loved today was his. Why should all these agonies of parting have come to them all? Why had she come back into this atmosphere of shops and clubs and hard crowded streets, to tear apart in this fashion the wound that had been healing in her heart?

"I'm sorry," she said, gulping, drying her eyes and blowing her nose, and taking out her little compact to repair the ravages of tears on her face. "I'm very sorry, Alec."

"Was it anything that could have been avoided, Sanna?"

"You mean Evelina? No, they said that it might have been wrong from the very start, might have been any germ, anywhere, at any time. She'd been in the country, you know; she'd not been exposed to anything that we could discover. I've—we're putting in their research equipment," Susannah said, gaining composure as she went along, "and some day I may believe that other babies are going to be glad that my baby lived for more than two perfect little years—"

And she smiled at him through a sudden uprush of tears that brimmed her eyes again.

ALEC got up suddenly and walked to the window and stood looking down upon the city.

"Where are you lunching?" he asked abruptly, after a while.

She hesitated a fraction of a second too long.

"I'll take you to lunch," he decided quickly. "I know a place where we can be quiet. I remember," he added with a smile, "how you depend upon food at this time of the day. Remember the day in Paris?"

"At Fouquet's. When your friends were exactly one hour late, and I'd been

That promise made, she receives a letter from Alec. A few hours later, she is in his office listening to an amazing story. Due to some technicality, Alec tells her, the divorce had been invalidated. Notified of this immediately after her marriage, Merle had gone to England; not, however, until she had learned that Alec was on the verge of losing his fortune.

Alec talks on and on. Then: "I can't bear it," he says. "To see you standing here—so beautiful—and to think that once—once we were so happy!"

Susannah makes no answer, because she cannot speak. "You will forgive me," Alec goes on. "For I'll never forgive myself. I'll never love anyone else—that doesn't matter now, does it? But you must say that you forgive me for it all."

posing all morning in a cold studio."

"Fool that I was not to get you some soup!"

The memories of those happy days came back. Susannah seemed to see in a quick flash of vision the Place, with the white marble horses and the fountains dazzling white in the blackness of night, and the wet pavements mirroring a thousand stars. She remembered the shops in the arcades facing the Louvre gardens, and the muted pathetic honk of the old-fashioned lumbering taxis, and how good it was to get hungry, sightseeing and museum haunting, in Paris, and to know that somewhere near, anywhere near, the most delicious food in the world was waiting to be eaten.

THEY went downstairs together, and Phillips drew up to the curb at the exact right minute, as Phillips always did, and Alec, as she got into the big car in which she seemed to have been comfortably seated only yesterday, said, "Edouard's, please."

"Old times," Susannah said, looking out at the thronged sunny noontime streets, saying anything to break the silence.

"I hate it all," Alec sighed. "God, I get tired of it!" he said. "Chandler and Ferguson between them have fixed things so that we pretty nearly had to put up the shutters."

"Alec! Not Hazeltine & Bowers?"

"Yep. Oh, we won't go out; we're a long way from that. But it's going to be a tight squeeze for a while."

"But Alec, with enormous interests like yours?"

"Yes, I know." He was sitting with his head dropped forward; now he ran his hand worriedly over his forehead. "But enormous interests can slide like melting snow," he said. "One minute everyone wants to lend you money, buy up your bonds. The next, money's tight, everyone's scared, securities going down—"

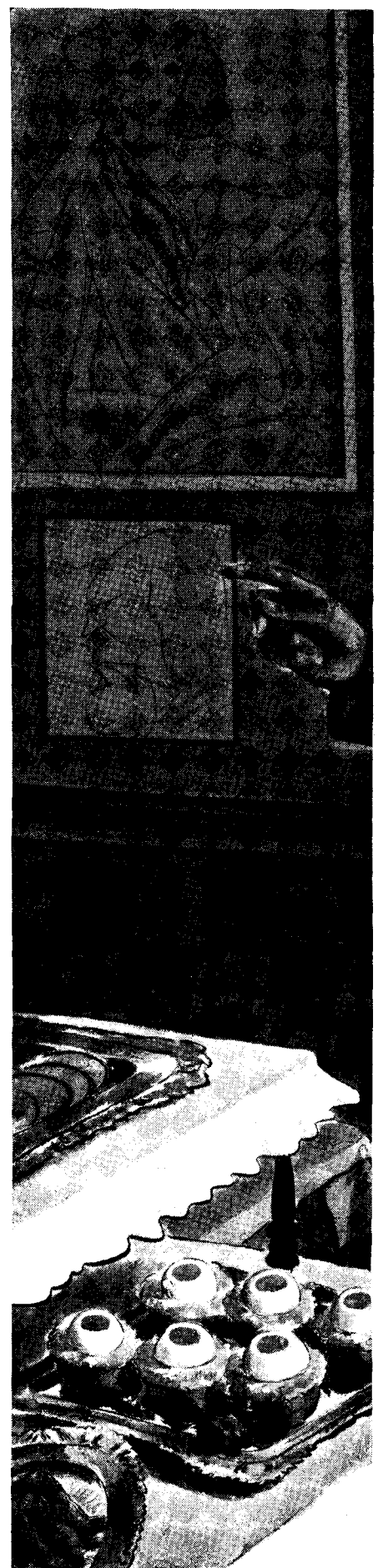
He was silent. Susannah could only study his profile in puzzlement and surprise.

"What d'you think of putting up seventy thousand dollars to secure fourteen?" he asked suddenly.

"Well, I should think it would be terrible," she said.

He did not answer her. He was apparently deep in thought.

"Here we are at Edouard's," he said a moment later. They got out at the door of a narrow restaurant that ran under an old brownstone house. An awning came out to the curb; a bowing French manager met them at the door. The atmosphere inside was that of

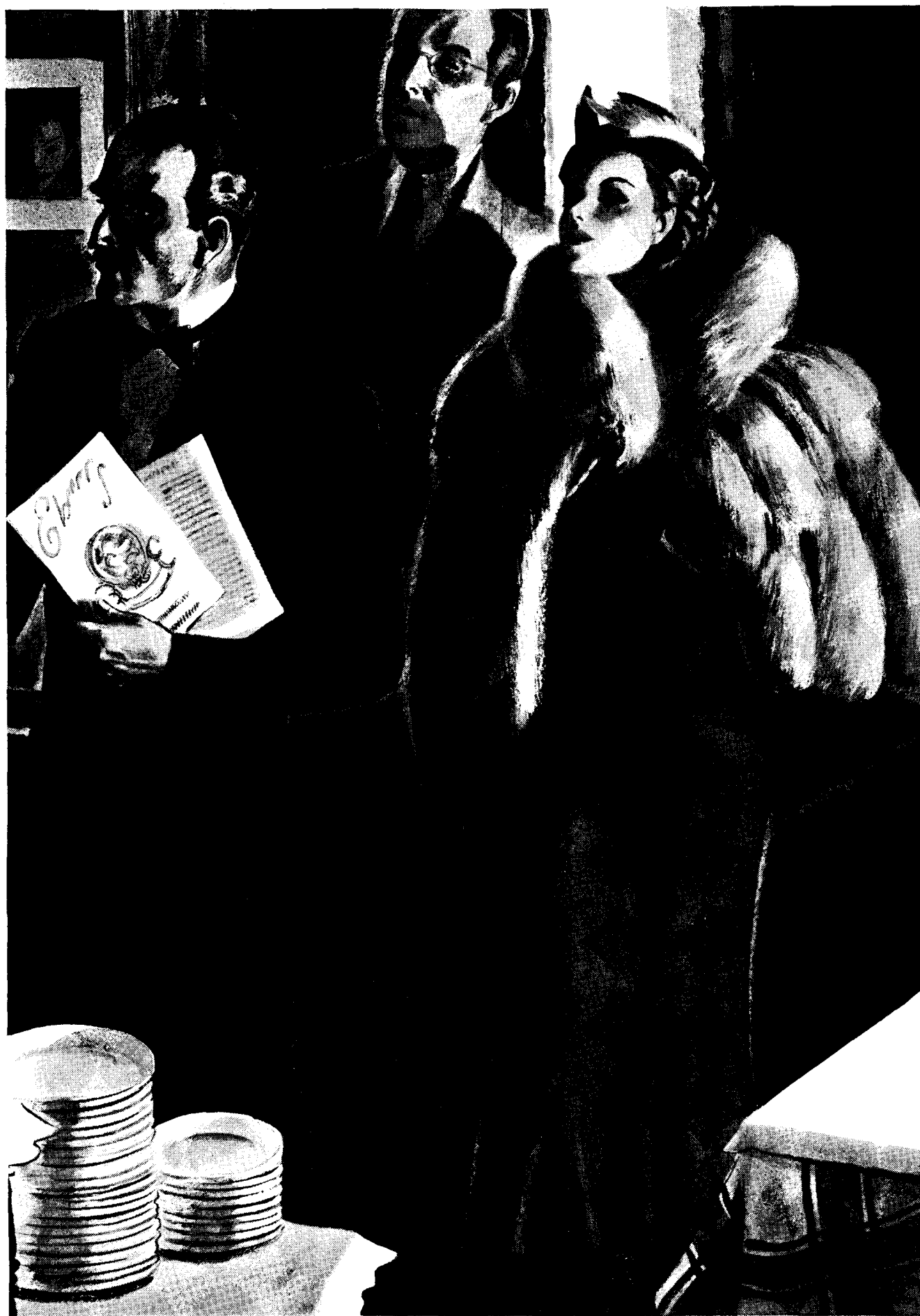


Paris: worn old velvet padding about the walls, little tables pushed up against it, a display of cold meats and cooked fruits in the center of the dark, long room, a serious, heavily bearded middle-aged man reading a paper while a deft-fingered waiter busy at a smoking blazer measured brandy into the sauce for *crêpes suzette*.

Alec ordered quickly and familiarly. He and Susannah established themselves at the angle of a corner table, their backs braced comfortably against the wall, the lights so low and so placed that their eyes were in shadow.

"They know how to make you comfortable, the French."

"I used to know this fellow in Paris;



A bowing French manager met Alec and Susannah at the door. The atmosphere inside was that of Paris

he used to be at the Regence. I brought him over here."

"I could see you were welcome."

"I think perhaps I've talked too much of the business end of things," Alec presently said, "because, if it were not that we have customers who actually have to be protected, I would slip out to Nevada, settle the whole thing in six weeks, and get back again. It would delay your plans, of course, but it wouldn't put you to the inconvenience of going west."

"There will be sure to be some publicity about it, won't there?" Susannah asked, wincing.

"Some, I suppose. There's no help for it."

"I hate it," she said, under her breath.

"I know you do. I have made things horribly hard for you, Sanna, from the very beginning. I look at you now," Alec said with a little effort and with heightened color, "and I wonder what sort of insanity—but of course I was insane. Men get that way sometimes; I've seen others do it. But somehow I never thought I was that sort."

Susannah glanced at him, glanced away without speaking.

Something rich and browned and bubbling hot was put before Susannah. Alec broke off a crust of the hot toasted bread for her. She fell upon her food with eagerness; she felt weak and tired and cold after the strain of the morning. Her train had been late; she had foolishly

taken a taxi to go to Wall Street instead of going straight down in a subway, and the meeting with Alec had seemed to exhaust her completely in soul and mind and body.

"Tell me about Doctor Duquesne. Does he practice in Pemberton?"

"Oh, no. He's a doctor of philosophy. They live—he and his sister and her children, in their grandfather's old house there. Terry writes essays and expositions and arguments and things, and now he is going on a special commission to England."

"You love him, don't you, Sue?"

"He's the best friend I ever had, I think," she said simply. "He's interesting; he writes about Shakespeare and

Marlowe—but it isn't that. It's that he's always been—been tremendously kind to me."

"I see," Alec said, flushing again. He bent his attention to his food.

"We live a wonderful life there, and I suppose it will be much the same sort of thing in England," Susannah said. "I work a lot in the garden; the Duquesnes and I see each other every day; it's all very peaceful and—and filling, somehow. Phil goes to school with the Lambert children; we all have picnics—super picnics up in the woods—"

"You're thinner," Alec said as she paused, speaking as if he had not been listening to her. "But Sanna, you are more beautiful than ever, and I didn't think it could be done. He sounds as if he knew how lucky he is, this Terry of yours," he went on more lightly. "I hope you'll be happy! Meanwhile, we've got to get this divorce question settled in the easiest way for you."

"What is our status now?" Susannah asked. Her color faded a little. She had dreaded asking it; she had put it off a dozen times. It must be asked now.

"You are my wife," Alec answered briefly.

HER color flooded back. She went on with her luncheon; the hand that held her fork shook palpably.

"It's too bad. There seems to be no end to my upsetting your life, Sanna."

"No—no," she said thickly. And then with a brief shadow of a smile, "There's Phil."

"You love him so much?"

"Almost as I did—as much as I could love anyone."

"And you plan to take him to England?"

"He plans—he and the Lambert children have it all planned, to follow me there. But now of course that's out of the question. I must think it all over, talk it all over with Terry. The Duquesnes," Sanna added, speaking as if she merely thought aloud, "aren't the sort of people who like divorces. But there's no help for that now."

"I know how long six weeks sounds," Alec presently offered, with a certain air of timidity and gentleness in his manner that Susannah never had seen in him before. "It's a long time to wait, and it's a stupid arrangement that makes it necessary. But you can't get a divorce here. It's the quickest way, after all. And it's a delightful city."

She was not listening.

"I shall have to let Terry sail without me," she said musingly. "Go west myself, perhaps with Phil—he is wild to travel—and then follow Terry as soon as I can. We can be married in England." Her face brightened a little. "It's a delay, that's all," she said, in the most definitely hopeful tone she had used in all this talk, "but I think it's the only way. You'll have to tell me what to do, whom to see, how to manage it."

"It's very simple. Carter lives there; he handled our whole affair."

Susannah was looking at him thoughtfully.

"Then you never were married to Merle, Alec?"

"No."

"And as soon as she knew that, she wasn't willing to go on with it?"

(Continued on page 33)

We Are What We Eat

Who, by taking thought, can add a cubit to his stature? The Japanese can, and have, experimentally—not a cubit, perhaps, but at any rate several centimeters. Dr. Heiser, who has studied the effects of diet in all parts of the world, gives the latest findings of modern science and their application to you

By Victor G. Heiser, M.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

DO TALL parents beget tall children? Are the Japanese short because they sit on their legs? Why should half the inhabitants of Sind suffer from stones in the bladder, or a quarter of those of Travancore from intestinal ulcers? Why should the coming of the white man have been followed by a seriously high percentage of tooth decay in Hawaii? What have vitamins to do with the healing of wounds? How can daily food cause blindness? Why would a small tax on polished rice save millions of Orientals from crippling and death? Why should highly seasoned food cause overeating?

Who among you can read these riddles? But scientists are reading them. Tell them what you eat, and they will tell you what you are.

In the north of India occurred a strange mystery: the Sikhs and the Pathans, reared in the same filth and squalor as the people of Madras in the south, grew surprisingly to six-foot healthy manhood while the Madrasis were small and stunted. This phenomenon had been occasion for wonder and speculation to Sir Robert McCarrison of the Indian Medical Service.

Dietary Magic

Milk every day in the form of sour curds, a small amount of meat and plenty of leafy vegetables, potatoes and whole wheat bread formed a diet practically ideal from a chemical standpoint. This was the food of the Sikh and Pathan. Rice, red pepper, tamarind, dried fish and *conjee*, or rice water, were obviously not so conducive to growth. This was the food of the Madrasis. Here were cause and effect, but for the scientist mere logic is not proof; the connecting link was missing.

I saw twelve cages of white rats—children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren of one parent stock—ranged along Sir Robert McCarrison's laboratory wall. From infancy upward the squeaking tenants had been safely housed and guarded against wandering germs, and had been well groomed and well fed by expert dietitians. But the inmates of each cage differed from their neighbors as the English from the French, and the Japanese from the Pathans.



The Sikhs and the Pathans, reared in the same squalor as the people of Madras, grew to healthy six-foot manhood while the Madrasis were small and stunted

Accustomed to the ordinary gentle laboratory animal, I approached the first cage unwarily, "Pfft! Pfft! Pfft!" A heavy, stocky rat lunged viciously at me. His hair was rough, his whiskers bristled threateningly. He was ready to fight at the drop of a hat. From the time he had been weaned he had been fed on white bread and jam, boiled beef, boiled mutton, boiled fish, boiled vegetables, boiled tea—the English workman's daily fare. It was apparent that he and his fellows partook of the nature of Britons, and never, never, never would be slaves.

Next to them, undisturbed by the fracas, pink eyes round and placid, rats brought up on the perfect Sikh and Pathan diet amiably nibbled their vitamins. They were as large as the British rats, but their fur lay sleek and smooth; they were gently disposed toward man.

Little things, perfectly healthy but no bigger than large-sized mice, lived next door. These were the Madrasi rats.

In the cage beyond, the rats grew short and wide in the middle, with oily hair, and whiskers twirled to fine points. It was easy to see they were French rats accustomed to *pot-au-feu* rich in fats, meats flooded with fine sauces, and salads drenched in fine dressings.

Their neighbors lacked the Gallic paunch; instead they were short and wiry, and scurried around energetically, making a great pother. Fish, highly polished rice and occasionally sukiyaki or a crab have been the foods of these Japanese rats.

The astonishing diversity of the progeny of the laboratory Adam and Eve was the outcome of an attempt to solve the conundrum. It seemed scarcely credible that all the rats, so long, so short, so

wide, so thin, so bold, so meek, so agile, so deliberate, were of the same unadulterated ancestry.

Experiments on animals are not always conclusive. The Japanese, who are sensitive as to their small stature, have emphasized extensive research on diet as it affects the size of human beings. Travelers have many times explained to me that the Japanese are short because they habitually sit tailorwise. They forgot that Turks, Arabs and Persians, all tall people, also sit with folded legs. Inaccurate information is often the most widely disseminated.

A Powder to Make You Taller?

A more likely explanation may be found in the national foods, mainly polished rice and fish, which lack inorganic salts and vitamins A and B. The Director of the Japanese Imperial Institute of Nutrition conceived the notion, brilliant in its simplicity, of drying a certain species of fish in which vitamins and salts occur richly, and grinding them into a powder. This was sprinkled as seasoning on the noonday food of a selected group of Japanese school children. Now, after four years of this regimen, the sturdy experimentees suffer from fewer childhood maladies, weigh on the average between four and five pounds more, and are actually several centimeters taller than the other children. The powder would almost seem to possess the properties of the miraculous foods which Alice found in Wonderland.

Once when several Tokyo reporters were importuning me for a story, I referred them to this laboratory scientist who, by taking thought, was adding cubits to the stature of his race. The next day the local papers carried a feature under the caption, "The Magic Growth Powder." Here was salve for the wounded ego of thousands of Tom Thumbs. The story was picked up by the international press services, my name was added to it, and it was reprinted here, there and everywhere. Bundles of letters were awaiting me on my return to the United States, all chorusing the plaintive appeal, "Please, Doctor, I am five feet tall, and I want to be six. Can you tell me where to get the Magic Growth Powder,"

(Continued on page 56)



The Big Un

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

ILLUSTRATED BY L. B. GUSTAVSON

AS SHERIFF JEFF HAMERS rode up the Crazy Creek trail, he reflected that he was about to arrest a man who probably would show evidences of guilt, be identified as a robber by witnesses, and then, after a trial, walk out of the courtroom as free as air. It had happened before. The tricks of the Marvis twins, Henry and William, were widely known through the West.

However, there seemed little to do about it, so the sheriff forgot the matter in watching the ruggedness of the beautiful country about him, the rocky slice of the canyon, where Crazy Creek poured its purling way from lofty banks of eternal snows, the light green of quaking asp against the darker hue of pine and spruce, the swoop of the current as it rounded against a giant rock. Sheriff Jeff had fished this creek for nearly forty years. If he had time, he could step off his horse, pull his faithful old trout rod out of the rifle scabbard where he always carried it and with a yellow-bodied gray hackle yank an evening's mess of trout out of that hole against the rock in no time at all.

Sheriff Jeff looked longingly toward the stream, blue-white, rushing along with side runs and broad pools where trout lie. Then he forced his thoughts back to the Marvis twins. These fellows had cheated the law in many places. One would commit a crime, wearing gloves to prevent fingerprints. Then he would hide out while his identical brother would stand arrest and, of course, be falsely identified. The trial would proceed nearly to its conclusion. Then the missing twin would walk into court, and the attorney for the pair would defy the victim now to say which of the two had robbed him. That always brought acquittal, for under such circumstances no one could be sure.

Sheriff Jeff guessed the same thing would happen again on this job down in town. Then, suddenly, in spite of himself, he forgot the twins. Out of a corner of an eye he had seen a curving form slither from the smooth side run of a big pool, devour a fly and again slide beneath the water.

"Biggest rainbow trout I ever saw in Crazy Creek," gasped the sheriff and reached for his rod. Then, slowly, he shook his head. He must hurry up the trail to where the Marvis twins had, some three months before, squatted in an abandoned cabin under their usual pretense of prospecting.

BUT he could not forget that trout. Neither could he erase the Marvis twins from his mind. More and more, as he rode along, the two subjects became confused, as though some long-forgotten incident, when he knew these fellows as boys, concerned trout fishing. At last he nodded with memory. After this, he rode faster, finally reaching the Marvis cabin.

"Which one are you?" he asked as a lean young man came to the door.

"I'm Henry," the young man answered.

"Where's William?"

"William? Oh, he ain't been around here for six weeks. He's over by Silver Cliff, workin' a prospect hole."

Sheriff Jeff pursed his lips. It was the same old game. If William were really around, he knew, he would be hiding in some mountain cleft where a dozen posses could not find him.

"Throw a saddle over the back of that willowtail," he commanded laconically, jerking his head toward the corral, "and come on to town."

Henry saddled up.

"What for?" he asked finally.

"A robbery, at the Eldorado Boarding House. Three people saw the fellow who did it."

Henry stared at the ground.

"I thought they'd get me sooner or later."

"Maybe you'll tell me where the stuff was pawned?"

Henry swung to his saddle.

"Now, there's somethin' I can't oblige you on."

"You boys never can," answered Sheriff Jeff testily. "Start riding."

WORDLESSLY they went down the trail, through the aspens, along the big cliff skirting the banks of Crazy Creek. Suddenly Henry gasped.

"Did you see that un?" he asked. They had reached the pool where that enormous rainbow again was rising. The sheriff grunted. Then he reined in and reached for his fishing rod.

"Seeing I'm on duty," he said, "it wouldn't be right for me to do it. But it ain't right, either, for a big trout like that to tease a man. Know how to fish, Henry?"

"Huh!" In that ejaculation was the scorn of a true trout lover. Henry dismounted. He set up the sheriff's rod.

"Use a yellow-bodied gray hackle," said the officer.

"Yeh, I know." Henry dampened the leader. He affixed the fly. He cast three times without result. Then, like a watery thunderbolt, the big trout struck.

"Watch him now!" shouted Sheriff Jeff. "Watch him—hey, guess you'll have to strip in that line with your left hand—forgot to tell you the danged old reel's all lopsided. . . . Watch him—watch him—he's headed for the main run! Strip in that line—strip in that line! Can't you hear me?" He leaned forward in his saddle, a strange look in his eyes. "Jumping fishhooks, man, will you strip in that line?"

Henry Marvis was yanking in the line with his left hand only in short, spasmodic jerks which netted little more than a foot at a time. Sheriff Jeff rolled in his saddle like a man in agony.

"How in hell are you going to keep him out of that white water unless you take up line on him?" he demanded. "Strip in that line, I'm telling you—Oh, for Almighty's sake, strip in that damn' line!"



Henry jerked his head angrily. "Leave me alone!" he shouted

Henry Marvis jerked his head angrily. "Leave me alone!" he shouted. "How can I strip in line any faster when I can't reach for it?"

"Well, why in—why can't you reach for it? Look out, now, he's going to run again! Let him go—now turn him—I said turn him and pick him up fast when he comes upstream! Oh, pick him up, can't you, and get that line in? . . . Great Jumping Jeeters, why can't you strip in that line?"

"Cause I can't reach!" snapped the excited Henry. "How can I reach when I was born with a short tendon in this here left arm? Now, you yell at me just once more and I'll—"

"I've shut my mouth," said the sheriff. He did not open it again until the gasping six-pound rainbow was at last on shore.

"Tell you, Henry," said the sheriff, with a guilty look about him, "I ain't in any hurry if you ain't. Let's go back to the cabin and cook him."

"We could roast him here," answered Henry. "On hot rocks."

"And spoil his flavor, without bacon or cornmeal? We're going back to the cabin."

Silently they rode up the trail again. At the cabin Sheriff Jeff swung quickly off his horse and glanced swiftly at the worn log which served as a doorstep. It bore the plain marks of fresh, wet earth. Suddenly the officer reached for his gun.

"Get in there!" he commanded and narrowly watched the twin's eyes as they entered the cabin. Then he said: "Now, Henry, you can have that trout, all for yourself. Because I ain't taking you to town. You see, that was a porch-climbing job down at the Eldorado. The one of you who did it had to reach way up, over his head, to grab the porch rail and pull himself up." He shifted his gun toward the door where Henry's unwitting eyes had pointed.

"William," shouted Sheriff Jeff Hamers, "come out of that closet!"

The Hour of the Ghosts

By Harold Lamb

A story of love and heroism, a long way out of the world, and a very long way above it

ALAI BAI prayed to the ghosts. When she could find a scrap of paper she carried it off and burned it. "Send me," she asked, "a great hunter. Let him be a Khan, riding a white horse, with a banner carried behind him. Let him be mighty, and merry."

Before the coming of the ghosts, her people moved down from the higher pastures—driving the shaggy Bactrians, the fat-tailed sheep and innumerable goats. They had done so, these Kara Kirghiz, since the day of Genghis Khan—following the grass. Every autumn they pitched their domed tents in the long valley of the Taghdumbash, where the river did not freeze, and the animals could get at the grass beneath the snow.

Here Alai Bai had spent the fifteen winters of her life . . . in the valley of the Taghdumbash on the Roof of the World. But this autumn she did not work as usual—although the older women screamed at her. She ran away from them and looked at her face, in the mirror of a pool. The eyes of a deer looked back at her. And her skin was soft as ivory.

In the evening she liked to put on the robe of China silk embroidered with peacocks, to dance before the older men, who smiled and gave her sugar. They said she was wild as a *ghil* of the wastes, and no doubt there was a horned devil in her and still she was beautiful. Alai Bai knew this very well, and she paid no heed when the women scolded.

SHE was off with the goats, perched on a rock above the trail, when she saw the rider of the white horse—a man riding at the head of a small column of horsemen carrying rifles.

They rode in at a footpace on wearied beasts. Alai Bai had never seen men like them—wearing long gray overcoats, with knives fixed to the rifles slung to their shoulders. They pitched a small tent, and the rider of the white horse dismounted and disappeared into it. Before this tent the strange soldiers set up a tripod and fastened an odd-looking gun to it. One of them spoke a word of warning to the Kirghiz tribesmen.

"Eh, stand back, brothers." He pointed at the gun. "That will slay a hundred men in a moment."

By then it was growing dark. Alai Bai, consumed with curiosity, crept close to the tent, watching while the soldiers cooked mutton and carried a plate in to their leader.

She could see him, through the opened flap, sitting on a box, as he ate alone—not with his fingers but with shining implements a servant handed him. He was a powerful man and his gray eyes moved restlessly as he ate. When he was done, the servant handed him a black weed, striking a match and holding it until the white man began to smoke the weed.

Then he unfolded a colored paper, and bent over it, making marks with a pen on it—looking at times into a round silver box. Alai Bai edged herself closer—and gasped with fright.

The white man looked at her and spoke a command. A soldier seized her before she could run, and dragged her into the tent. The girl fell on her knees, but she did not cry out.

For a moment the great white Khan

gazed into her eyes. Then he smiled, and took something else from the leather saddlebag by him. A small box that began to tinkle musically when he touched it. Alai Bai listened, fascinated in spite of her fear. She had never seen a white man before, and this one was certainly a magician.

To himself the white man said, "Children tell the truth—*nicht wahr?*" To the soldier he said something else, and the man interpreted, "Have no fear. The *effendi* will not hurt a child."

"I am no longer a child," Alai Bai answered promptly.

The white Khan laughed.

"THEN, woman," the soldier translated, "tell him one thing. He will trust you and believe you. Is the road to the north open? Are the passes clear of snow?"

Breathing quickly, in time with the thumping of her heart, Alai Bai pondered. "*Kai*, the road to where?"

"To China."

"To Kitai?" the girl's eyes widened. "Beyond the Roof of the World? In truth, now it is open, but soon the spirits will come down from the upper air and dwell in the passes, and after that no man may go through."

Again the white man studied the map on his knee, with the compass, and puffed at his cigar. The music tinkled on, while the Turkish soldier swayed on his bandaged feet from weariness. "The spirits," the officer murmured, "perhaps . . ."

The sky was clear, except for the usual mists around the snow summits. In eight days—six with luck—he could be through the higher passes, and safe in Kashgar. Chinese territory, beyond the last front of the war. Safe, with fourteen horseloads of Mausers, some fifty thousand rounds of ammunition and, best of all, a quarter million marks, in gold.

He had come through the broken Erzurum front, with his Turkish askaris. Through the thieving Kurds, over the salt desert, into the East where the World War had stirred up a kaleidoscope of little wars, to the frontier of India where he had done as much harm as he could to the stupid English.

Yes, he—Major Vogel, once attached to the Turkish fourth army—had carried out the suggestion of Liman von Sanders. Not an order, only the suggestion that one German officer on the border of India, sowing disaffection among the tribes, was worth a hundred at Constantinople. Last March, that had been, before the start of the offensive in France that was to push the British into the sea and end the war. Since then, Vogel had heard only rumors. The British had hunted him away from Afghanistan; they were hunting him now.

Of course he could make a stand here in the valley. But it would be irrational, stupid, to risk combat and several days delay. An Englishman might do that, but Vogel would not. He would leave nothing to chance. While the way of escape to the north was open, he would take it. . . .

Having decided, Vogel ordered his servant to find him a sheet of clean paper.

Upon this he wrote briefly, smiling to

Alai Bai as he composed the message.

Alai Bai watched, fascinated. Even so had the lama done. Even so had the paper been folded and given to her.

"In a day or another day," the German informed her, "other white men will come to this valley. Keep this paper, unharmed, and give it to them."

The girl's face fell. She had hoped the paper would be hers, to burn as an offering to the ghosts. "Is it not a charm?" she asked, holding it gingerly in her fingers.

The German did not understand. "This other who will come is a devil," he vouchsafed.

"Yes," Alai Bai breathed. "A devil. I will give him the message."

The next morning the white man broke camp, and went away. . . .

Against the coming of the promised devil, Alai Bai made preparations of her own. After putting the folded paper carefully in a jade box, she washed her hair in sour milk, until it gleamed. She blackened her brows with juice of woad leaves. Her cheeks and fingernails she stained with balsam root and henna. Finally she coated her face white with rice powder, and scented herself freely all over with musk.

Often of evenings Alai Bai had listened to the tales of the old men by the fire of Toghrul Khan, and she had heard how the most dreaded of Khans had yielded to the fair young girls.

But the devil came silently, in the dark of the second night. Shadows drifted through the dung smoke, under the pines. Lean riders with turbaned heads and rifles held across their knees. When Alai Bai made her way through the frightened Kirghiz to the tent of Toghrul Khan, the devil was there before her, with two others. Alai Bai barely glanced at them—a shaven Cossack smoking a pipe, and a grizzled Pathan in uniform.

The devil held a bamboo stick, and poked at the fire. He wore a sheepskin jacket, his boots were polished. And Alai Bai forgot to sway gracefully. For the devil had eyes as blue as far-off ice. Young eyes, weary from lack of sleep.

FEARING him, and yet fascinated, Alai Bai edged nearer. The Cossack was questioning Toghrul Khan about the first white man, and no one heeded her until she stood full in the glow of the dung fire, wreathed in the smoke. The Cossack leered.

"It is only Alai Bai," said Toghrul Khan. "Go away, girl."

Instead, she held out the folded paper, kneeling at the feet of the blue-eyed devil. He took it, opened it, and made a whistling sound.

"Cocky beggar," he exclaimed in English to his companions. "Listen to this: 'To my enemy who follows: I admire your persistence, but not your wisdom. Why do you try to follow me in neutral territory? If you continue your present course, I must kill you, some time.'"

"Nial Sahib," said the bearded Pathan, "let him go. It is not good to follow, yonder."

"My orders," Nial grinned, "are to use vigorous measures to stop the activities of this Hun. How can we stop him, less

(Continued on page 43)



When the white men had disappeared, Alai Bai went back to the treasure. She dressed her hair carefully, and put on the peacock gown



ILLUSTRATED BY
RONALD McLEOD

The Dumb Gods Speak

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

The Story Thus Far:

MARK HUMBERSTONE, SR., a wealthy inventor, presents to the United States government a remarkable device which is capable of destroying every navy in the world. He dies, leaving his son to make use of the strange mechanism.

Several years later, the French police are mystified by the operations of an organization which, known as "The International Bureau of Espionage," has its headquarters in Nice. Heading this organization are two brilliant men: Prince Cheng Ziao Han and the younger Humberstone. Working with them are numerous spies, including a beautiful woman known as "Suzanne" whom Cheng and Humberstone send to Warsaw, so that she may keep an eye on Paul Agrestein, a wealthy jeweler.

Catherine Oronoff, a Russian, is employed at headquarters. Closely associated with Cheng and Humberstone, she can only surmise what they are planning to do. That the world is on the verge of another devastating war, she feels sure; she suspects that the bureau will make that conflict impossible.

A man who calls himself "Mr. Jonson" acts as a bodyguard for Cheng; it is his boast that no one can kill him.

A man who poses as Paul Agrestein (but who is, in reality, a bitter enemy of the bureau) arrives in France. Cheng and Jonson find him, recognize him—and shoot him to death! While the police search frantically for clues to the murder, Cheng slips away to a chateau in the country and marries the lovely Hou Hsi. Believing Suzanne to hold the key to the killing, Déchanel interviews her. She admits nothing. Déchanel prepares to take his leave. He asks her if she will have a glass of wine with him. "With much pleasure," Suzanne says, "so long as you do not continue to ask me stupid questions."



He dropped on his knee, examined her eyelids, felt her heart, all in the best professional manner

VII

SUZANNE thrust her hand through her companion's arm as soon as the two had passed through the heavy door which shut off the private suites of offices from the main building.

"Oh, la la," she sighed, "every time I leave that room I feel like a bird that has escaped from its cage! Monsieur Déchanel, you are a man and you know no fear. I am a woman and I am afraid of these two young men who are responsible for the International Bureau. I am afraid of Mr. Cheng. I am just as much, if not more afraid of Professor Mark Humberstone."

It occurred to Henri Déchanel that for the sake of his reputation for courage it was as well that Mademoiselle—joyous, desirable Mademoiselle Suzanne—had not seen him half an hour before. He coughed and straightened his necktie.

"I will tell you something," he confided. "There are others besides myself who are beginning to ask themselves questions concerning this International Bureau."

"Take my advice, *mon cher*," she enjoined, "ask your questions about some-

thing else. Both these men are devils. They have a thousand ears, and a thousand unseen arms with which to strike. They remind me of two great king spiders in an amazing web."

"I am beginning to believe with the authorities in Paris," Déchanel declared, curling his mustache, "that the activities of this bureau must be looked into more closely. They have been treated leniently up to now because, between ourselves, little one, there have been times when they have been useful to us, but just now—well, serious things are afoot."

"Tell me about them," Suzanne begged.

"BUT where is this that you are taking me?" he demanded as she threw open a door. "This is not the way out."

"Did you not say that we should drink a glass of wine together?" she reminded him. "Do you pretend not to remember that this is my apartment?"

"A glass of wine—yes—but I meant at a café."

"A café. Who do you think I am to sit in cafés?" Suzanne laughed scornfully. "Besides, are you not better here? You can sit in my salon and wait while I

change my frock if you must take me out. Then you can drive me to Beaulieu—yes? There is a violinist there at the Réserve who thrills me. I would like to hear him with you."

He coughed uneasily.

"I think," he agreed, "if you would have it so, our conversation would go better away from the building."

"The bold Monsieur Déchanel is suddenly shy," she laughed. "Well, I shall do as you wish—"

"Not as I wish," he interrupted, with a world of meaning in his rolling eyes, "but as the fates demand. However—sit down for one moment, Mademoiselle Suzanne. Tell me whether it is true that you went to Warsaw to see Paul Agrestein."

"Of course it is true," she answered, "and much good it did me! I am beginning to ask myself whether the man on the flying ship who pretended to be Paul Agrestein may not have been an impostor."

"Now listen, Suzanne, I ask you a question. Much hangs to it. Who was he?" She looked at him, eyes wide open.

"How should I know?" she replied.

"His name on the sheet of passengers was Agrestein. The name on his passport was Agrestein. He admitted when I spoke to him that his name was Paul Agrestein. He answered me like a barbarian. I told him that I had visited him at his workshops and at his bureau without success. I spoke to him of my poverty, of my life with little Paul. I gave him up for an allowance and that allowance I only received for a year."

"And his answer?"

"WHAT do you suppose was his answer? He is a man of some strength though he may be old. He pushed me away, he refused to talk. He mounted the airship and he told the conductor to be sure I did not follow. That is what I got in Warsaw, Henri, my beloved one, for seeking Paul Agrestein."

"Since the man whom you encountered may not have been Paul Agrestein, what else did you expect?"

"I am probably foolish to doubt that it was he," she observed, fumbling in a huge box of chocolates by her side. "He must be well-known in Warsaw. How

(Continued on page 48)

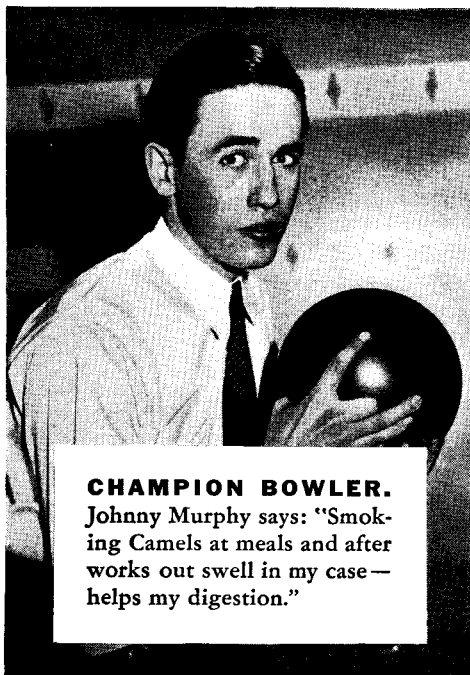
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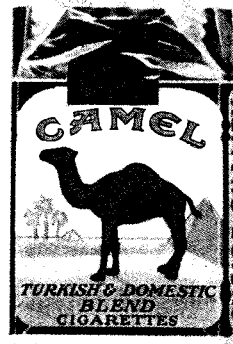
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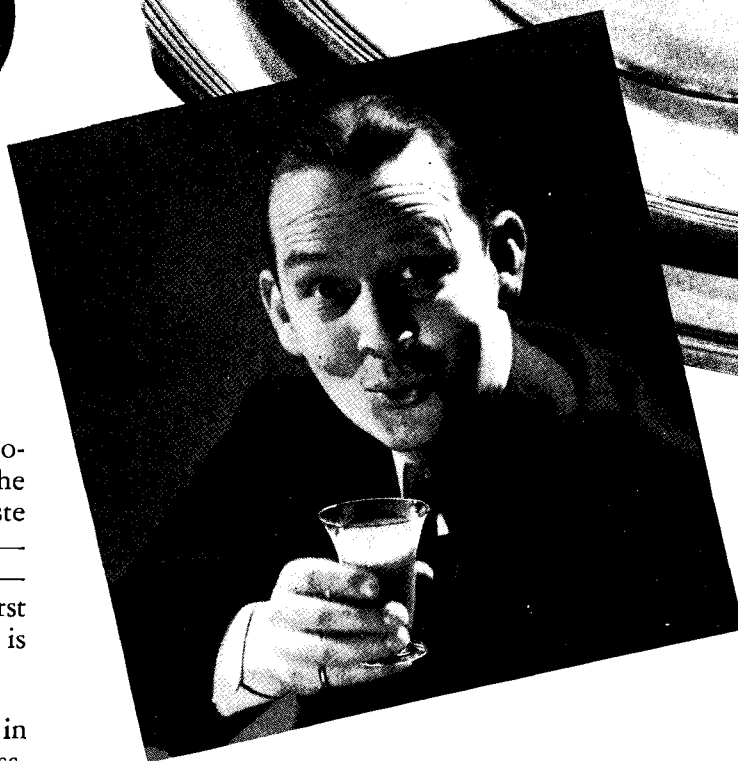


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Heinz

TOMATO JUICE

57

Scoring Play

Continued from page 8

Kurt Kenyon said. "I was loafing in Paris when you were making history at Minnewaska. But I find they have an expression here in the Middle West that proves how well you're remembered. They tell me that whenever a football player makes a good run or pulls a forward pass out of the air they say, 'He's wearing 47 today.'"

"I didn't know that," Joe said, which was true.

"We have a chant here at Minnewaska," Ann said. "You know how it goes, Joe. The one that begins 'There goes old 47.'"

"I'm afraid I've forgotten," Joe said, which wasn't true.

They didn't talk long. Joe said goodbye to Ann and walked back on the field with Tommy. If she had been annoyed with him he'd have known that she still cared. But she wasn't annoyed. She was most friendly. She wanted to show him off to Kurt Kenyon as she might show off any other local curiosity.

JOE worked harder and harder with the backfield and spent his evenings in front of a blackboard teaching plays over and over again and lay awake at night thinking up ways by which Phil Lawton could get clear with the ball. When he got a play he thought would do he showed it to Mike Oakley in a diagram and if Mike liked it they tried it out against the second team. In the end Joe had only one series that seemed worth keeping. The basis was a simple shift. It got its effect from the variations on it that went before.

Mike Oakley let Joe drill the team in that series of plays. But he told Joe he was afraid of it. The series wouldn't work unless it was done just so. It was hard enough to get a team to do one play just so. A whole series just so was beyond it.

Joe Tolman, lying awake at night, thought he had the answer. He thought he knew what would put that series over. But when he woke up in the morning he knew his plan was too reckless. He'd have to do it without telling Mike Oakley so if it failed Mike wouldn't have to take the rap.

The first game of the season was an easy one. The second was harder but they took it by a wide margin. The third was harder still. But they took that too. They took the fourth game. And they pointed for the Michigan game at Kenyon Field.

Minnie Oakley asked Joe and her husband at breakfast that Saturday morning if they had heard what little Jane Atkinson had done. They grunted. They had other things to think of.

"She's told Tommy and Phil that she can't choose between them. She'll take the one that makes a touchdown against Michigan."

"The arrogance of little girls makes me sick," Mike Oakley said.

"I shouldn't think either Tommy or Phil would tell that," Joe Tolman said. "If it's true."

"They didn't tell it," Minnie Oakley said. "She told the Gamma Gammas and now it's all over the campus."

Joe Tolman turned and looked up at the crowd behind him that afternoon just before the team captains met to toss a coin. Ann Milburn was sitting twenty feet behind him in a box with her father and mother and Kurt Kenyon and some people he didn't know.

The first half ended with no score, and the ball in the middle of the field.

Joe Tolman slipped away as the teams began the third quarter. He went into the gym and across the hall into the

trophy room. He paused for a second or two in front of the glass case that held his jersey with the big white 47 on it. It was foolish to take such a chance. If the trick failed he'd never hear the last of it. Mike Oakley would never forgive him for it. Tommy Milburn would never forgive him for it. And any faint chance he had to get Ann Milburn back would be gone.

Joe raised his elbow and smashed the glass. He took the jersey down and rolled it into a small bundle with the 47 inside and went back through the deserted gym to the bench beside Mike Oakley.

They were still playing each other to a standstill. But Michigan was fresher. It might take them until the last five minutes but in the end they'd go over.

"Listen, Mike," Joe said.

"Yeah," Mike Oakley said. His eyes were on the field.

"If you'll take Tommy out now so you can put him back in the last quarter I think we might do something."

"You mean that series of yours?"

"Yes," Joe said. "Soper won't try it unless he has orders. But it's the only chance I see."

Mike Oakley shrugged his shoulders. "All right," he said. "Do your stuff."

Joe Tolman sent a substitute out for Tommy. Joe saw how tired Tommy was when he came in. He would have slumped on the bench. But Joe pulled him toward the dressing-room. He paused when they were out of sight and unrolled the jersey.

"What's this?" Tommy gasped. He was surprised. But he gasped because he was still short of breath.

"You're putting it on," Joe said. He held the jersey for Tommy. "Get into it quick."

Tommy bent his head obediently. But he gasped out protests. "I'll feel like a fool," he said. "Nobody wears that number at Minnewaska since you wore it."

Joe pulled the jersey over Tommy's head and straightened it. He grabbed a blanket and draped it over Tommy's shoulders so that no one could see the number and led Tommy back to the bench. He sat down beside Tommy and whispered in his ear.

"I know," Tommy said grimly. "I get it. Whatever happens I'm behind the eight ball."

JOE TOLMAN did feel that it was cruel to do what he was going to do. But it was the best thing he knew. The third quarter had ended. The fourth quarter began. Michigan began a long drive.

Minnewaska held—on her five-yard line. Minnewaska got the ball.

Joe Tolman yelled in Mike Oakley's ear. "All right," Mike said. Joe Tolman pulled the blanket off Tommy Milburn and shoved him out on the field. Tommy began to trot toward the referee to report. Joe Tolman jumped up and ran back toward the grandstand and grabbed the cheerleader by the arm and pointed to Tommy Milburn's back.

"Shoot the works!" he said.

The cheerleader was a bright boy. He took one look at the 47 on Tommy's back and held up his hand for silence and began the old 47 chant with a hard down beat. The Minnewaska cheering sections followed him joyously.

Tommy Milburn went right through the Michigan line for five yards on the first play. The teams lined up. Again Tommy Milburn plunged at that line. But he hadn't made two whole strides when the whole Michigan team hit him. It was only when he ceased to wriggle

and lay still that they knew he didn't have the ball. Phil Lawton had the ball and he was halfway down the field. He ran eighty-nine yards and planted the ball precisely in the middle behind the Michigan goal line.

Joe Tolman saw that Tommy Milburn lay still. He was through. They had to carry him off the field.

Joe helped the stretcher-bearers get Tommy on a table in the dressing-room. He heard the wild yell somewhere aloft that meant Brinkerhoff had kicked the goal. The doctor stood looking at Tommy's face. Tommy's lips were smashed; his nose was on one side of his face; and there was something queer about his left shoulder. The doctor began to cut away the jersey.

"Broken collarbone," he said. He worked fast. He had the collarbone in splints and bandages by the time Joe got the rest of Tommy's clothes off.

The doctor studied Tommy. "Broken collarbone," he said. "Broken nose. Cut lips. Many bruises. Torn ear." He went to work on the ear, putting in stitches while Joe got the ambulance.

THEY had Tommy in the car and Joe was climbing in after him when a slender little girl with taffy-colored hair and eyes like forget-me-nots came dashing after them. She grabbed the rear rail of the ambulance just as it started. Joe Tolman pulled her in. She knelt beside Tommy's cot.

"Oh, Angel," she cried. "I was such a fool."

"Phil made the touchdown," Tommy said.

"But it's you I love," she cried.

Tommy tried to smile but couldn't. His lips were too swollen.

"Don't you know me, Tommy?" the girl screamed. "It's Jane."

Tommy put his hand on her head. She put her face down in the brown blanket over Tommy.

The ambulance stopped in the Milburn driveway. A long gray roadster came around the corner on two wheels and stopped behind them with a squeal of rubber. Ann Milburn jumped out.

"How badly is he hurt?" she gasped.

"Painfully but not seriously," Joe Tolman said. "He'd better stay in bed a couple of days. The doctor's bringing a nurse."

Ann showed the stretcher-bearers the way up to Tommy's room. She saw him transferred to his own bed. Tommy closed his eyes.

"Gotta get a little sleep now," he said wearily. "I'm tired."

Ann Milburn tiptoed out of the room. Joe Tolman followed her. There was a window seat at the end of the hall. Ann went down there.

"Did the crowd get it?" Joe asked. "Did they know it was really Tommy who earned that touchdown?"

Her eyes were shining now. "Oh, they got it. And it was marvelous." She paused. "But Joe—what if it hadn't worked? Where would you be now?"

There were tears in her eyes and her lip trembled.

"But it worked," Joe Tolman said.

Then he kissed her. He was still kissing her when Mike Oakley came up the stairs.

"Where's Tommy?" he asked.

Joe pointed to the door. "He's asleep now."

"And where," Mike Oakley said, "where is the guy who told me he had no college spirit?"

"That was me," Joe Tolman said.

"Yeah," Mike Oakley said. "Yeah—that was you."

"Guess I lost that man's card"



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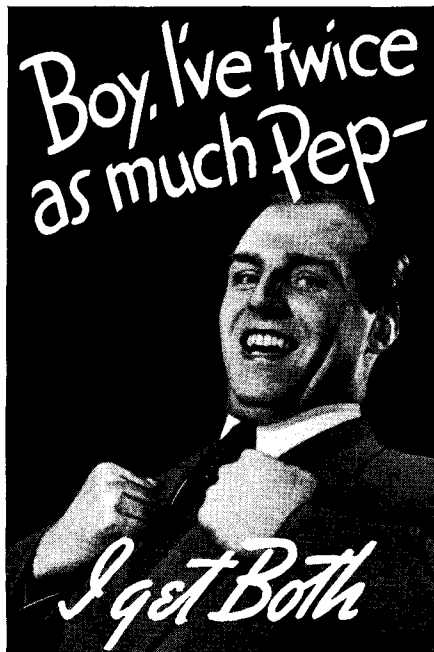
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The remark was nothing to win him a contract as a comedian, but she gave him a friendly laugh, and he went on, "We must be sure to tune in on Orpah's speech, Sunday night." Then he was ashamed for the "Orpah" and its implication of friendship.

"Surely must. Do you know all the others?"

"I don't know," he said cautiously. "Or—do I?"

She checked them off. "Steve and Aimee Burr-Lawford, of course. Then there's Hugh Chidsey, and Betty Hawn, Karl Unertle, Kay Jellinghauser, Drogo Trumbull—you must know Drogo. Everybody does."

"Drogo? Trumbull? Let's see, the name sounds familiar. I've seen it somewhere, but I guess—well, to tell you the truth, I always forget a name but I never remember a face."

"Isn't it awful? I'm the same way. Then there's Sally Warren."

"This fellow, Karl U. Nertle—"

"Unertle."

"Oh, sure. He went to Harvard, didn't he?"

"Gracious! Never say that to Karl! He's a Yale man."

"Oh. Well, I guess it was some other feller—and I guess I don't know any of them." He churned the water with his feet. He turned to her suddenly, and he heard someone say—and it must have been Appleton Hatch—"Look, Miss Corbin, I'm a kind of a shy kind of a guy—and do you mind if I kind of look to you if I get sunk? What I mean, I'm not much of a crowd feller. I kind of always recluse around."

She looked at him, and she dedicated to him a smile that was a gorgeous sunrise. "Why, of course! What did you say your name was? Appleton? Well, Appleton, any time you get in over your depth, I'll come to the rescue—and don't you dare do any reclusing, or I shall feel hurt."

Now they shook hands, and Appleton was in such transports that he wanted to kiss her. Someone did kiss her, while Appleton still held her hand. A big blond bruiser in red trunks rushed up, put his arms around Shirley and kissed her resoundingly. She pulled her hand away from Appleton, and made a looping swing and cracked this new fellow on his ear. "Good morning, Karl," she said calmly. "Do you know Mr. Hatch?"

Karl Unertle glanced at Appleton, who stood up. "Ah, Hatch," he said carelessly, and turned to Shirley. "That stuffed door-opener of Orpah's—what's his name—Pain, Drain, Stain—Oh, Thwaine—he said you were here, and I thought, 'Ah, hah!'"

SHE got up, looked for her bathing cap, and Appleton handed it to her. Karl Unertle went on, "But you did come down to join us here and go along on the cruise?"

"But I didn't. I am not going along on the cruise. I am staying right here until Monday."

"See here, Shirley, I want to talk to you!"

"I never listen well before breakfast, Karl. Coming, Appleton?"

Appleton wanted to dance and do handsprings, but he fell into step and walked away with her. He was the happiest young insurance appraiser on Long Island, until fear caught him with a body blow. Her arms and hands were tanned. On the ring finger of her left hand was a little white mark. "I never thought of that!" he said to himself. "Bet she only left it off to go swimming. Bet it was Unertle's."

Good Until Monday

Continued from page 11

At the house she said, "Now you come down as soon as you're dressed, Appleton. We have a date to meet all the others. Bet you I'm dressed before you are."

"Bet you're not!" he said, but he lingered in his room, to make sure she'd be downstairs ahead of him, and when he appeared he stood diffidently in the doorway of the breakfast-room, scared stiff.

Then Shirley saw him, and hailed him, and led him around and pronounced names.

One chap, a slight, leathery-faced, gray-haired young man, Drogo Trumbull, in ducks, deck shoes and an old sweater, was distinctly friendly. He shook hands and waved Appleton to the sideboard. "Ah, Hatch! Step right up and put your front feet in the trough!"

"Drogo!" said Shirley. "Your manners!"

"I joined the Foreign Legion to forget 'em," said Drogo coolly. "Come on, Hatch. Wolf a bit of this free lunch."

APPLETON explained that he had had breakfast, and Shirley said, "I have to leave you for a moment, Appleton. Now, Drogo, you be nice to him."

She smiled at Appleton and Drogo, and departed. "You folks come up the Sound—or down?" Appleton asked.

"Up. Just starting the cruise. Typical yachting party. Stop every five miles. We'll probably be stumbling around here for a week." Then he asked abruptly, "Ever see the Corbin place?"

Appleton shook his head. Drogo said, "You've missed something. Orpah has a nice spot here, but the Corbin estate would make Orpah's look like a sand dune with a bungalow on stilts."

"Oh, my Lord!" Appleton thought. "She's an heiress! Gosh!"

"Shirley's a natural born hostess. Right now she's planning something, and in a minute we'll have our marching orders. Great girl, Shirley."

"I was right about her and Unertle," Appleton thought. "Just my rotten luck! Oh, well, I have work to do and I may as well get at it, and let this party go its way." Unnoticed, he slipped away.

Presently light fingers tapped on his door, and he opened it, and there stood Shirley, smiling at him, so lovely in a white tailored sports dress and a blue

scarf that his eyes crossed, trying to take in everything at once.

"Here you go reclusing, and you promised you wouldn't. Come on. Lunch is ready."

"You're awfully nice—but I guess I never eat lunch."

"Nonsense. Everybody is waiting."

"Oh, don't let them wait for me, Shirley—and honestly, I have a lot of papers to go over."

"Well, you hurry and finish your work. Tonight, after dinner, we're all going over to the Cove to dance, and I want you to be my beau."

He went red to his collar button. "Oh, Shirley, I couldn't let you spoil your good time, just because you've taken pity on me."

She shook her head. "What a stubborn man—and you with such long eyelashes!" She smiled at him. "By, Appleton."

"By, Shirley."

He staggered back to his writing desk, and in his inventory book, after, "Three mahogany chairs, white leather seats," he wrote: "Priceless, gorgeous, real violet eyes, lovely wide mouth, beautiful, as kind as she is good, and how she stands out in this crowd!" And then he stared into space and inventoried and appraised Miss Shirley Corbin in greater detail—until Thwaine knocked, and came in with a tray.

"Miss Shirley thought you might be hungry before you finish your work, sir," he said, and departed.

Appleton stared at the tray. His heart was going around his ribs like a squirrel in a cage. "Maybe she is crazy about me!" he thought.

The fantastic idea engendered a terrific appetite, and when he had finished the tray he took his notebooks, and went through guest-rooms—some that had been assigned to the members of the yacht party, and some that had never been used. He lost all track of time—until he turned a knob and opened a door, to be confronted by Mr. Hugh Chidsey, in dinner clothes.

"Oh, excuse me," said Appleton. "Wrong room, I guess."

He went back to his own room, and Mr. Chidsey came into the hall and watched, and scowled.

(Continued on page 29)

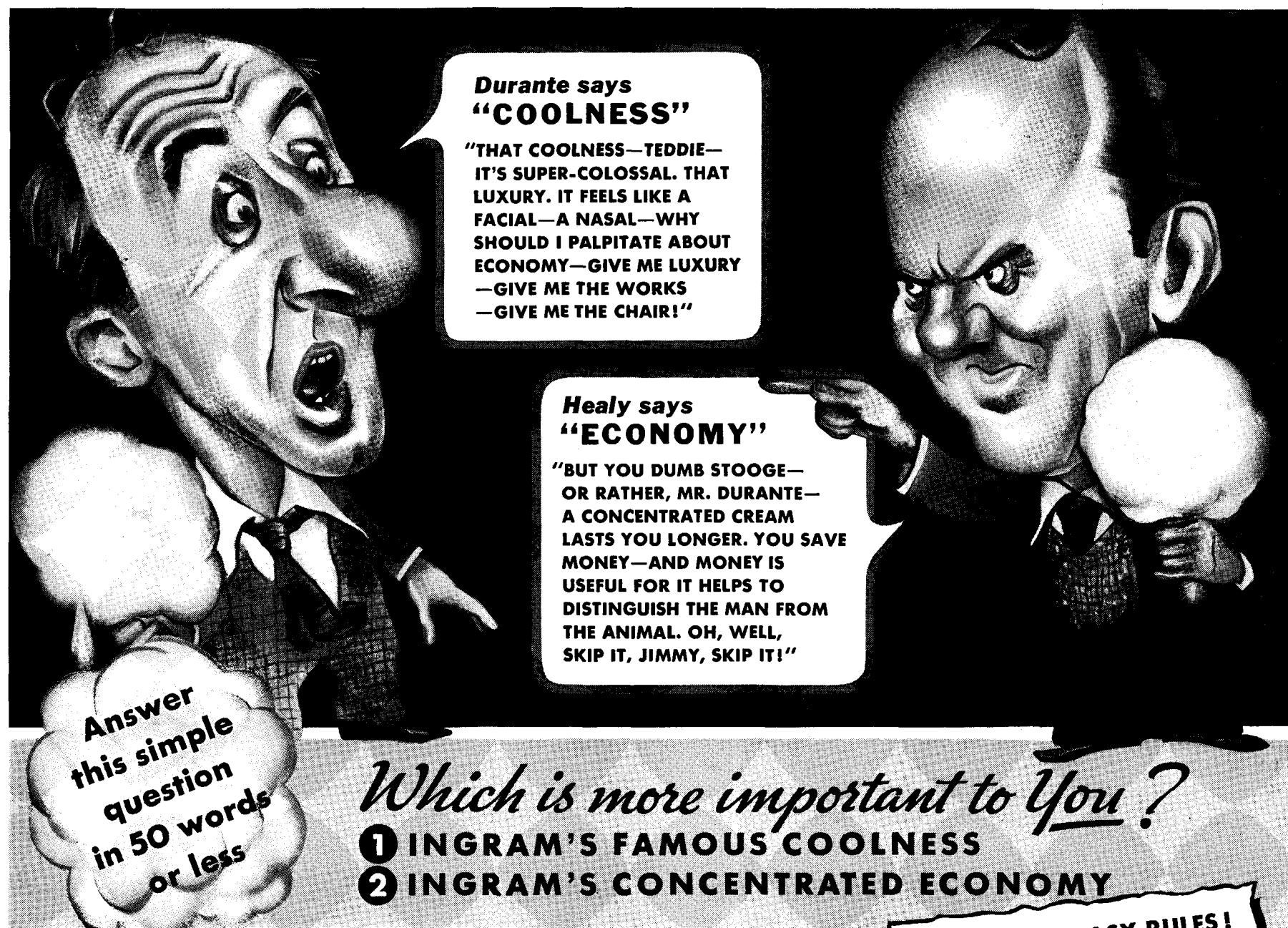


"We'll never get a ride this way, dear. You get behind the bushes till someone stops"

JOE EASLEY

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\$2,500 FIRST PRIZE : ALSO 10 PRIZES OF \$100 EACH AND 2,000 RUBBERSET SHAVING BRUSHES



WHAT DO MEN like best about Ingram's?—that's the issue that's divided the nation. "What do you like best about Ingram's?"—its whisker-wilting "Coolness" or the amazing "Economy" of its concentrated form. That's the dispute we want settled, and for winning answers we're offering big cash prizes!

It's a simple contest, easy to enter and open to all. And for the pay-off there's a Grand Prize of \$2,500—ten prizes of \$100 each and 2,000 prizes of genuine Rubberset Shaving Brushes worth \$2.00 of any shaver's money.



Coolness vs. Economy—that's the battle. Jimmy Durante says "Coolness." Ted Healy, feature player in M-G-M's "San Francisco," says "Economy." But don't take their word—don't take our word—get a jar or tube of Ingram's today and write your own reasons.

The first snowy dab of Ingram's that nestles on your chin will make you rabid about Ingram's "Coolness." Ingram's does that to shavers. Its secret, triple-play formula gives you cream, lotion and face-tonic in every cooling, bracing brushful!

But before you

vote "Coolness"—test Ingram's "Economy." There's a story! A little Ingram's goes a longer way because it's concentrated with a laboratory record over other creams of 15% to 20% more lather and cool, cool shaves from the same amount of cream. Actually it's the most economical cream on the market—a morsel as small as a green pea whips up into a cloudburst of cooling lather.

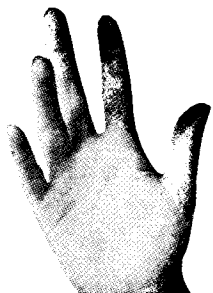
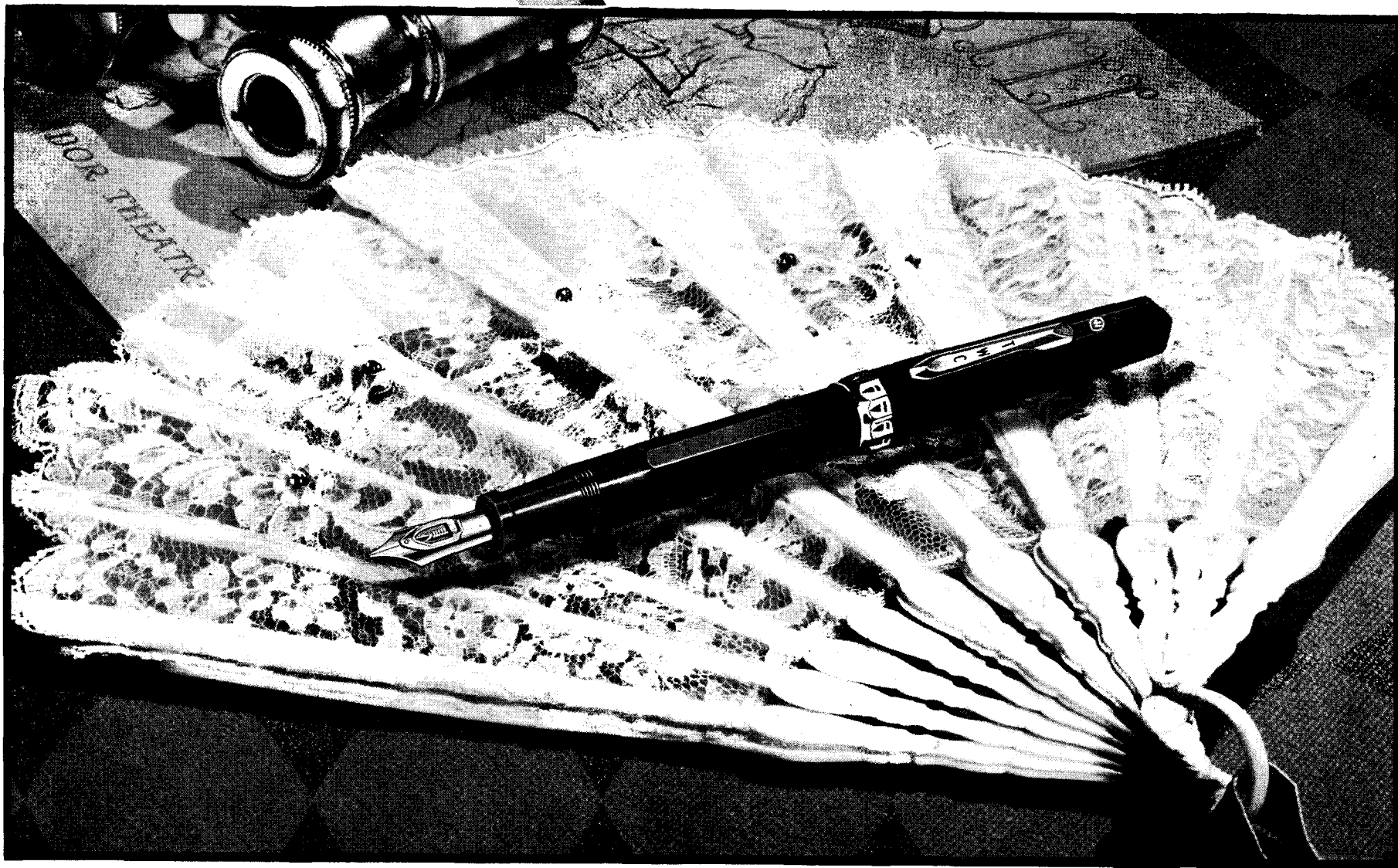
TRY INGRAM'S AND THEN TELL US!

Get Ingram's today, in the handy jar or convenient tube! Try this famous shaving cream and then send us your entry. Follow the simple, easy rules in the box to the right. Remember—your face can't lose!

READ THESE EASY RULES!

1. Decide which quality of Ingram's is more important to you, its coolness or its economy, and state why in 50 words or less.
2. Mail your entry to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Post Office Box No. 501, Elizabeth, N.J. All entries must be postmarked before midnight, December 1, 1936, to be considered. Send in as many entries as you wish, but each must be on a separate sheet of paper (a) bearing your name and address, (b) the name and address of your regular druggist, and (c) accompanied by the top of the carton from a 3½ size jar or tube of Ingram's Shaving Cream.
3. To insure absolute fairness, we have engaged Liberty Magazine to be the judges of the contest. Their decision will be final. Names of winners will be announced in the Jan. 30, 1937, issue of Liberty.
4. All entries will be judged on the basis of originality, sincerity and applicability to advertising. No extra consideration will be given to decorated or fancy entries. Literary skill or "clever" writing will not count.
5. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (makers of Ingram's), their advertising agents, Liberty Magazine, or their families. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
6. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

A LITTLE INGRAM'S GOES A LONGER WAY BECAUSE—its Concentrated

NO MORE**INK-STAINED FINGERS!**

THE NEW EVERSHARP PEN WON'T LEAK - CAN'T LEAK!

STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM, the ordinary fountain pen can *leak with its cap securely in place.*

Yes, cap it as carefully as you can and ink is likely to leak from the pen barrel into the cap or settle around the finger rest—to stain fingers, play hob with gloves, ruin purses.

But the new Eversharp Pen won't let ink do these things. When you screw on the cap, it won't leak—it *can't!*

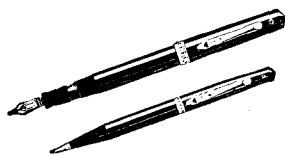
Carry it upside down, in your pocket, brief case or purse—it *won't leak!*

Simply because a little valve—the *Safety Ink Shut-Off**—automatically corks up the ink in the pen barrel. And only Eversharp has the *Safety Ink Shut-Off.*

Exclusively Eversharp, too—is the *Adjustable Point.* You can instantly adjust this pen to write *your way*—adjust it to your own individual writing style—and get the sweetest writing a pen ever gave you! Anyone can adjust this pen to suit himself or herself—that is why Eversharp is *the gift pen.*

Exclusively Eversharp also—is this pen's beauty. The only pen made in the classic Doric design, it has been called the world's handsomest pen.

One stroke fills the Eversharp with ink—



with ink enough to last a long, long time. And you can *see* when it needs refilling.

See the new Eversharp today—at any pen counter. Write with it. Compare its writing smoothness, its beauty, its safety with other pens. Sold at stationers, jewelers, pen shops.

department and drug stores. \$7.50 and \$10 with guarantee for life. Other models, \$5. Pencils to match, \$3 to \$5. Slightly higher in Canada. The Wahl Company, Chicago, New York, San Francisco, and Toronto.



EVERSHARP square LEAD is another contribution to better writing—the mechanical pencil lead that's sharper—writes smoother and blacker—won't slip or twist. And it's the *only* lead that fits *all* makes of mechanical pencils. Try it! The *genuine* comes only in the "Red Top" package.

*U. S. PAT. APPLIED FOR

EVERSHARP

THE ONLY PEN WITH THE SAFETY INK SHUT-OFF

(Continued from page 26)

At dinner, Shirley had Karl Unertle at her right, and Appleton drew Kay Jellinghauser.

Everybody but Appleton was talking, and he wasn't listening. He was trying his darndest to think of something to say. He didn't even hear Miss Hawn, at his right, when she made her one and only attempt in his direction.

Soon after dinner, Shirley led the troops out to cars in the drive, and said who was to go in which. She was taking Karl Unertle in her own roadster. Appleton was assigned to a car with Miss Hawn and the Burr-Lawfords, and it wasn't until the cars reached their destination and Shirley was checking up that Appleton was missed.

Our hero, remembering Shirley's words, that he was to be her beau, had been painfully reminded as to his real position here when she drove off with Karl Unertle. He got his notebook and pen, and made a careful survey of Mrs. Orpah Osgood's bedroom, private sitting-room, the living-room, the library and, when the servants had finished, the dining-room.

And then he called it a day, downstairs, and went aloft. But maids were in and out of guest-rooms, turning down covers, and draping pajamas and nightgowns, so he crept into his lair, and into bed, deciding he was in such despair at having fallen in love with a girl who was twice removed by wealth and betrothal that he couldn't sleep a wink—but he slept many salvos of healthy snores.

Suddenly it was Sunday morning, and the sun was shining and the birds were singing. He got downstairs as soon as he could, hoping to be first in and first out of the breakfast-room. Drogo Trumbull and Shirley Corbin were waiting.

Drogo glared at Appleton. "Why, you poltroon, you! You poltroonovitch!"

"Oh, shut up, Drogo!" said Shirley, and turning to Appleton, "I am too angry to talk to you."

"Gee, what'd I do?" faltered Appleton.

"Hah! He asks what he has done! He, the dastard who deserted the dashing debutante at the dance, dash it all! And if that ain't alliteration, I'll eat—I mean, devour it!" said Drogo.

"I thought you didn't want to recluse," said Shirley severely.

"Oh, you mean last night? Why, I kind of thought you had enough people without me, and I don't know the host and hostess where you went."

"So you did the unpardonable thing! You abandoned Shirley in a basket, with no name attached—and she's nuts about you!"

Shirley turned, her face flaming. "Drogo Trumbull! I—I think you are loathsome!" and she rushed from the room.

As Appleton started to follow, Drogo caught his arm. "Eat your breakfast, you fool. This is all in good fun."

"Honest, Drogo—you shouldn't kid like that. Between you and me, I am wild about her. But what chance would I have? All the rest of you people—take yourself, Foreign Legion and all that."

Drogo put down his cup and saucer. "My dear boy, I don't know anything about the Foreign Legion. Years ago, I was an alcoholic. I took the booze cure. I always refer to that experience in the sanitarium as being in the Foreign Legion."

"You don't have to explain to me, Drogo—but about Miss Shirley—and she's engaged to Mr. Unertle—"

"Yeah," said Drogo dryly. "And she's engaged to Mr. Unertle. But take a tip from me, Appleton, be nice to her. Do whatever she says. For all her background, and everything, life hasn't been too kind to her."

SO, ALL through that long Sunday, broken into so many little epochs and interludes, as Sundays are when there's a house party, Appleton responded as Shirley directed, and he would have been stupid if he wasn't aware that while Shirley and Drogo were friendly, all the others regarded him as a bore, a nuisance, a lad who didn't speak the language.

Again it was dinnertime, and again he was empty of ideas and soundproof. What with one thing and another, and, specifically, wines and spirits from Mrs. Osgood's lockers, the party was rather high, after dinner, with the exception of the abstemious Drogo and Shirley and Appleton. Appleton somehow felt it a part of his loyalty to Mrs. Osgood that everyone should listen, at nine, when her address was broadcast.

For the first time he showed some initiative and eloquence, helping Shirley to rally the crowd around the radio. They listened—for twenty minutes.

Afterward, Shirley disappeared, and the others trooped out of doors and to chairs by the pool, and Appleton got the orphan feeling he'd had so often during the day. He slipped upstairs, thinking to do the only two rooms he hadn't covered thus far, those of Mr. Chidsey, and Miss Jellinghauser. It didn't take him long, and back in his own room he stared at his notebooks, and he realized that his work was done. And suddenly it came to him that he had been a fool.

"What a sophomoric trick," he thought

bitterly. "Carried away by the chance to spend a week end in a fine house. Knocked off my feet by a fine girl who is too good a sport to let me see what a simpleton she thinks I am. Just a guy who thought he could play a part."

As he was packing his bag, there was a knock at the door, and he opened the door to find all the guests from the yacht, in the hall.

"I told you so!" cried Kay Jellinghauser, pointing at his bag.

"The old getaway, eh," said Hugh Chidsey.

"That's what Orpah gets for taking in every Tom, Dick and Harry!" said Mr. Unertle.

As Appleton gaped at them, Drogo thrust through, and into the room. "Take it easy, kid. Don't get excited because some of the boys and girls have lost their heads."

Kay Jellinghauser said, "You were in my room! Don't you deny it! I saw your shadow pass and repass at the windows, and I couldn't believe my eyes—and you better hand over that diamond clip you took from my dressing-table, or you'll go to jail!"

"Easy, there, Kay," said Drogo. "I'll vouch for Mr. Hatch, and so would Shirley if she were here."

"Hah!" said Karl Unertle, in a loud yelp, and Appleton could see that he and Hugh Chidsey were shaking hands and nodding to each other, that Mr. and Mrs. Burr-Lawford were looking at each other unhappily, that Miss Hawn and Miss Warren were taking in everything like a couple of avid tabloid readers—and he knew that all this in-and-out-of-rooms business he'd had to do in the course of his work had put him in a bad spot.

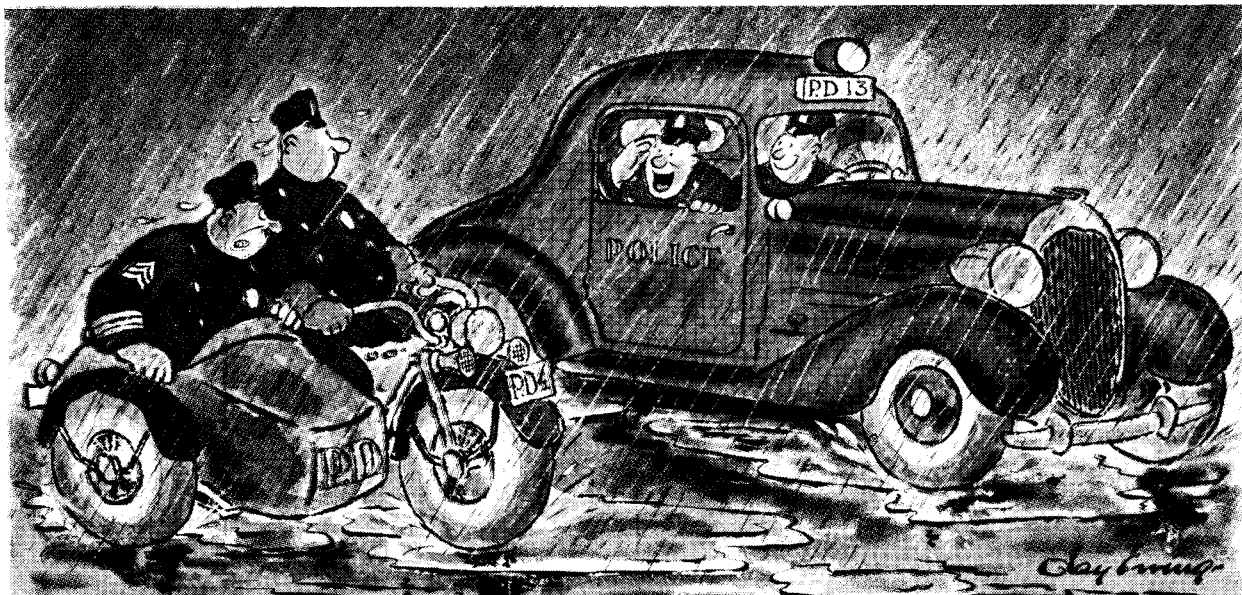
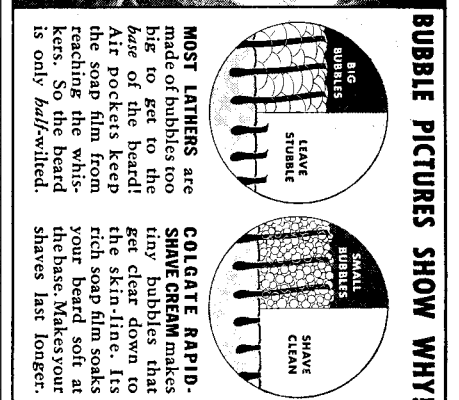
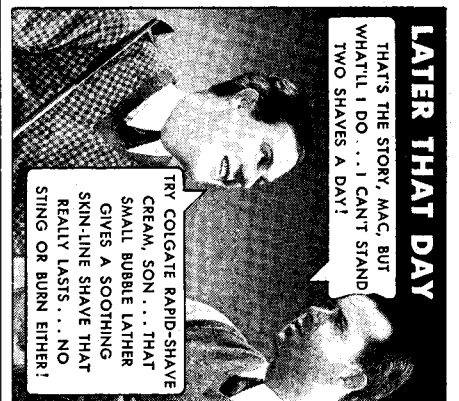
"Thanks," he said to Drogo. "Now, Miss Jellinghauser, may I suggest that we go to your room, and that you make a more careful search? I know I didn't take your clip, and I don't think any of the servants did."

They marched down the hall to Miss Jellinghauser's room. They went in. "Where did you see it last?" Appleton asked.

"It was right there on my dressing table," said Miss Jellinghauser. "It was there when I brushed my hair. You needn't go through the farce of a search. I've looked everywhere."

Appleton went to the dressing table, wishing mightily that he were a direct descendant of Sherlock Holmes. There was no hiding place for the clip. He picked up a hairbrush with a gold and enamel back. As he put it down, he heard a little click. He turned the brush

(Continued on page 30)



"Hahyuh, Sahgent!"

JAY IRVING

CLOSE SHAVE



ONLY SILVERTOWN TIRES GIVE YOU GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

Betty: "That was a narrow escape all right, Bob, but you're not to blame."

Bob: "Of course I am. We had a blow-out, didn't we? And I've been warned time and again that I needed new, safe tires."

When you start out on an automobile trip, your main concern is to reach your destination *safely*. And to that end, you drive carefully. You don't pass other cars on hills, you slow down for crossings, and you stop for red lights.

But did you ever stop to think that there's one danger spot where no warning bell will ring—no red light will show? That's *inside* your tires. They may look perfectly good on the outside—the tread may not be badly worn—but unless you're protected you may be heading for a blow-out without knowing it.

Why tires blow out

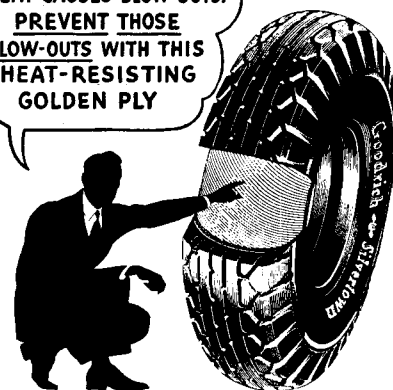
Today's speeds of 40-50-60 miles an hour generate terrific heat *inside* all tires. Unless this heat is resisted, rubber and fabric begin to separate. A blister forms and grows bigger and BIGGER. No one can tell when it will burst. That's the worst part of it—you get no warning until BANG! A blow-out. And then you

need much more than mere driving skill to keep you off the "accident list."

In order to give motorists real blow-out protection, Goodrich engineers developed the Life-Saver Golden Ply, a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist heat. By resisting internal tire heat, this Golden Ply keeps rubber and fabric from separating. It keeps blisters from forming. And when you prevent the blister, you prevent the high-speed blow-out.

Remember, when someone cautions you about gambling on tires—when you are urged to replace tread-worn tires with a set of Goodrich Safety Silvertowns—heed the advice. Because you can't laugh off this fact—*thousands are killed or injured every year when blow-outs throw cars out of control*. Play safe. Put Goodrich Golden Ply Silvertowns on your car. You pay no premium for these super-quality tires and they may save your life.

HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS.
PREVENT THOSE
BLOW-OUTS WITH THIS
HEAT-RESISTING
GOLDEN PLY



FREE!

A million more motorists pledged to safe driving is the Goodrich goal for 1936. Do your bit to prevent accidents. Join the Silvertown Safety League at your Goodrich dealer. He'll get for you—free—a handsome emblem with a red reflector to protect you if your tail light fails.



AVOID FLAT TIRES THIS WINTER

● A puncture is bad enough when the weather is good. But tire changing on a cold winter's day is double grief. That's why we say "here's good news." The new Goodrich Seal-o-matic Safety Tube seals its own punctures. And you don't even have to stop the car! As soon as a tack, nail, or piece of glass makes a hole, a special plastic rubber compound *inside* the tube surrounds the object. When you pull the nail or tack out the hole fills up and is sealed tight instantly! This winter put Goodrich Seal-o-matic Tubes in all your tires.

Goodrich Seal-o-matic Tubes

The new **Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown**
With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

(Continued from page 29)

over, and his heart bounded as he raised the brush for everyone to see. The diamond clip was caught in its bristles.

"Why, I must have put the brush down right on it," said Miss Jellinghauser. "I never thought—and I saw you staring at it last night."

Appleton lost his temper, which he should not have done, but he was through playing gentleman. "Don't flatter yourself or your jewelry. I was merely trying to look past you. I wonder how many servants you've had fired or arrested, just because you are careless and imperious and leap to conclusions!"

He stalked back to his room. The others went downstairs somewhat sheepishly, and Drogo came to Appleton's door, and grinned at him. "Mister Hatch—your hand! The cruise continues tomorrow. We leave with the tide. And from now on, every time I look at Miss Jellinghauser, I'm going to go through the motions of brushing my hair!"

"Gee, that was a stroke of luck, Drogo. Supposing it hadn't been there, or couldn't be found?"

"Hah! Forget it. Come on down now, with the gang, and let 'em see the stuff you're made of. Come on."

Appleton considered. "I'll come down, but I won't stay long."

He went down with Drogo, and joined the group in chairs at the pool. Mr. Burr-Lawford got up. He felt guilty because, when Hugh Chidsey had compared notes with him, he had mentioned that Appleton tried to get into his room, the morning before. He said, "Highball, Hatch?" in a friendly voice.

"No, thank you, sir." Appleton turned to include all of them. "I have a little speech to make, and an apology. The apology comes first. I am sorry I lost my temper with Miss Jellinghauser, but it was the first time in my life I've been accused of being a thief. As to the explanation, I am not a guest here. I am an insurance appraiser. I was making an inventory for Mrs. Osgood. That is why I had to see all the rooms."

"I thought so," said Hugh Chidsey, getting up and teetering at the edge of the pool. "I knew there was something fishy about you."

Mr. and Mrs. Burr-Lawford cried indignantly, "Hugh!"

Appleton gasped, "What?" and from behind, Karl Unertle spoke, "You heard him, Hatch!"

APPLETON looked at him. He turned and looked at Chidsey. He said, "Chidsey, you can't take care of yourself, and you don't look bright to me, but maybe you can understand an object lesson when you see one."

He whirled. He picked up Karl Unertle like a bundle of laundry. He carried him to the deep end of the pool, and he hurled him far out into the water, dinner clothes, highball and all.

It made quite a splash.

"Good night, and thanks for the buggy ride," said Appleton, and went into the house.

Shirley Corbin, pulling off driving gloves, was talking to Thwaine. She came to Appleton. "What is it?" she asked anxiously. "I just got back."

"I've made a fool of myself, and I'm leaving, now. Tonight."

"Oh, don't do that. I'm so sorry. I should have been here, and Appleton, whatever it is, let me handle it—and please don't leave tonight. Please, for my sake."

So he promised he'd stay. He went upstairs, and eventually he got to sleep. In the morning he slipped downstairs and out of doors. The yacht had gone. Now he thought to look to his boat, and warm up the motor, so he could start for home as soon as he had seen Thwaine and said goodbye to Shirley.

He didn't know what the others might have said to Shirley, and he was thoroughly ashamed of himself. He went to the pier, and he caught his breath, for Shirley Corbin, in a sweat shirt and sailor dungarees, was kneeling in his boat, trying to start the engine.

She waved and called a cheery greeting, and as he came out on the pier, she brushed her hair back with the back of her hand, and said, "I've been good for a whole week end, and now I'm going to be wild. I've always wanted to run a boat like this. Do you know how to start the engine?"

He peeled off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and hopped into the boat. "I think so," he said, and started the motor, and cast off.

"Oh—let me—let me!" she cried. She took the tiller and shoved the throttle into high.

THE boat almost leaped out from under them, and shot across the inlet in a series of jumps. Appleton grabbed for the throttle. It had jammed. She froze to the tiller. The boat, in big, thumping hops, sped straight for the bank, leaped ashore, shot up a dune, crashed, and threw the two into soft sand, which wasn't so soft, at that.

When Appleton could focus, Shirley had her arm around him and she was wiping the sand from his face. Neither had been hurt, and as soon as he got his wind, and his stars went back to their constellations, he said, "Gosh, you landed so hard your ring flew off!"

She looked at her left hand. "Oh, no. The ring went back to its owner last night."

"Huh?"

"We'd agreed on it, weeks ago, and I only wore it to spare his feelings, over this week end. But, Appleton, we've ruined the boat, and some poor fellow—"

He grinned. "Some poor fellow doesn't give a damn so long as you're all right."

"Was it yours? Oh, you poor dear. It'll take me weeks and weeks to pay you. I don't earn very much, and my work isn't very regular, but—"

He was staring at her. "You don't owe me anything—but—do you mean to say you—work?"

She smiled at him. "Why, of course. What did you think I was doing here?"

"Why—why—visiting, of course."

She patted his hand. "I can't afford to visit just for fun, any more, Appleton. We Corbins ain't what we useter be. I'm a hired hostess."

"What?"

She nodded. "Orpah always sends for me in emergencies, and so do other people. I'm really a rotten hostess, though. I should have been here last night to stop that horrid affair—but the cook cut her hand badly, and I had to take her to the doctor—"

Appleton kissed her. She was surprised but not displeased. "You are nice, Appleton. No wonder people like you. Drogo is crazy about you and wants you to visit him. He has a huge place—and Thwaine thinks you are just right. Says you remind him of your father."

"Does Thwaine know my father—and did he tell you who and what I am?"

"Well, now, Appleton, after all, when a girl wakes up and finds a strange man in her room she has some right to be curious. Of course I asked Thwaine about you, and he said—"

"Look here, Shirley, would you marry a guy like me?"

She blushed. "I have given some thought to it," she said softly. "But I don't know that I am a good risk."

He kissed her. "Risks are right up my alley!" he said happily. "Risky business! That's the way I make my living, and my father before me. How about making a down payment on a life policy?"

So, then, she kissed him.

"Stop-and-Go" Driving Wastes Money



—unless your gas has these 3 kinds of power
in perfect balance . . .

For economy in today's driving, your gasoline needs 3 different kinds of power—just as your car needs 3 shifts of gears. You need one kind of power for QUICK STARTS, another for FAST PICKUP, a third for ECONOMICAL RUNNING.

Super-Shell combines these 3 different kinds of power in one fuel—the first truly balanced gasoline.

You'll find Super-Shell Gasoline on sale at more than 30,000 neighborly Shell stations from coast to coast.



SUPER-SHELL

4 out of
every 5 miles
you drive are
"Stop-and-Go"

Active Men Past 30

NEED A FORMULA FOR

SENSIBLE LIVING

You will enjoy the "middle years" more if you watch your diet, exercise sensibly... and, if you drink, choose a form of whiskey that agrees with you

"Seagram's Crown Blended Whiskies are A MOST WHOLESOME FORM OF WHISKEY."

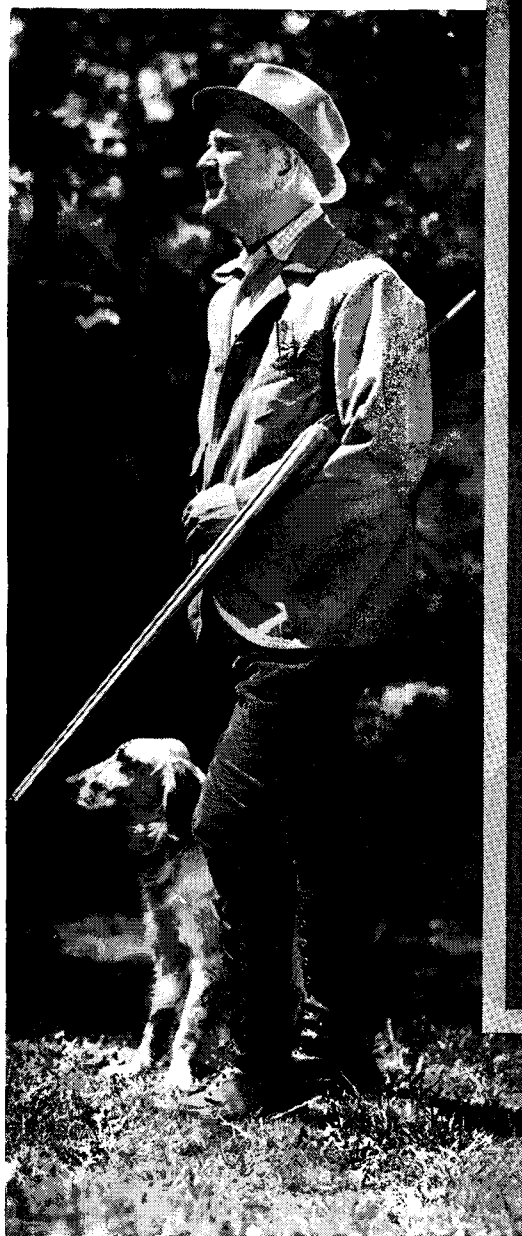
This conclusive verdict of our recent research is the answer of a group of trained, fact-finding men who for months investigated the question, "How does the human system respond to different forms of whiskey?"

As a guide to the sensible choice of whiskey, this plain statement has been invaluable to men who like fine whiskey and drink it in moderation.

It means that they have been able to be sure of getting, in Seagram's Crowns, not only *fine-tasting* whiskey, but a *form* of whiskey which is easy on most men, considerate, kind—and most likely to *agree* with them.

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Say Seagram's and be Sure



Seagram's Crowns are especially made for men who consider the future. They fit into a sensible plan of living because they are a most wholesome form of whiskey.



Seagram's Crown

Blended Whiskies

90 PROOF

SEAGRAM'S FIVE CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old, 25% straight whiskey, and 75% neutral spirits distilled from American grain. Bottled under this formula since May 1936.

SEAGRAM'S SEVEN CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old, 37½% straight whiskies, and 62½% neutral spirits distilled from American grain. Bottled under this formula since May 1936.

A MOST WHOLESOME FORM OF WHISKEY

Bread into Roses

Continued from page 17

"It was a deliverance for her," he said without bitterness.

"You decided to separate right away?"

"We had decided long before that."

"It was all a loss from the very beginning," Susannah mused.

"All a loss." He spoke simply, shutting his lips tightly when he had finished speaking.

"I wonder why it had to be that way—" But again she was not speaking to him; her eyes were fixed on space.

"If happiness has come out of it for you," Alec began, "I'm glad. There's that much gain anyway. In a few weeks or months you'll be out of all this. And then some day, perhaps, you'll forgive me, Sanna."

They were sitting in a corner angle; she had only to raise her eyes to meet his. He saw in them an infinitely weary, infinitely kind half-smile.

"That doesn't matter now, does it?"

"It matters terribly to me," he said.

"I don't think I ever thought, Alec, of forgiving you or not forgiving you," Susannah said mildly; "that didn't seem to be the question at all. Whatever you felt for her, you couldn't seem to do anything except what you did do. It wasn't unkindness to me, or kindness or anything, really. I wasn't in it. Even when I felt so badly—even when I cried so much, I realized that."

He put his elbows on the table and his face in his hands for a few seconds. When he took his hands away his face looked tired and drawn.

"It seems to me now like something I couldn't have done, Sanna. I've tried a thousand times to explain it; there's no explanation of it. Everything seemed so smooth and easy in those days, one did things for no better reason than—well, than that one wanted to do them. It's all so different now."

"Our lives would be much easier," Susannah said, when the man had served the salad and gone away again, "if we always saw things in the same light—if they always had the same values. But they change so—or else one changes oneself—"

HER voice died away vaguely, and neither one spoke for a little while.

"I may not see you after this," she began, ending the silence suddenly, "and I want to thank you again for Phil. I think he thinks of me as his mother; I know that we are absolutely sympathetic with each other, perhaps more so than many a mother and son. I don't expect you to leave him always with me, but I know that it would break both our hearts to part for very long. He connects me," Susannah went on, looking at him with her level, honest gaze, "with the end of a time that was hard for him, the end of loneliness, and of feeling that he didn't belong anywhere. He has his own room now, his own place, and he likes it. I don't think schools can ever give them that. If you could let things go as they are, at least until he's much bigger, I'd be so grateful."

"You don't think that there's anything I *wouldn't* do if you asked me," Alec answered, a little gruffly. "After what you've been through—after the way I have failed you, then to have you ask for Phil as a favor! He's yours, Sanna, as long as in the goodness of your heart you'll let him be. I'd no more move him than if I'd never had a child at all."

When they finally rose, Alec paid the bill, and they walked out together.

Alec walked with her to the door of her hotel, and they went inside and stood talking for a minute or two before she went upstairs.

"I'm telephoning Carter tonight. I wired him from the office this morning that I'd call him at eight. He'll give me the whole thing in three minutes. You'll be here for a day or two?"

"I don't know. It will depend a good

deal, I suppose, upon what I have to do. I thought I would see your mother tomorrow morning and give her the report on Phil, and then if I must go to Reno go home and talk the whole thing over with Terry."

Again she made a little frowning face of distaste.

"It's all so horrible," she said under her breath.

"I know it is."

"But no help for it. Only—if I'd known, I might have gone west quietly this summer. However, it's too late for that now."

Alec looked at her for a second or two, apologetic and troubled, before he said on a tone of forced briskness: "Well! I'll telephone you about half past eight

She went up to a hotel room that was cheerful in the dull afternoon light.

Her furs and her hat thrown on the bed, Susannah pushed the hair back from her forehead and stood for a minute in the middle of the room, pressing her palms tightly against her temples. For the first time in her life she had the feeling that she was going out of her mind.

Alec. Alec. Alec. The sound of his voice, the touch of his hand, his presence again. The old love was like a vise that held her heart tight in its grip; she tried to writhe away from it; it was no use. The world was ringing and thrilling with him; from the first instant when he had walked forward in the office, with the concerned, kindly, half-smiling look

And in the old life was Alec, the man she had loved in those days that had been the most radiant she had ever known, the man whose sophisticated half-smile, whose easy ordering of a luncheon in a French restaurant, whose masterful command of everything the world held that was privileged had made him in manner and speech what he was, one of the princes of the earth.

There was nothing ostentatious or assertive about what Alec said and did; he had no need of such props. He need only be himself to stand above and apart from the common run of men. Susannah tried in her racked heart to make him seem unimportant, to belittle him. There was no reasoning about the situation; it was all far beyond reasoning. She had passed into the zone of pure feeling; she was feverish, almost delirious with excitement. For a long hour, for another hour, she sat at her window in the hotel room and looked out into the mists of the autumn afternoon, and let her spirit be carried to and fro on wild tides of feeling.

Afterward she made herself go out and walk; but it was the old world in which she walked and she had not forgotten it. The matinee crowd was flooding the Avenue now; in the shops there were groups of beautifully furred, well-groomed women. They were all talking about the things she once had known: the smart magazines and shows, the new hats and frocks, the opening of the theatrical season. Candy stores sent out waves of vanilla-scented, chocolate-scented sweetness; the eyes of a half-million cars sent fans of light through the dusk. Green lights, red lights, newsboys, shabby little women slipping into the Cathedral's big swinging doors, green omnibuses with tired women looking out peaceful and triumphant from window seats; it was all unchanged. Shopgirls were going home chattering; moving-picture houses were twinkling in snakes of green and blue lights.

Her New England garden, her little boy wrestling with fractions, Liza turning down the beds in peaceful airy upstairs bedrooms, Laverne laconic as she retailed the day's news, these things might never have been. She belonged here, here, wherever he was; they two could not be in the world and apart. Fiercely, breathlessly, Susannah wrestled with the feelings that possessed her; their power grew stronger rather than weaker in spite of her.

SHE went in to see Alec's mother. He might be there. He wouldn't be there, but he might be. Mrs. Hazeltine was alone.

The two women had an hour's talk. Susannah would not have tea, and the older Mrs. Hazeltine had been forbidden sweets and stimulants and everything else she liked by her doctor. But she always loved to see Susannah and hear about Phil, and if Susannah's heart felt a certain blankness and impatience, a certain wild hunger to be doing something—anything—to get in touch with Alec again, to know where he was, to hear his voice, she did not betray it. She walked home at six o'clock, thinking only that in another two hours or a little more he must telephone her. And perhaps he would say something in reference to the matter that involved them both that would mean that tomorrow she might see him again.

There was no sense to this. There was no sense to it! She paced the floor. She had selected a book to bring with her to the city from her long parlor shelves of books; she tried to read it now. She tried to think of the quiet morning hour when she had said to Liza, "I have to go to the city sooner or later and it might as well be today."

Terry had come over to see her off.

"I'll have to see Alec some time about



"Come in!"

J. M. ANTHONY

tonight—and one last thing, Sanna," he added hesitatingly.

She looked up at him expectantly.

"I wanted to say that I think you've been magnificent through everything," Alec said quickly, with a boy's manner of haste and awkwardness that was entirely unlike him. "What I think naturally doesn't matter to you. But I do think that. I'd never forgotten you, but I'd forgotten how quietly—how magnificently you do things. That's all, except that I'm terribly sorry for everything. Goodbye."

"GOODBY," she said, her heart suddenly wrung. She wanted to add something to it, perhaps to put her arms out to him and say, "Ah, it's all too bad, isn't it?" But instinctively she fought the impulse, crushed it down, and before it could rise again he had turned away; he was gone.

she had always loved to see on his face, something that she had thought dead, something that she had tried to forget had risen strong and unforgotten and living, and she was in its power now.

Not even in the old first days on the Queen Augusta had her heart responded to him with the rush of feeling that she was experiencing in this strange hour when she seemed to be torn, body and soul and mind, between the claims of the two worlds; one the old world, and one the new that she had discovered, had created with pain and tears and loneliness for herself. In the new life waited Terry with his long hands and his haunting voice and the aristocratic scholarly fineness that made Shakespeare and Homer and Keats, Vermeer and Filippo Lippi, Bach and Mozart much more a part of his daily scheme than the radio and theater and movie sensations of the day.

WHO SERVES PROGR



Thanks to the early cotton gin, one man could clean 300 times as much cotton as he could working by hand. But instead of abolishing jobs, that invention multiplied them by thousands — on plantations, in New England's busy mills, on the sea — for when production costs came down the whole world began to buy.

Men are busy today along the production lines, because what happened 143 years ago in the case of the cotton gin is still happening in modern America. As improved machinery brings down production costs, more people are able to buy — more jobs are created — more men are put to work at good wages meeting the increased demand.

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Look about you — in your own America today — what do you see? Progressive industry everywhere offering new and better wares. Countless communities needing new homes by the thousands. The railroads, speeding time and obsolescence,

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possibilities for men of vision, courage and resourcefulness

than now. In the new things needed, in the new industries
being born, in the rebuilding of the vast production plant
of our country — in these are opportunities for increasing
employment, for producing new markets and new wealth,
for serving progress, greater than America has ever known!

A GENERAL MOTORS CAR

BUICK LA SALLE CADILLAC

this, Terry," she had said, on the station platform, "and I may as well get it off my mind. I hope I'll come back to tell you that everything is all right for our sailing Thursday, but I'm afraid not. In any case, we'll have to talk it over, and I've been fretting and lying awake over it long enough."

And in that quiet autumn morning hour with Terry in his old cords and worn brown sweater storing her suitcase in the rack above her head and promising her that all her commissions should be remembered—supper for the cats, and Phil's change of shoes if he got his feet wet playing around where the men were digging the new water mains—and while he was writing the name and address of her hotel carefully into his notebook, and the red leaves of October were softly falling, falling through crystal air, somehow she had lost that old world. It was hard to remember little Pemberton now, the main street flanked with trees, the bland old courthouse staring out from a wreath of red leaves, the dreaming silences of summer days when heat lay like a green thick blanket on the town, the snowy purity of winter, when the squashes were in and the wood was piled, when in old-fashioned homes apples still scented the black darkness of cellars, and every chimney sent up its stream of pale gray wood smoke into the whiteness of the sky.

The Duquesnes' sunken, long, low-ceiled parlor came before her mind's eyes: the leaded bow window that pushed itself into the thick shrubbery of the garden, the flicker of firelight on the backs of books, Anne darning, rather silent, Terry stretched in his deep chair with a book in his hands, herself between them, thinking dreamily of what Terry was reading, of what was in the house for lunch and supper tomorrow, of the brackish taste the water had had lately and what had caused it, and a thousand other homely happy things that had nothing to do with a hotel room a hundred miles away, and lonely dusk in the city, and a man's voice echoing—echoing—echoing in her ears.

SHE had her supper upstairs, tried again to read, returned again to the window and stood looking out at the city that was now all blackness of shadow and glittering of diamond lights against the dark. Eight o'clock struck and half past eight and it seemed to her that the telephone never would ring. But it did ring, and feeling weak and afraid she went to answer it. It was Alec's voice that spoke.

"Sanna, I'm downstairs," he said. "May I come up?"

"May you—?" She had to swallow with a dry throat. She stammered, hardly knowing what she said. Out of the greatest city of them all and the night and her feeling that he was completely lost to her, he was suddenly near her again, and for a moment she could think of nothing else. "I'll come down," she said, confusedly. "I'll be right down."

Conscious only of the fact that she was going to see him, she somehow put her hair in order, picked up her purse and her key, went through the halls to the elevator, was stepping out into the passage downstairs, looking inquiringly about. He was there; he came forward; their hands and eyes met.

There was a quiet alcove off the main foyer that was furnished with a few comfortable chairs and two writing desks. It was deserted tonight and only dimly lighted. Alec and Susannah could talk there undisturbed. She took a round-backed green velvet chair, and he drew another close to it, and they began at once a discussion of his talk with Carter in Reno an hour earlier.

"But you were to go to Philadelphia tonight, Alec," she presently diverged to say.

"I wired Hurlbert that I'd be down on the midnight train."

"You stayed on my account?"

"And on my own. I didn't want to telephone all Carter said."

"But the sum of it is that he thinks I should go west?"

"That one of us must go. Sanna, I would if I could."

"WELL then," she said, reflecting, "I think Phil and I must start west immediately. The sooner begun the sooner finished. Terry will have to go to England alone; we'll follow as soon as we can. Perhaps Anne will go with him now, or perhaps she'll wait and she and I will go together. It's a wretched thing to have to face, but there's no help for it. I'll go home tomorrow and have a talk with them—this is Wednesday. I should

Alec, taking her hand, looking down upon her, spoke suddenly.

"Why don't you hate me, Sue? Why don't you make it easier for me by reproaching me, by making me feel how I've failed you!"

She could only look up at him, speechless, trying to falter out the only words that came to her, "I don't know." He put his arm about her, and the familiar kiss, the kiss for which she had hungered through so many heavy days and wakeful nights, was on her lips, and her whole being seemed absorbed, enveloped in his own.

Two or three times he whispered, "My God!" She heard nothing more. Then he was gone and she was alone. Quickly, affrightedly, as if fearing that he might come back, and knowing that she could not see him again, she went through a

she was floating—flying—there was no earth anywhere and no sanity and no reason.

Lying in bed, she could not sleep. She relived over and over again that moment when so simply, so quietly, so much with his old air of being carried quite out of himself, and yet sure of himself too, he had put his arms about her and kissed her. And she finally went off to sleep remembering the four words he had used at luncheon and that had been running like an undercurrent to every thought she had had since:

"You are my wife."

He joined her at the door of the dining-room the next morning, and they had breakfast together. She noticed that he ordered what she liked without any reference to her: late sweet blackberries, the hot milk she had learned to drink with her first cups of coffee in Peking so many years ago, dry thin brown toast. When they were eating he said:

"It occurred to me after I left you last night—and by the way I walked the streets until almost four—that there is one thing I'd like you to understand. It's this: there never has been anyone like you in my life; there never will be. I'll love you until I die. I've always loved you, but I didn't know it."

"It mightn't be now, Sanna," he went on very simply, as Susannah did not speak, "it might be years from now that you'll need me—might need me. I'll be ready then. I'll want you and love you all the rest of my life."

"I'll love you until I die. I'll love you until I die." The words repeated themselves over and over again as she sat in the hot chair car, staring absently at the autumn fields flashing by, and the little villages and suburban homes with their roofs and brick walks so new and their trees mere whips set in dark earth. "I'll love you until I die."

Whenever they came back to her a warm sense of happiness, of being important, came over her. She could not sense them, savor their meaning enough. It was strange to meet Terry at the Pemberton station, Terry so completely unchanged, and think of the crises of emotion she had experienced since he had brought her to the train only twenty-four hours earlier. Terry had his old overcoat on, for a wild wind was blowing, shutters and doors were slamming in the little town, and red and gold leaves whirling about in the streets. Susannah smiled as she got into a mud-spattered old car. The sweet, soft country air touched her hot cheeks and jaded temples with an infinitely soothing caress. Just the smell of mud and leaves and stubbled fields was delicious; the little headache that had been hovering about for the last hour immediately took flight and was gone. She rested her shoulder against Terry's comforting shoulder as they drove home; they went to the Duquesne house, and found Anne and the children waiting. Phil and Nan and Jerd had had their luncheon; they raced off to school. Terry, Anne and Susannah sat long over a late and leisurely meal, and talked over some of the phases of the changed plan: what Anne would do, how soon she and Susannah might follow Terry. Afterward Susannah and Terry walked to her house, and sat beside her parlor fire, and went on with the talk.

"Can't you get some rest before dinner, Sue? You look tired. It took it out of you, didn't it?"

"I'll go to bed early. I feel horribly—restless, somehow," Susannah said. "You see, the probability is that Liza and Phil and I will start for Nevada on Friday."

"Friday, good heavens!" Terry ejaculated. "How can you ever get ready?"

Alec had said, "Want to wait until Friday?" Alec would probably have been on a plane this very afternoon. The



"Er—may I smoke?"

THURSTON GENTRY

think that we might leave for Nevada on Friday night. I'll take Liza."

"Want to wait until Friday? I'll get you your tickets. I'll route you straight through to San Francisco in case of anyone recognizing you or hearing about it; it's better. And I'll have one of our trucks meet you at the station here and move your trunks."

"They'll get to the city at four; there's only one afternoon train from Pemberton. I'll take Phil up to see your mother."

"And will you and he dine with me? Your train doesn't leave until midnight." He made a note in a notebook. "I'll have them make up your drawing-room."

"I'll let you know, Alec, about Friday."

"What time does your train go tomorrow?"

"At ten."

"Then you'd be breakfasting about nine?"

"But aren't you going to Philadelphia?"

"I can go later."

They stood up; the talk was ended.

rear hallway and across a corner of the deserted dining-room, and so to another elevator and upstairs. But the touch of him kept her senses whirling; her heart pounded; she felt faint.

Again in her room she locked the door, made herself go mechanically through the movements of undressing and preparing for bed. The excitement did not abate. She did not want to go to bed; she walked the floor instead, pacing lightly to and fro with the step of some lissome jungle animal. Now and then she spoke in a whisper.

"Oh, my goodness, what am I going to do! Oh, my goodness, what am I going to do!"

THERE was no sleep for her that night. Her thoughts would not let her sleep. They would have breakfast together; she would see him again. He would take her to the train, and perhaps—standing there in the great arcades, he would kiss her again. A man could kiss a woman unashamed there; a thousand men would be doing the same thing. Her very soul seemed to melt within her at the thought:



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contrast between the pace at which the two men lived was in Susannah's mind as she explained.

"I want to have it over with. I didn't want to say too much before Anne, for she loathes all this as much as I do. I hate it! It would have seemed quite different, somehow, before I met you. Before we dreamed our dream of books and gardens and Oxford," Susannah said. "Now, there's a sort of cold-bloodedness about it, a sort of calculation—"

Terry glanced up at her over his pipe. He did not speak.

"Funny how people change, Terry. Not that I've ever had anything but a feeling of shrinking—of fear, really, about divorce. It was Alec who managed it all—or I thought he did. Now it seems that I'm the one who has to face the music, go out there, be identified, refuse to talk to reporters and all the rest of it!"

"I CAN'T see, Sue," Terry said presently, "that there's any other way out. We'll just have to alter our plans to meet the situation. It's not of your making, or mine. I'll go to England alone; Anne and the children will wait for you here; you'll join them in six weeks—seven weeks, it'll have to be, and we'll be married in England." He smiled across at her encouragingly. "It's not our original plan," he said. "But I think I knew from the beginning that there had to be some hitch somewhere. I'm only too grateful that it isn't more serious. I've been walking on thin ice, Sue, the thin ice of happiness that is so great, my dear, that it's about half *scare*! I say to myself, 'It can't be that she's going to be my wife, going to live here with me, and share everything I do! It can't be that some day I might say "My son, my daughter, our children!" Those things are for other men, not for me.'"

"Why, Sue," Terry went on in his lazy pleasant voice as she merely looked at him with troubled eyes, without speaking, "I was happy enough as it was. I was happy before you ever came here; life's always been a tremendously happy and absorbing thing to me. I never dreamed of more. I never dreamed of companionship and understanding and laughter—do you realize that we two are always laughing? I never thought of *love*. I never thought there'd be someone pouring my coffee and smiling at me across the breakfast table, going with me to England or Norway or wherever it is I have to go from time to time. Those places are fascinating enough without the—the glory," he said, almost reverently, and not looking at her now, "of having someone like you along! Husband and wife, Sue. They're words that don't mean anything to one for years and years—half one's lifetime. And then suddenly they leap into being, and they seem—sacred, and one's almost afraid to pronounce them."

SUSANNAH left her chair, came suddenly to his and was on her knees, her eyes close to his eyes, her two hands on his free hand as it lay on the arm of his chair.

"Terry," she said, "I wish we might have gone through with our plan! I wish that we were safely—safely married, and to sail next Thursday for England. This—this change frightens me so. I feel as if I hadn't any right to all the peace and happiness and dignity that we planned. It *will* go through this way, won't it, in spite of the delay?"

He laid aside his pipe, put both his hands over hers.

"Why, what scares you, Sue?" he said gently.

"Everything, Terry. I'm tired, perhaps, and blue and superstitious. But you can't think—you can't think how strange it is for a woman to be talking

to the man she married only a few years ago, talking to him just as if they were casual acquaintances! It goes so deep with a woman, Terry. I want these next two months to be *over*—I want to be Mrs. Terence Duquesne, living in Oxford. I want our first anniversary and our fifth and our tenth, and all this behind me!"

"We can afford to give a few weeks as a hostage to fortune, Sue. They'll melt into the past fast enough. Now, about Friday. Want me to telegraph the agent in Boston tonight and tell him to make reservations for you?"

"Oh! Oh!" she stammered, a little confused. "Well, you see, Alec said he would do that."

"You'll go from New York?"

"I didn't think of doing anything else. I thought—I thought I'd take Phil to say goodbye to his grandmother. We get to town about four and the train doesn't leave until midnight."

"You'd dine with her?"

"Well—I suppose so."

"But isn't there danger that he might be there? Or do you think he'll probably take great care to keep out of your way? He feels badly about his responsibility for all this, I suppose?"

"Alec? Yes, of course he does. He feels terrible."

"He wouldn't be at his mother's, then? I'll tell you, Sue," Terry said, thinking it out; "why not let me drive you all into town late on Friday, and have Liza take the boy to his grandmother's and meet us at the train? We can have a little supper somewhere, and I'll see you off. Then I'll come back here and pack for my own trip, and we'll meet in England when all these preliminaries are settled."

SUSANNAH looked straight at him, a half-smile of appreciation and consideration on her face. But she was not thinking of him. In her mind she was writing a telegram to Alec: "Terry is coming with me to the train on Friday evening. Thanks and goodbye."

That meant she would not see Alec again. "You are my wife. I'll love you all my life!" she heard him say. But she would not see him again, perhaps ever. She would not meet him, eager little interested Phil at her side, on Friday. They would not go together to his mother's house; Alec would not presently take her off for dinner. Of course not. What a fool she had been to let her imagination take this particular course!

But the fact remained that she *had* let it do so. The fact remained that a hundred times since Alec had seen her to the train this morning she had thought in anticipation of Friday, thought of herself, smart in traveling clothes, outwardly serious and businesslike over tickets and last arrangements, but inwardly thrilling to the thought that this man loved her, that once he had possessed her, body and soul and mind, and that he had put his arms about her, had said, "You are my wife. I'll love you all my life."

It was all a strange delusion; she must put it from her as a delusion. Her life was severed from Alec Hazeltine's life; she might never see him again. She must indeed wish and desire never to see him again; she, the wife of Doctor Duquesne of Pemberton, raising a group of eager, intelligent children, gardening, managing the charity committee of the woman's club.

"Let's do it that way then, Terry," she said. But she went back to her chair almost dizzy with a conflict of emotions, not knowing what she wanted or what she felt, only conscious that somewhere within her there was a sense of utter blankness, of unbearable emotion, pain, relief, disappointment, in the thought that she would not see Alec again.

(To be concluded next week)



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Not long ago custom tailors, unknown to their customers, used to sew a piece of white thread in a concealed place in each new suit as an indication that the buyer had not yet paid for it. Thus they warned one another when to be chary with credit. When the bill was paid, however, they borrowed the suit for a moment, on some slight pretext, and removed the telltale thread.—*By Helen P. Lindrooth, San Francisco, California.*

When an expert sculptor fashions a portrait bust out of white marble, or any other colorless material, he models the hair so that other experts can tell whether the subject was a blonde or brunette.

In 1876 the St. Louis National Baseball Club had a player whose one and only ambition was to make a home run. After months of futile attempts, he reached a state of exasperation one day which caused him to stretch a two-base hit into a home run—by shooting two infielders. Intoxicated with success, he also shot the umpire.—*By James Maguire, Jr., Melrose Park, Pennsylvania.*

In the United States approximately 300 men and 15 women have their lives insured for sums ranging from \$1,000,000 to \$7,000,000.

Under the common law of the United States the burial of a human body changes its status from personal property to unowned "real estate." Hence the courts of several states have often ruled in favor of those who have opposed the removal of a body, even in cases in which the opposing party was unrelated to the family.—*By T. F. Moriarty, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

In virtually every kind of athletic sport, the knees are injured more often than any other part of the body.—*By Carl L. Richey, Knoxville, Tennessee.*

A recent conservative estimate of the number of steel alloys that can be made places the figure at 775,000,000 followed by 1,968 noughts.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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Portrait of an inferiority complex



OSCAR DOESN'T WEAR A WIG ... YET HE HAS TOUPÉE HAIR

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Call for Kreml in the barber shop and use it regularly at home.

Try Kreml Shampoo, too

The cleansing, purifying lather of this marvelous shampoo keeps your hair soft, lustrous and pliantly young.

KREML



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NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

MUSCLES CRAMPED

after strenuous drive

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MR. K. C.*, a St. Louis nurse, suffered from, cramped muscles after a long drive in her car. Her first thought was, as she writes, Absorbine Jr.

"I have seen Absorbine Jr. used to good advantage in hospitals, in treating muscular rheumatic pains and also in easing the pain of tired, cramped muscles."

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*Based on actual letter from our files

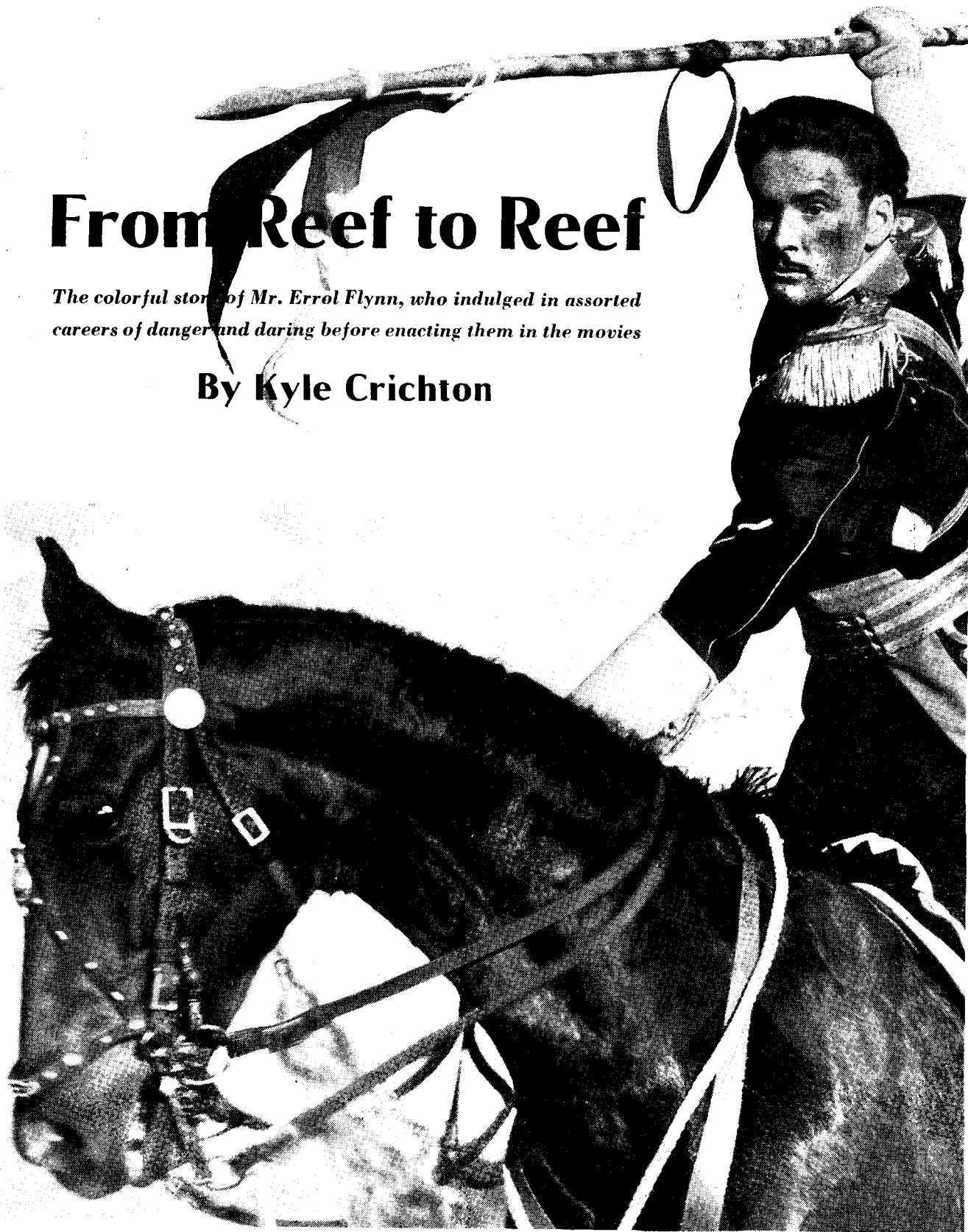
ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, bruises,
muscular aches, sprains,
Athlete's Foot, Sleeplessness

From Reef to Reef

The colorful story of Mr. Errol Flynn, who indulged in assorted careers of danger and daring before enacting them in the movies

By Kyle Crichton



Errol Flynn is starring in *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, which will be released soon

THE owner of the schooner was down in his bunk, trying to keep from dying. The boat was running in front of a stiff breeze off Tahiti and the movement wasn't helping his malarial fever. He groaned, he twisted about in his bunk, he uttered weak curses and maledictions on life in the South Seas. What stopped his complaint was a tremendous jolt, followed by a crunching and grinding which seemed intent on dragging the inwards out of the ship. When he recovered he found himself on the floor of his cabin crawling toward the companionway. He knew, as he dragged himself up the ladder, what had happened.

"We're on a reef!" cried the native mate. "Don't tell me," answered Errol Flynn, for it was no other.

His schooner was on a reef and his career in the South Seas was over. Water was rushing through holes in the hull and the boat was careening about like

the electric tubs in an amusement park. The native crew, anxious to be doing something in an emergency, started throwing the cargo of copra overboard. Mr. Flynn didn't see the sense in it but was too weak to protest. He saved what energy he had for crawling into a small boat and getting away.

It was the end of two years' work. The schooner had been almost paid off, business was good and young Errol, the Belfast dandy, was ready to settle down. One bum steer, the boat was ruined and Hollywood eventually got a new actor who was a comparative sensation in *Captain Blood*. Right now he is starring in *The Charge of the Light Brigade* and hopes some day to do a picture based on the life of John Paul Jones.

But to go back to the beginning.

His father was professor of biology, first at London University, then at the Australian University and is now vice-chancellor of Queen's College, Belfast.

Errol was born at Antrim, which is a village of 500 near Belfast. He went to school in France when he was six and stayed there until the war broke out, when he was sent to St. Paul's in London. All he remembers about the war and St. Paul's is that the food was terrible. He left London when he was fourteen and matriculated at King's College, Dublin, leaving soon after at the request of the authorities.

"Hoofed out of there," says Flynn.

He went out nights, got a bit tight on occasion and started smoking on principle, since it was forbidden to undergraduates.

His father was in Australia by this time and Errol was sent out to Tasmania, then he attended North Shore Grammar School in Sydney. He was hoofed out of there, as well.

"I'd had a free leg too long by that time," says Flynn.

(Continued on page 42)

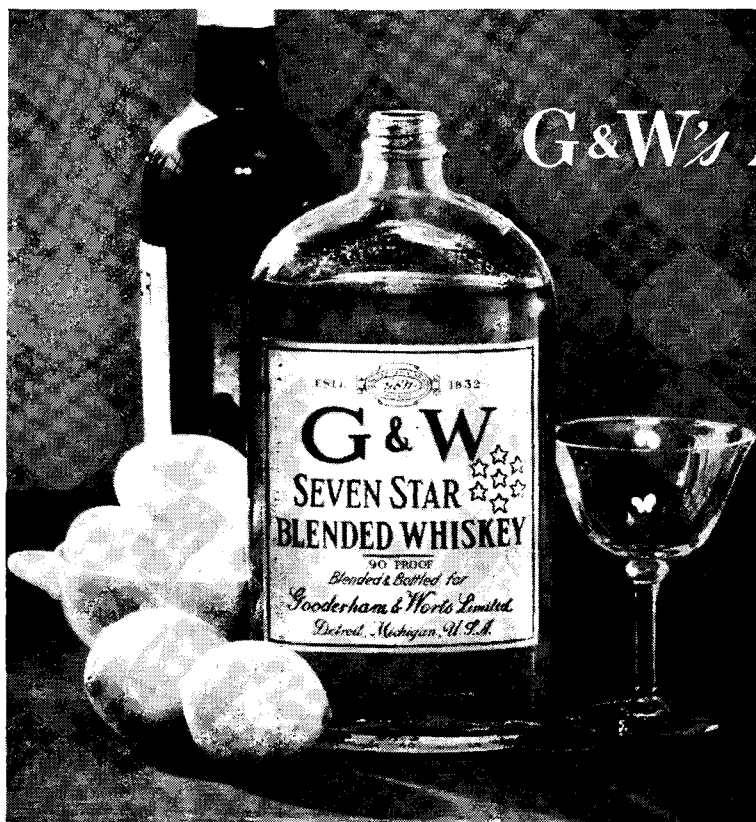
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G&W's Drink of the Month for October

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Shake well, strain into glass, add a slice of pineapple...and let G&W's mellow glow fortify you against Fall chills!

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It's Del Monte

PINEAPPLE JUICE

PURE • NATURAL • UNSWEETENED

(Continued from page 40)

Back again he went to Ireland, ostensibly under the direction of a tutor who was supposed to be getting him ready for Cambridge. What he was really doing was having his face massaged by various other young men trying out for the Irish boxing team which was headed for the Olympics. He made it and won the light-heavyweight championship later at Amsterdam.

His father had returned to Ireland and was now engaged in outfitting an expedition designed to search out and bring back a specimen of the platypus, which at that moment (and perhaps at this moment) the British Isles totally lacked. The platypus, be it said, is a furbearing animal with web feet which has a bill like a duck. Furthermore, it is amphibious, living in burrows under the water level and laying eggs. In a sense, quite an animal.

Professor Flynn found the platypus right enough but he didn't get it back to Ireland. It died on the boat.

It served to get Errol back to Australia and he stayed there for five years, placing the platypus carefully on board ship and waving his father farewell and extending best wishes for a good voyage. As said before, the platypus refused to co-operate, preferring death to England.

Young Flynn worked first in the office of a wool firm in Sydney and accepted the usual discharge papers at the end of two weeks. His next job was bottle smeller in a glass factory. The trick was to smell cordial bottles to see if any foreign substance remained after washing. He was there one day, being overcome both by odors and a sense of shame, when people began laughing at him on the way home in the tram.

"What's so funny!" asked young Flynn belligerently of a gentleman who looked as if he might be having too much pleasure. It turned out that the people were laughing at the circle of black around his nose. This discommoded Mr. Flynn immeasurably, and perhaps accounts for his subsequent disdain for the life of trade.

Head-Hunters and Mosquitoes

Sometime thereafter Mr. Flynn bought his first boat—an auxiliary ketch, twenty ton, fifty feet long, price \$6,000, crew of eight boys. With this he went into coral fishing and did right well. But his best money came by accident. Putting in one day at the port of Samarai in Southeastern Papua (an island near New Guinea), he was greeted by a voice from the wharf. What the voice said was:

"Say, Buddy, would you mind sailing that little boat of yours in again. She looked a picture coming up to the wharf, but I got here just too late to get a shot of you."

This turned out to be Herman F. Erben, an American of some strangeness and persistence who had come out to do a picture on the head-hunters of New Guinea. What he did eventually was hire Flynn and his boat to take them up the Sepik River into the head-hunters' country. This was good pay but not pleasant work because the head-hunters had a way of projecting poisoned arrows from the foliage along the bank at foolish whites who were anxious to make their acquaintance. They also had a neat trick of setting fire to the brush along the river with the hope of cutting off the invaders and allowing for decapitation at leisure.

There was the additional complication of unbelievable heat and ferocious mosquitoes. With Erben and Flynn were Erben's cameramen, T. Goldberg and Ward Williams.

"Those mosquitoes!" cried Erben. "Some of them must weigh ten pounds."

"You've got to hit them three times to

kill them," said Williams. "I swear, one big fellow fought right back when I hit him."

It took five days to get from Samarai to the mouth of the Sepik and added time to get up to the place where they could leave the river and start inland to encounter the wild men. After several days' trek, the Flynn party was ambushed and separated by the head-hunters, who fell on a party of native carriers working for the Flynn outfit. There were wild terrified cries from the trapped porters and equally wild shots into the jungle by Flynn and the Americans. Williams went down with a poisoned arrow in his leg. Flynn managed to kill a cannibal who was creeping up behind Erben with his arrow drawn. When it was over, four porters were dead and Flynn was cauterizing Williams' leg.

"He fainted," said Flynn, "and when he came to, he started yelling about his camera. 'Camera, hell,' said I, 'what good's the thing to you now.' Well, that just goes to show what makes a cameraman. That fellow had been taking pictures of the action all the time he was lying there wounded!"

The Gold Trail

Flynn thought it was the end of his movie career and went back to the copra business. During an evening of stimulation in Sydney, he made a deal whereby he traded in his first boat for a larger one, with lots of money to boot. The main trouble with the deal was that the second schooner was suffering from various ailments connected with age.

"It took us seven months to get from Sydney to New Guinea—a trip which ordinarily required six weeks," says Flynn. "Every third day we made port and spent two days fixing the engine. More than that, somebody in the crew would either get drunk or fall in love and we had to wait till he finished the affair. You can't trifle with romance down in that country."

This was the ship which went on the reef and finished the Flynn career as a mariner. When he got his bearings again, he started out on a gold-mining venture in New Guinea. He got backing, hired a pack crew and headed for the mountains.

"That's the most mountainous country in the world," says Flynn, "and the natives didn't help much. We had to post guards every night. It was a terrible trip. It took us nine days to get in, and we were covered with leeches which even worked into our clothes. I had nine native boys carrying fifty-pound packs. The altitude was so trying on a white man that it was all I could do to carry a revolver. We went through bush and up the mountains. It was ice-cold at the 9,000-foot altitude, and it rained all day. At night I had a man keeping a fire burning around the edges of my tent. If the fire went out, I could easily tell it. I woke up freezing. From the side of one mountain to the side of the other was no more than a stone's throw and yet it would take us a day and a half to go down into the valley and up the other side. I had beginner's luck. When we finally reached the gold fields, it took me a week to get rested up and then I started prospecting in a section away from the regular field. We did placer mining with hydraulic nozzles and ran into gold in a section where old prospectors had been hunting for forty years without success. Plain dumb luck. I put five other friends in staked claims and we worked up there a year, made money, paid off my debts and then sold the property for \$55,000... what I thought was \$55,000. I got \$15,000 in cash and the rest in shares in the new company. They reorganized the company and eliminated us. It's been a big money-maker ever

since. If we'd hung on to it, we'd have had a small fortune. They fly into the place now in forty-five minutes, the trip that took us nine days and almost killed us."

While he was trying to get that burning sensation out of his mind which revealed to him that he had been gypped, Flynn had a cable from Charles Chauvel in Tahiti asking if he would come down and play in a motion picture to be called *In the Wake of the Bounty* (first version of *Mutiny on the Bounty*).

"How was I?" says Flynn. "I stank."

When that was over he thought he might as well go on with acting, having nothing better to do, so he departed for London. He got nothing at all in London but the chance to sit in outer offices and look worried.

"Queer place, London," says Flynn. "Two weeks to see an agent; a month to see an assistant casting director."

He finally landed a job with a repertory company at Northampton, playing "butlers and off-stage noises." He was seen by Sir Barry Jackson, however, and hired for his Malvern Festival. His first part was in *The Moon in the Yellow River* and Bernard Shaw liked him well enough to give him a letter to John Drinkwater, who was casting *Man's House*. They played three months in the provinces and ten days in London.

The Hour of the Ghosts

Continued from page 20

we catch him? We'll follow on, *Havildar*. He's only two days ahead, with heavy loads. We'll start at four." Then he noticed Alai Bai. "Thank her, Ivan Aglau."

EIGHTY miles Captain Nial covered the next day, with his detachment of Gilgit rifles and two pack horses. Eighty miles over three passes, and he camped without a fire where water gurgled from the foot of a glacier, and the last sunlight showed behind him the round white summit of Muztagh Ata, the Father of Snow-mountains.

When the night cold gripped the camp, the water ceased flowing. In the silence, the men slept heavily. Ivan Aglau, wrapped in his sheepskins, turned restlessly and came awake in the middle of the night, listening.

A moon silvered the mist above him, and he turned his head until he could see the black shapes on the ground, and the shadow that knelt at Captain Nial's feet. The shadow rocked gently on its heels, and its voice murmured a chant. Ivan Aglau listened, until he caught the words:

*"Ay—lay—hay—lay!
High, high and far are they.
Mighty are they!
Spare him, O Spirits
From the Gate of the Sky."*

For a moment the skin crawled over the Cossack's shaven skull. Then he chuckled, recognizing the voice of Alai Bai. How she had got there and how she had passed the pickets, he did not know. But she had certainly changed her shape.

In the morning he saw her in her new shape. The Kirghiz girl had clad herself for cold, in a sable jacket and a hood of fox bellies. Her legs were wrapped in felt and thrust into soft red leather boots. She clutched the bridle of a shaggy pony.

"What is this?" Nial asked, amazed.

"She says," Ivan Aglau explained, "that her horse is a *kabarda*, a good horse. She has meat under the saddle, and she will not trouble you."

Nial smiled. "Send her back."

From the London engagement he got a job in the English movies in *Murder at Monte Carlo*, directed by Ralph Ince. What followed that was a Hollywood contract, when his misery really began.

"The cameramen didn't pay much attention to me," says Flynn. "My jaw sagged, I had a face two feet long and looked exactly like a horse."

When there were screen tests, he was put in to play a part opposite somebody who was being seriously considered for a picture.

"What you always saw of me," says Flynn, "was the back of the neck. The other people were the ones who had the faces."

The break came when Robert Donat refused the lead in *Captain Blood*. There had been some sort of oral agreement but Donat didn't want to leave London. They tried everybody else and finally in desperation settled on Flynn because of his size. The picture was a big money-maker and Flynn was officially tapped on the dome with the Warner sword and declared a star.

He is married to Lili Damita, plays a good game of tennis, goes about without a hat and accompanied by a dog, and is not too greatly impressed by fame.

"It's a job," he says. "First you get 'em and then you lose 'em."

To the Cossack's explosive command, Alai Bai paid no attention. Her eyes were on Nial's face, as a dog watches its master. She answered in one word. "Yok—no."

Impatiently, Nial gave the order to mount. When the detachment started up the trail he glanced back. Behind the pack animals, Alai Bai was following.

They had passed, in that first day's forced march, two spots where the German had halted to sleep. So they were covering two miles to the German's one.

In a few hours, Nial knew, he would be in sight of his enemy. And the German would certainly put up a fight.

He took three men forward with him, as an advance point. A trooper a hundred yards behind. Then the main body with the N. C. O.'s and the Lewis guns, the pack animals, Ivan Aglau and the girl.

AS THEY went on, the ravine opened into a bare plateau, with pinnacles of black rock rising from it like giants on watch. Looking ahead through his glasses Nial could see no sign of the German's party. But he did see, through the veil of the gray sky, a white wall of snow and ice ahead.

It was then that he heard the wind coming.

Ivan Aglau came to his side. "The girl says we have left the trail."

"No," Nial shouted against the wind, "we haven't."

"The caravan track." The Cossack pointed off to his right. "The German turned off, this way."

"What of it? We're following him, and he went this way."

The Cossack fell back, grumbling. Moments passed before Nial realized what had happened. The German had gone astray. The fugitives might find their way blocked, or turn back to search for the caravan track. They were lost, here, on the top of the world.

Nial led the way with one trooper, straining his eyes into the welter of rocks and gray ice for a glimpse of a man moving.

Trudging behind him, Alai Bai watched

(Continued on page 44)

BORN TO BE A Belle, BUT...

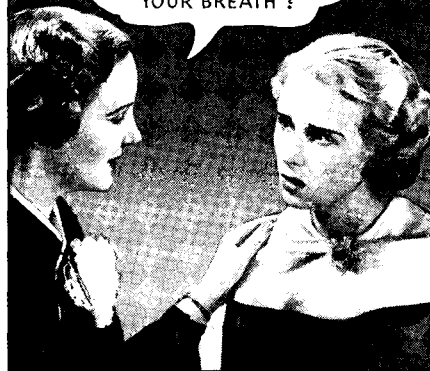


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WELL I'M NOT NOW!



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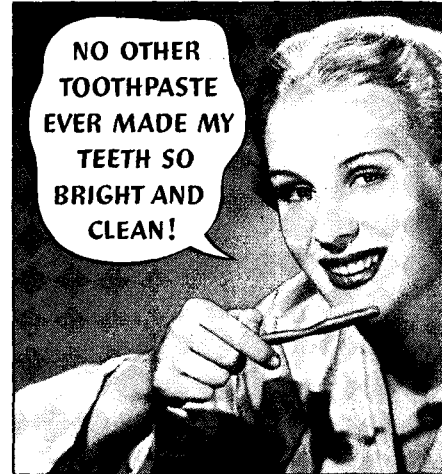


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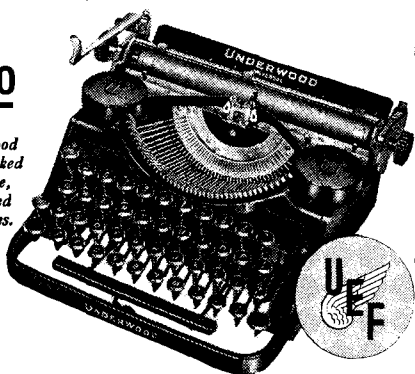
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(Continued from page 43)

the sky, tense with excitement. It changed strangely; fantastic shapes flitted over it—coming toward her, and racing past.

It was the hour of the ghosts, she knew. The time when the spirits of the high and distant places lighted their round lanterns—there the light showed between the shapes—and sped toward the earth more swiftly than the wings of the wild birds. They were coming now. "Spare him," she breathed. "Ai, do not slay him."

Nial heard her voice, and looked up from the track. As he did so, he heard the familiar rattling report of a machine gun. Bullets, from a ridge where the German had taken his stand, snapped over his head, and the echoes rolled back from the ice cliffs. Mechanically, he gave the proper orders—to take cover in a hollow beside the trail, to lead the horses out of the line of fire.

While his men, lying in the snow, opened fire at the ridge, he sent the Lewis guns off around each flank, with two rifles to cover each one.

"Work up as high as you can, and clear the ridge. Try to silence that gun."

He noticed that the ridge had disappeared. Then the gun flashes ceased. Tiny particles stung his face, and he knew that snow was driving down, heavily.

Groping his way back, he stumbled against the senior sergeant.

"We'll go up to the ridge now, Afzel Bahadur," he said. "Might as well keep together, don't you think? They can't see us."

When his men were collected, Nial took the revolver from his belt, slipping the lanyard over his wrist. The steel burned his fingers as he stumbled forward, head bent against the rush of the storm. He thrust the weapon back into a pocket.

Trudging up the ridge, he felt his way around a boulder, and bumped into a stocky figure that rose up like a cow. He smelled sweat and garlic, and tried to pull the revolver from his pocket.

The shape peered at him, and wailed. "Aman, aman. Mercy—have mercy!" And it threw down the rifle it held. Other voices took up the shout, while the Pathans gathered about Nial, staring into the murk. No one fired a rifle.

The first prisoner was a Turk, and others came up at his call.

"Nial Sahib," Afzel Bahadur asked, "what are we to do?"

"Take their rifles. Find that gun."

TWO Turks were sitting by it, their coats drawn over their heads. They rose unsteadily, making no resistance. The storm had taken all the fight out of them. But Nial searched in vain for their officer.

He asked in English and French for their commander. Then for the *effendi*. One of the soldiers grunted and led him back a little way to some larger rocks, where the horses were huddled. Here the canvas of a tent had been propped up on poles. Out of the shelter a voice spoke. "Congratulations."

"Who in thunder are you?" Nial demanded.

"By force of circumstances—" the man coughed weakly—"your prisoner."

The ray of an electric torch flashed out, and turned to light a flushed, unshaven face. "Major Vogel, of the fourth Turkish army. . . . You have come a long way, my friend, to find me."

His whole body quivered, and Nial took the torch to steady it. A heavy, stubborn man, wracked by fever.

"Laid me up," Vogel said, "yesterday. My men carried me here, when the snow came down. Did you get my note? Yes? Then why did you continue to pursue?"

"Didn't want to go back without you, Major," Nial said. "How do you feel?"

"Splendid." Vogel tried to sit up, and

dropped back. "Have you any brandy, Captain?"

Snow swirled into the ray of light, and the tall figure of the Cossack bent over Nial.

"He's done for," Ivan Aglau whispered. "Listen, Excellency. I've found the gold. It's in five leather chests—millions of rubles. Millions."

His face, over the light, was sweating. "Don't you see this German's finished? You must hurry, Captain. Order your men to load the gold on two good horses. I know what horses to take. I'll wait for you at the trail."

"You mean—the two of us?"

"Yes—but hurry, Excellency. You don't understand. This *buran*—this storm, it will last for days, and soon the snow will be too deep. You don't know what it will be. You can't get the men in the saddle again. They'll die here like sheep—"

"You can go, Ivan Aglau," Nial said.

"Not alone, Excellency." Ivan Aglau breathed heavily. "What are these others—Turks, hillmen, sons of dogs? They will not face the storm. Make them load the gold, then come with me. I swear—"

"Oh, shut up."

NIAL was looking at another face. The round face of a woman, framed in fur. Alai Bai was kneeling by him, tugging at his arm. She still held to the rein of her pony, as if afraid of losing it.

She was saying something to him, but Nial did not understand a word. And Ivan Aglau was past heeding a girl, as he lurched away with an oath.

"Nial Sahib," said the dry voice of Afzel Bahadur, "they are breaking up the rifle cases to get more wood. Shall I order them to cease?"

"Why?"

"The rifles will be destroyed."

Nial got to his feet and walked out toward the fire.

He felt Alai Bai, tugging at his arm again. Anxiously, her face peered up at him. Of them all, he thought, she had the best chance to live. He sat down by her, to wait.

"Ailak," she said, "ailak." Pointing around her, and to herself.

Nial's sleep-drugged mind caught at a word he knew. Ailak, a summer pasture. He had heard that before.

So he nodded and smiled at her, and she seemed content. Once she touched his hand, and drew away shyly. While the light lasted, she kept stealing glances up at him. And he wondered why her eyes were so clear, her face flushed—almost pretty. And he wondered again why she had come after his detachment.

The hand of the senior N. C. O. touched his shoulder. "Nial Sahib—"

"Yes, Afzel Bahadur, it is time. Can't wait any more, can we?"

It was time, he knew, for that last futile gesture.

Nial forced himself to make the gesture fittingly. With the Pathan, he kicked the sleepers back to consciousness. And he instructed the Turks how to make a horse-litter for Vogel out of canvas and poles.

"Sorry we haven't any more brandy, Major," he apologized.

But Vogel was muttering to himself in German, as they laid him in the litter, covering him with blankets and canvas.

Only at the last, Nial remembered the gold and searched for it. The five yak-hide chests had vanished. Nor was anything to be seen of Ivan Aglau.

Nial stationed Afzel Bahadur at the rear of the close-packed column, with the most fit of the Pathans. When he took the lead and moved off, with his back to the wind, he could see nothing but the horse beneath him, and the vague mass following.

Until a rider passed him and took the lead. Nial reined forward, and found it

(Continued on page 47)



Focused Tone

means perfect tuning—perfect tone

Automatically...Visibly...Instantly!

NINE out of ten people tune in their radios off tune without knowing it. The result is blurred, discordant tone.

The new G-E Radio puts an end to faulty tuning. When you set the dial of the new G-E off tune, you'll see and *hear* something new and wonderful. The amazing new G-E shifts itself instantly and automatically into hair-line tuning.

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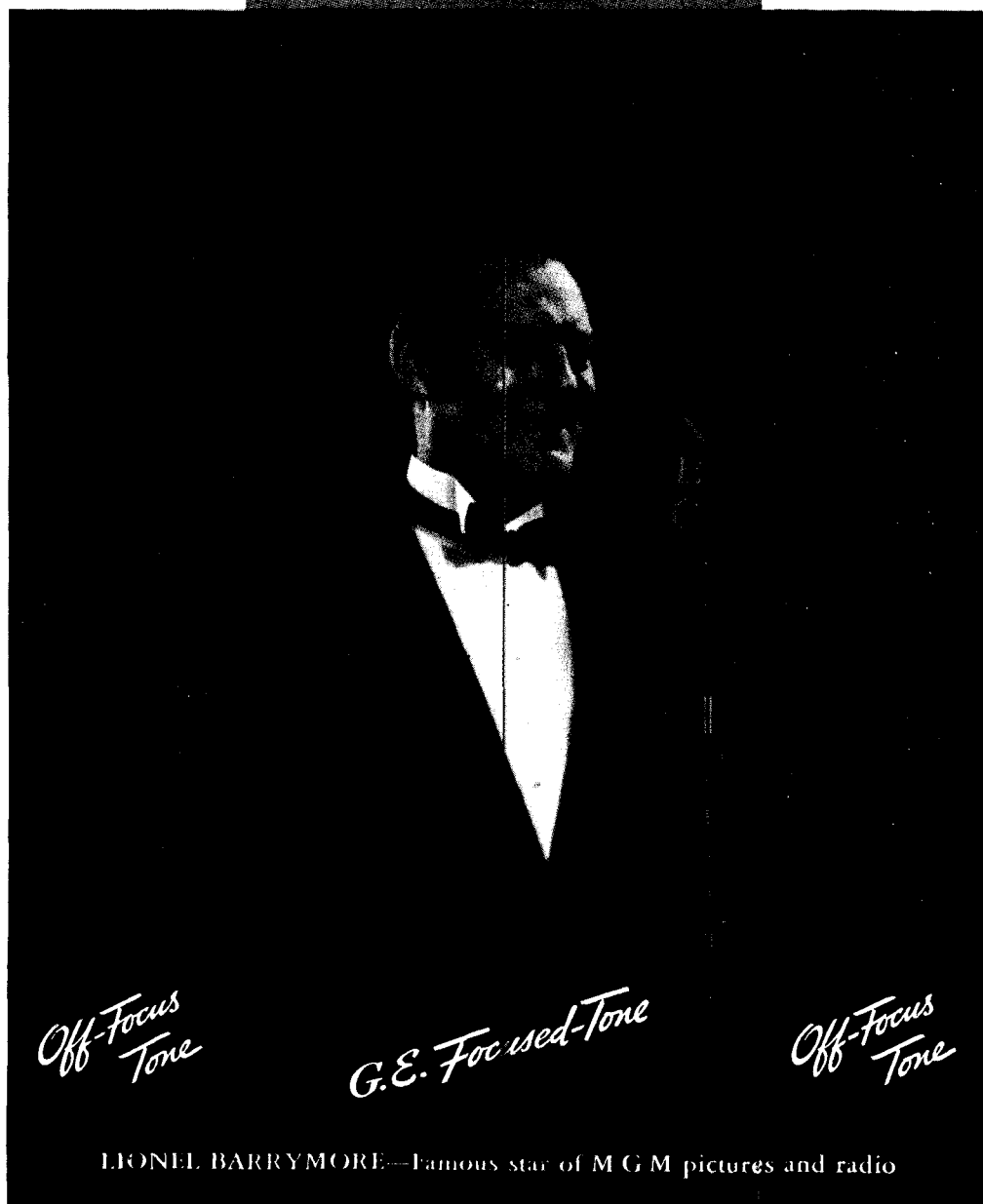
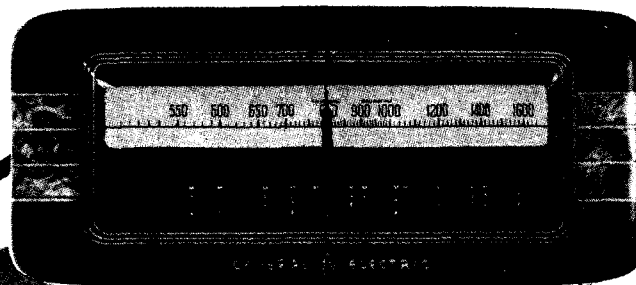
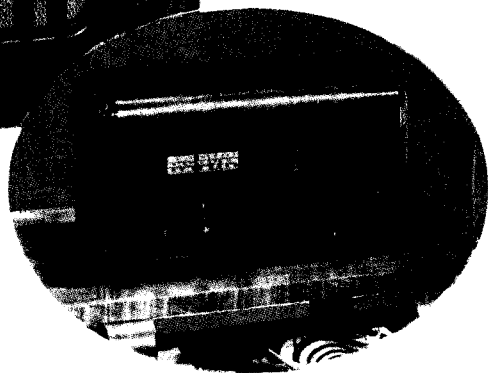
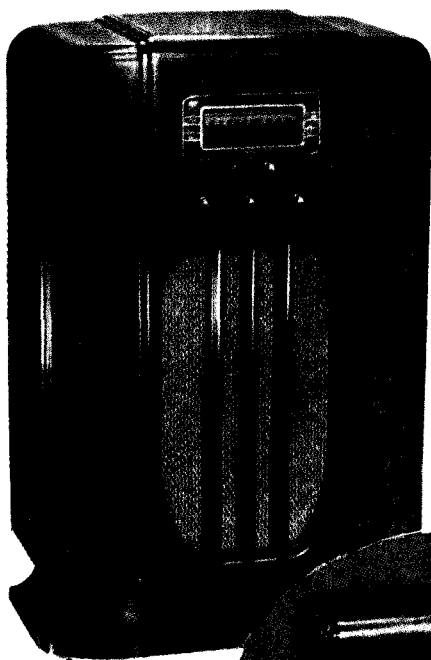
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—harsh, blurred, discordant tone. Nine out of ten people unknowingly tune in their radios off focus.

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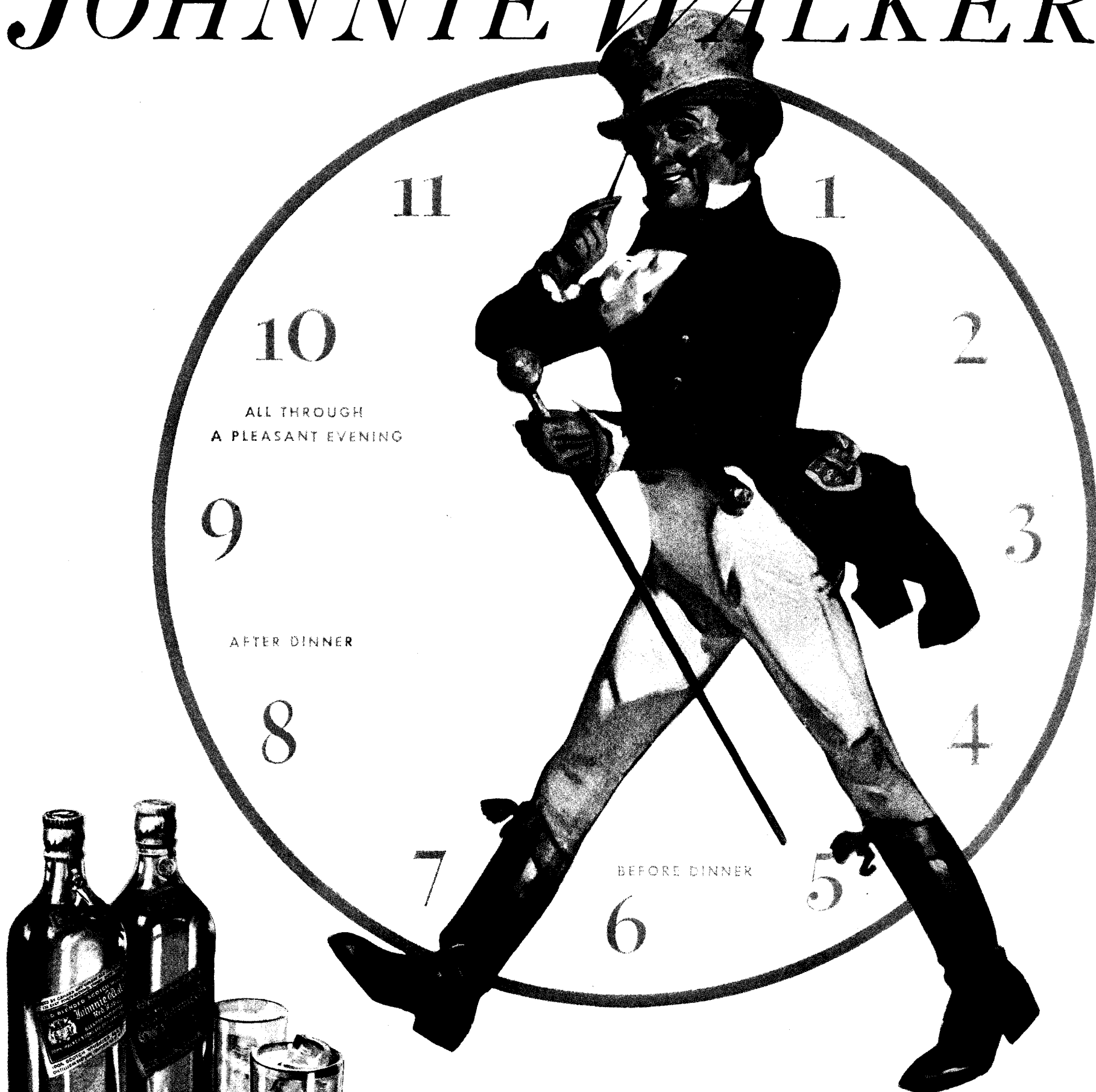
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CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., N. Y.; SOLE DISTRIBUTOR

(Continued from page 44)

to be Alai Bai. He motioned her back, but after he started again, she edged ahead of his horse.

This time he let her go. After all, she had a right to choose her own way.

"Luck to you, Alai Bai," he muttered, as he reined in, flashing on the electric torch to look at his pocket compass. He had to hold it close to his eyes, for the snow swirled up, like smoke, in the glow of the torch.

When his eyes became accustomed to the murk again, the blur of Alai Bai and her pony was still just beyond the nose of his horse. At intervals she turned her head to look back at him—until the wailing shout of Afzel Bahadur came down the wind, calling for a halt.

"She is riding her own horse," said the Pathan, when he had come up and found the girl there. "By Allah, that pony may find its way back to its own place."

"Not over mountain passes," Nial muttered. "Not in a storm. . . ."

"THE spirits spared him," explained Alai Bai, kneeling at the feet of her father, Toghrul Khan, by the fire of his yurt. "Ay, the white men fought on our summer pasture of last year. But the curtain of snow came between them, and they could not make thunder with the guns. Very angry were the spirits, because of the guns. They brought sickness to the white man who was a magician, and sleep to him."

"Allah," observed Toghrul Khan, "is great and merciful."

"Ay, my father. Only a few of them died on the way down. I led them by the way of the beasts, through the upper valley. And by the Pass of the Last Sheep, over the frozen river, where they found brush for a fire. Over the Thieves Pass, into the forest where they ate and slept the second day."

"Yes," nodded Toghrul Khan, "that is where our herds grazed. That is the way we came down from the *ailak*."

"Then, because the spirits were satisfied, the storm ceased. But the Cossack went away alone, with three horseloads of gold, toward the ice ravine, where only a fool would go."

Toghrul Khan grunted. He was pleased. After the spring thaw he would find those loads of gold.

"All white men are fools," Toghrul Khan decided. "These two, who are alive and at peace, could rest and grow fat here for a whole winter—"

"Yes," Alai Bai breathed.

"But they will go back to their war as soon as they can mount a horse. . . ."

When the fever left Major Vogel, Nial ordered his men, on the first clear day, to take to the southern trail. When they were mounted, he said farewell to Toghrul Khan, and he went on foot with Vogel to the round yurt of Alai Bai. They stopped at the entrance, looking in.

The girl did not wear her Chinese robe of festivity; she had not put on the sable furs of the snow road. She lay stretched on the earth, weeping.

For the white Khan had come to the Taghdumbash, and he was going away without asking for her. He had not spoken her name to Toghrul Khan. Yet he had said once that she pleased him.

"Confound it," Nial said, "I can't thank her properly."

Hearing his voice, Alai Bai turned away her head, so he would not see her grief.

The German smiled, buttoning up his overcoat. "She's taken a fancy to you, Herr Captain. Kiss her, and give her something."

He went up to Alai Bai, took her damp hand and kissed it ceremoniously. She was looking at Nial, who put his arm about her. She felt his lips touch hers and she closed her eyes.

"I haven't anything, Major—"

"All women are alike," said Vogel, "everywhere. Give her some money."

"Right," said Nial.

Taking the wallet from his breast pocket, he pulled from it all the paper notes it held. But Alai Bai drew back, looking into Nial's eyes.

"Doesn't know what they are," said Vogel. "Doesn't understand how many dresses they'll buy her."

"Alai Bai," said Nial. "Altyn—gold!"

He pressed the notes upon her. She looked at the crisp, engraved paper and her face brightened. Timidly, she took them.

"You see," Vogel laughed, "women are the same—everywhere."

WHEN the white men had disappeared down the trail, Alai Bai went back to the treasure she had hidden in her jade box.

She dressed her hair carefully, and put on the peacock gown, kneeling by the fire. Taking out the first banknote she looked admiringly at the writing, that was finer than the written prayer of the lama.

Putting it on the glowing embers, she prayed that the ghosts would always safeguard the life of the white Khan. And a gray wisp, floating up through the smoke, indicated that the ghosts had heard.



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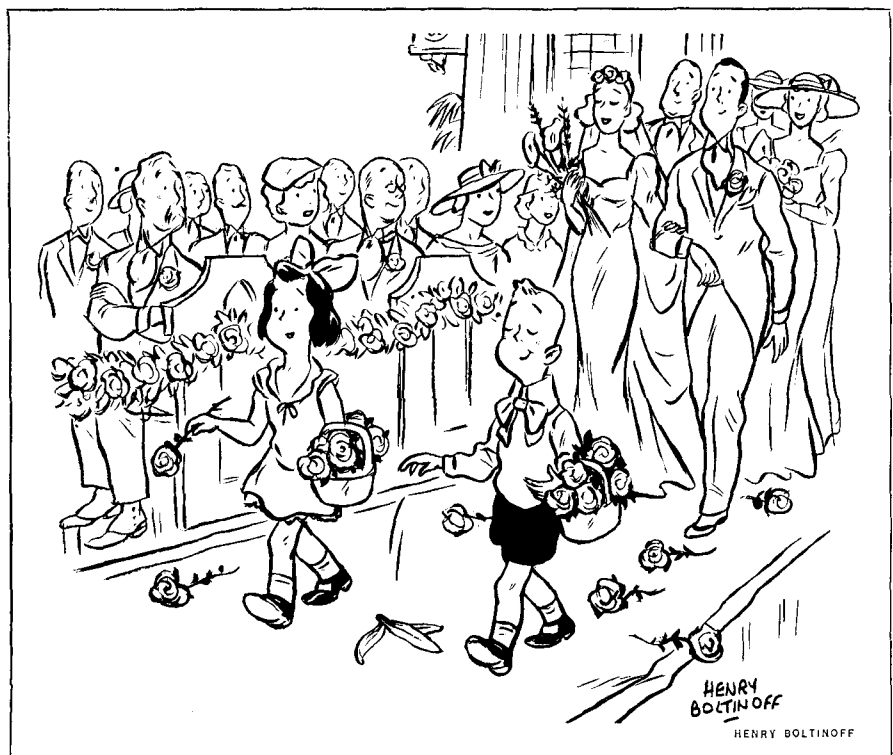
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could he travel with a false passport?" She selected a bonbon and bit it between her beautiful white teeth.

"It is often done," her companion assured her dryly. "Come now, listen. We want to know who that man was if he was not Agrestein. Our friend behind that door knows—I am certain of that. A most amazing suggestion has been made to our head office. It is our duty to discover the truth. Will you help us, Mademoiselle Suzanne, or do you mean to remain where you are now—in a very dangerous position, mind you—one of the spies of the International Bureau?"

SHE patted his hand. "Listen, *mon cher*," she said, "I have told you how much I fear that man on the other side of the door. I value my life. I love safety and pleasant living and money. All those things come to me for doing what I am told to do and for answering no questions outside. What sort of a fool should I be if I risked everything to pour out my heart like a little ingénue to Monsieur Déchanel, dangerous man as he is with us poor girls?"

"In other words," he rejoined, "you have nothing to tell me."

"Absolutely nothing. I am your good companion when you wish to frivol, your friend at all times. I have lips which you may kiss when I feel in the humor—which is generally—but which will never open to whisper the secrets of the bureau, if they have any, in your ears."

"It may be," he warned her gloomily, "that the good times are coming to an end. Mr. Cheng is not exactly popular with the authorities. In Paris they have been talking about him. The man whom we have just left, Mark Humberstone, is one of the greatest scientists in the world, but who knows how he may use these new inventions? If what our people in Paris say is true they have at work, night and day, a marvelous wireless based upon a new principle, with the help of which they get news from the East and at the same time block out many other stations. Not only the wireless but the cables have been affected by a perfect holocaust of electricity. All this points to strange things. It points beyond the mere traffic in stolen plans and letters. The brains of Paris are at work upon the affair. Beware, Suzanne, lest you cling too long to a sinking ship."

"The police can do me no harm," she declared, "and as for pay—you know yourself that they pay nothing for information. If I deceive those men, whom secretly I think we both fear, I might lose my life. So you see, Henri, it is not worth while to waste time on poor little Suzanne. If it is secret information about the bureau for which you search, you must search elsewhere."

Déchanel rose to his feet. "It has been a bad day for me," he grumbled. "All the same, you are foolish, Suzanne. Bureaus of espionage come and go. As a rule those who control them end their days in prison. Police protection is better."

She threw her arms round his neck and led him toward the door.

"You, my beloved Henri," she said, "you will always protect me, of that I feel sure, and I shall always be your loving Suzanne."

Déchanel grunted but his departure was slightly postponed.

CATHERINE came hurriedly into the bureau where Mark was still seated. She noticed that on her unannounced entrance his hand had crept swiftly toward his hip pocket.

The Dumb Gods Speak

Continued from page 22

"As bad as that?" she exclaimed with uplifted eyebrows.

He rose to his feet and laughed light-heartedly. The lines had suddenly gone from his face. He sat on the edge of the desk, lit a cigarette and motioned her to take his chair.

"But I cannot sit still," she confided. "That is why I left my own room. I have lost my nerve, Mark. What is it that is going on upstairs? I have never heard such a thunder of dynamos. Even my floor shakes."

"I have not been up for an hour," he told her. "I have had that little pip-squeak Déchanel here."

"In search of Agrestein?" "That was rather the idea," Mark assented.

"Is he dangerous, do you think?" she asked.

"Not in the least. The only thing is that the authorities are bound to find out that there has been a little trouble some time or other and it doesn't leave us much time to close down. Cheng has all the courage in the world but he is running it rather fine."

She leaned back in the chair.

"Even now," she said quietly, "it is terribly hard to realize what is going on, that from under this roof you and Cheng and a handful of others are planning an upheaval of the world."

"I can't believe it myself sometimes," Mark confessed. "We thought it all out at Beaumont Park even before we perfected our last lot of instruments. In theory then we knew that we could do what we are doing today. But it is a different thing when we go into one of the darkrooms upstairs and watch thousands of men crossing the mountains in China, talk to the general and get his answer back!"

"Do not let us talk about it," she begged. "It is too stupendous. When will Cheng be back?"

"Tonight some time. How long we shall be able to stay here, though, I don't

know. I have just had a dispatch from our own ambassador in London imploring me to go over at once. One of the London newspapers has it splashed all over the front page this morning that there are ten thousand American officers in China and half the American fleet off Vladivostok! Of course, that's all ridiculous—about the fleet, I mean, but it is going to lead to trouble. Then everyone knows that General Mayne is there. No one could keep that out of the news."

CATHERINE rose to her feet. Mark looked at her curiously.

"Know what you look like tonight, Catherine?"

"Thoroughly washed out, I suppose." He shook his head.

"You look like a nun," he said. "There is not a line in your face, but neither is there any expression. Your eyes are just as beautiful as ever but the light seems gone."

"Rubbish!" she smiled. "It is because I am wearing all black and have this little white muslin tie. Sorry you do not like me because I was half hoping that you might invite me to that Russian restaurant for dinner. I am not really greedy but I could not go out to lunch. I had to put all those cables into code that Cheng left me before he started off."

"A wonderful idea," he declared with enthusiasm. "Catherine, this is fine. Come up to my sitting-room and I'll shake you a cocktail; then I'll tidy up and we'll get off. My car is around at the Laperle entrance. I was dying to get out of this place for a time. It's just about the hour, you know, when Washington gets busy."

They made their way to Mark's quarters.

"Do you mind, Catherine," he asked her as he mixed the cocktails, "if I don't change? I have a sort of urge to get away."

(Continued on page 50)



"Yoo-hoo, Butch, time for school!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

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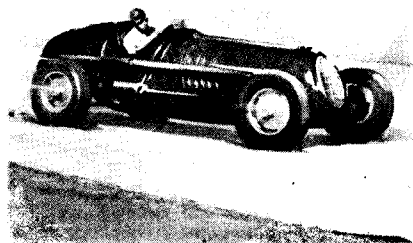


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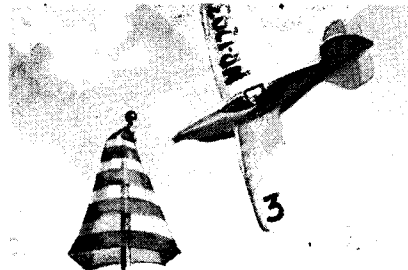
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LEGHORN, ITALY—Tazio Nuvolari, leading European driver on winding, twisting race circuits, won the Coppa Ciano here recently. The race consisted of a hill climb and a 150-mile circuit. Champion-equipped Alfa-Romeos finished 1st, 2nd, and 3rd.



DENVER, COLO.—In the air races held here, Champion-equipped planes took first, second and third places in the 550 cu. in. displacement class and first and second in the 375 cu. in. class. Art Chester in "Jeep" took first in both 375 cu. in. and 550 cu. in. classes.



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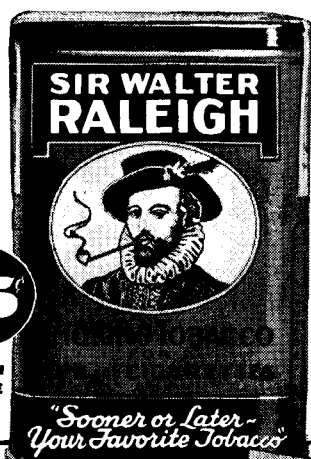
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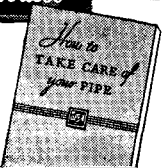


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(Continued from page 48)

"So have I," she told him. "Please do not think of doing such a thing."

He hurried into the bathroom, plunged his head into cold water, washed, changed his shoes, brushed his hair and reappeared within three minutes.

"Quick!" he cried. "Let's pretend we have only thirty seconds to be out of this place. Never mind a second cocktail. We will have one there."

They hurried out, sped along dimly lit corridors, opened many doors with Mark's master key and came at last to the courtyard on the east side. Mark helped her into the car, sprang into the driver's seat and in a moment or two they were in the heart of the city.

"Gorgeous!" he exclaimed. "Now I have you to myself for a time at any rate. The world can fall to pieces if it likes but we will dine while it's doing it."

He was light-hearted—suddenly gay. Very soon they arrived at their destination. A corner table in a little restaurant they had visited once or twice was vacant.

"This," he declared, "is wonderful. We will drink old Burgundy. Somehow or other you must have more color in your cheeks. I must hear you laugh. Forget everything, Catherine, but this. Listen!"

She looked at him intently. His eyes caught hers and held them.

"All day long I have had the same pent-up feeling. A moment like this was what I craved. God—it's wonderful! I brought you here, Catherine, to tell you before another second of the evening has passed that I love you."

"Mark, dear Mark—you really mean it?"

He drew a long breath.

"From the bottom of my heart and to the end of my life, Catherine, I mean it."

SHE—least impulsive of persons—suddenly stretched out her hand. He held it for a moment. . . . This time the *maitre d'hôtel's* second appearance was overpowering. Their fingers reluctantly unclasped. Mark pushed the menu away.

"The smallest but the best dinner you can serve us—four dishes only—the champagne the patron recommends. And listen, Serge—you can ice it up properly afterward but open a bottle at once and fill our glasses."

The man had perceptions and he hurried away.

"Catherine," Mark continued, "I know I am a clumsy idiot. I have been dying to say this to you for I don't know how long; and yet all this business of controlling those mighty forces and Cheng's weaving of plots and the whole drama of our day by day life seem almost to have kept one dumb, to have sapped one's will. Oh, I don't know how to say it! You understand. Tonight I suddenly felt freed of it all when we drove away from that place. I never thought I should do anything so quaint as to say those words sitting in a little restaurant with all these people round, but there you are—I've said them. I mean them. And you?"

"I care for you, dear," she said with a quiver of passion in her tone. "I always have. It is your English word perhaps—I think I prefer the other. I love you, Mark."

The champagne, which the patron himself had hastened to bring, foamed in their glasses. They drank a silent toast. Catherine's fingers were shaking and veritable tears were in her eyes for a moment. She wiped them away with a half-apologetic, half-happy whisper.

"I have been miserable for so long, Mark," she told him. "I felt the life being squeezed out of me. I never dreamed that I should be happy again—that this might come. Now we are going to be ordinary human beings. Just fancy though—my first glimpse of paradise, after all these years, in the Restaurant Russe! Will you do something for me?"

"Will I?"

"Afterward if we have time drive up to the bend in the road where we stopped on our way to Monte Carlo. Can we do this?"

"Of course we can. We will eat our festival dinner, we will drink our sacramental wine, we will have one dance and then—up to the hills."

She half closed her eyes.

"If time would only stand still," she murmured. "Life does not seem to have left me anything else to wish for. . . ."

THERE was a brief epic of haste, such gratuities as had never been dreamed of in the Restaurant Russe from Mark's eager fingers. Through the streets of the town, where the mechanical routine of driving for a moment or two brought him back to earth, up into the hills where the pale light of a mist-screened moon was more than sufficient to guide them on their way. Catherine lay back in her place once more pale, but with her eyes, soft and brilliant now with this new light of happiness, fixed sometimes upon the slowly drifting clouds, sometimes upon Mark. The road was deserted and his great headlights blazed out the way for them. They reached the slight curve of the wall. They came to a standstill. It was the same place. He took her cold little hands in his.

"Listen, Mark," she said, "when we were here the other night, when we stopped, I prayed to myself that you might say something like you said tonight. Please—"

She took his arm and folded it around her waist.

"Please—" she begged.

"Catherine, I love you," he cried passionately. "It was all here the other night, but have I grown temperamental, I wonder? This marvelous business—it choked me somehow. But tonight it was all gone. When we hurried out of that place together I knew that I was going to say what I have: Catherine, I love you."

Her arms were suddenly around his neck clutching at him, drawing his face almost fiercely toward hers. A smile of supreme happiness was on her lips. They stepped off the edge of the mundane world.

They drove home in a state of deep but tranquil happiness. Mark permitted himself a little grimace as the flaming lights from the observatory tower of the bureau came into sight.

"I would like to dump all that stuff into the sea," he declared.

"We shall finish the work there together, Mark," she reminded him.

"You bet," he answered firmly. "I am not going to part with you again."

"I do not wish to be parted," she assured him, holding his hand tightly. "I have been alone since I was thirteen, Mark. That is long enough for me."

"At half past two tomorrow," he confided, "you and I will be standing before the American consul and at a quarter to three, if you ever try to run away from me, the law will step in!"

"What do you mean?" she gasped.

"I mean that you will be Mrs. Mark Humterstone, of course. I shall be your husband. Does that terrify you?"

"Tomorrow!" she repeated incredulously.

He leaned over and kissed her on the lips.

"Tomorrow by twenty minutes to three," he assured her, "you will be my wife."

FOR some reason or another there was a great crowd that night at the Jetée Casino. When Professor Ventura, the Man Who Stopped the Earth and made human beings dance like mad people, came to the front to acknowledge the applause which always followed his turn, it was necessary for him to make his bow

QUEEN MAGGIE OF LURATANIA rides self of SCRATCHITUS*



"I've installed Venus Pencils in all my palaces," she cables—collect.

NOW another famous American product has been received regally in one of the lesser courts of Europe. Another triumph for democracy!

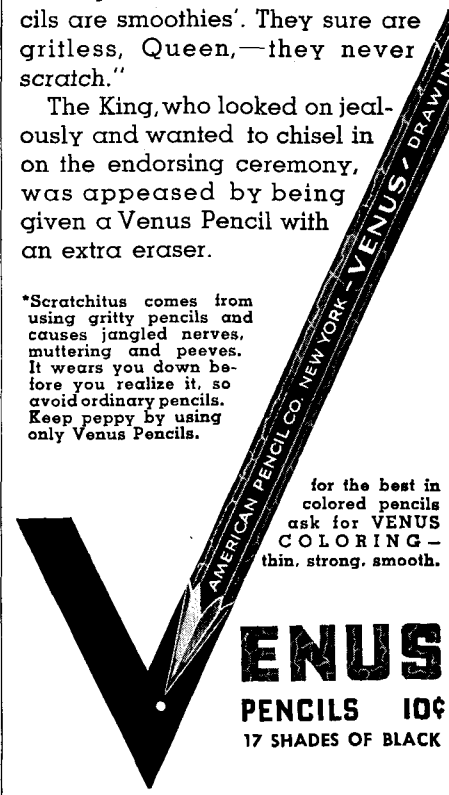
Her Royal Highness, Queen Maggie, as her beloved ignoramuses call her, searched the whole world over for gritless pencils, testing them in her own laboratories and now gives her Seal of Approval and royal warrant to Venus Pencils, made in far off Hoboken.

The Ceremony of Endorsement was an auspicious one (we had to donate 10 gross, but we dodged giving Maggie a suggested bejewelled platinum pencil). And our Emissary Extraordinary, Mr. Cohokus, delivered an oration about Venus Pencils, saying in part:

"Queen, you said a mouthful when you stated that 'Venus Pencils are smoothies'. They sure are gritless, Queen,—they never scratch."

The King, who looked on jealously and wanted to chisel in on the endorsing ceremony, was appeased by being given a Venus Pencil with an extra eraser.

*Scratchitus comes from using gritty pencils and causes jangled nerves, muttering and peevish. It wears you down before you realize it, so avoid ordinary pencils. Keep peppy by using only Venus Pencils.



three times before comparative silence reigned.

Then, as he was in the act of turning away, an amazing thing happened. From the front row, only a few feet from the stage, a woman rose and leaned forward, gripping the rail which separated the stalls from the orchestra—a heavily built woman with overrouged cheeks and overbecarmined lips, wearing, notwithstanding the heat of the spring evening, a mantle of fur. She stood gazing in blank astonishment at the little man in the neat evening clothes who had just received with imperturbable expression the plaudits of the audience. She leaned forward as though about to spring upon the stage. Her arm shot out in his direction, a pudgy forefinger was pointed straight at him.

"Murderer!" she shrieked. "It was you who killed my man. Police—vite!"

Her thick knee was upon the partition, she seemed to be trying to struggle onto the stage.

"He is a murderer, I tell you."

The next act was on the point of being announced. The leader of the orchestra swung around in his high chair and tried to push her back into her seat. A man in an adjacent stall sprang up.

"A mad woman!" he shouted. "Take care, everyone. She may be armed."

All the time, the man on the stage stood watching her with unchanging expression. She recovered her breath and once more her shriek rang through the house:

"Assassin! I tell you that he is an assassin. Do I not know? Seize him!"

Her fingers suddenly parted from the rail; she fell back into the aisle and lay there doubled up, a queer, ungainly mass of fur-covered quivering limbs. She raised her hands and pawed the air. Then her arms fell as though life had suddenly gone from her. She lay perfectly still.

"It is a fit," someone called out. "Bring water."

"Madame faints," someone else exclaimed.

THERE was a great stir among the attendants and very little done. A man from the back called out that he was a doctor and tried to make his way down, but the passage was too narrow and the wedge of people too solid. No one cared in the least that the little man with the pince-nez and the shrill voice might indeed be taking aid to a dying woman. They meant first to have their look at this delectable and tragic spectacle. Through the door leading from the orchestra Jonson suddenly appeared. He pushed his way to the woman and called to the bystanders to stand back.

"Here is the doctor," someone announced.

"A glass of water," Jonson said calmly, taking the tumbler from the hands of a program girl who, with her clothes nearly torn off her back, had just arrived. "Let her have air, too. Stand back, people."

He dropped on his knee, felt her pulse, examined her eyelids, undid her coat and felt her heartbeat all in the best professional manner. Then he slipped a pastille from a bottle in his waistcoat pocket into the palm of his hand and passed it into her mouth. He poured water between her teeth. Two of the attendants had now elbowed their way through.

"This woman is known to me," he confided. "She has had a slight fit but she will be better in the air. You bring her out and I will follow," he directed. "We can leave the place by the stage door. I will take her to her home."

The woman groaned but showed no signs of reviving. The attendants carried her off, with Professor Ventura well in the background. The enterprise was safely accomplished. The woman had re-

lapsed into complete unconsciousness when they reached a waiting taxicab. Arrived at the Avenue Laperle everything was easy.

Farther down in the great block of buildings which fronted the Avenue Laperle, in the boudoir of Cheng's Chinese suite, there had been some slight disturbance. Hou Hsi, her eyes languid with love, reluctantly unwound her arms from her husband's neck.

"My lord is weary of his singing bird?" she asked mockingly.

He replaced the small ivory receiver upon the telephone instrument and rose to his feet.

"You are a sweet opiate for all the hours of all time," he answered. "But Hou Hsi, great things are astir. Fan Sik Tsun has sent me a prayer that he may depart for Peking tonight to join the American, Mayne. I must hear what he has to tell me. You will lie here and sleep, dear one, until my return."

"I am weary," she sighed, "but if you go I lie here and wait. When you return you shall tell me the story the lightnings bring." . . .

ALMOST at the sound of the key in the lock, General Fan Sik Tsun stood on the other side of the threshold. He was already in uniform, a military cloak upon his arm. He bowed low at Cheng's entrance.

"Your Highness," he said, "many times I apologize for breaking in upon the night of nights, but behold the great map is there. It tells its own story. I ask your permission to depart."

"Mark Humberstone is here?" Cheng asked.

"He has this moment arrived," the general replied, pointing to Mark, who was standing inside the railings studying the huge chart. He turned his head at the sound of their voices and advanced to meet them.

"You have heard the general's request?" Mr. Cheng said. "He believes that the hour has struck. He wishes to leave at once."

Mark assented briefly.

"I found his message waiting for me when I arrived a few minutes ago. When I heard what he had to say I begged him to send for you at once. Seems to me he'll have to get a move on."

"All day I have been in touch with our Chinese stations," Fan Sik Tsun recounted. "In the East from Vladivostok to Moscow the conflagration spreads. The world has become like a smoldering bonfire. Messages are raining in upon us. The panic is spreading across Europe. The press demands the truth. I cannot imagine that they will let us remain here any longer."

Cheng stood quite still. Although his brow was unfurrowed, it was obvious that he was deep in thought.

"Those damn' newspapers," Mark grumbled. "The only thing is that so far as I am concerned I shall have to see our ambassadors in Paris and London before I join Mayne. Otherwise I am ready to pack up."

"This, then," Cheng said gravely, "is the end."

"Not the end," Fan Sik Tsun declared. "The beginning. The glorious beginning. There is one machine which is still not dismantled. It is still connected with the instrument which our marvelous young friend brought with him from Beaumont Park. Spread about on that map," he added, pointing to the huge chart, "you have army corps comprising very nearly two million men. Behind the chart is a secret panel. Touch a button there and the wave will reach China. Two million swords will be drawn!"

"And then?" Cheng muttered.

"We touch the button," Fan Sik Tsun repeated, "and Vladivostok will fall to one small cruiser fitted up and manned

(Continued on page 52)

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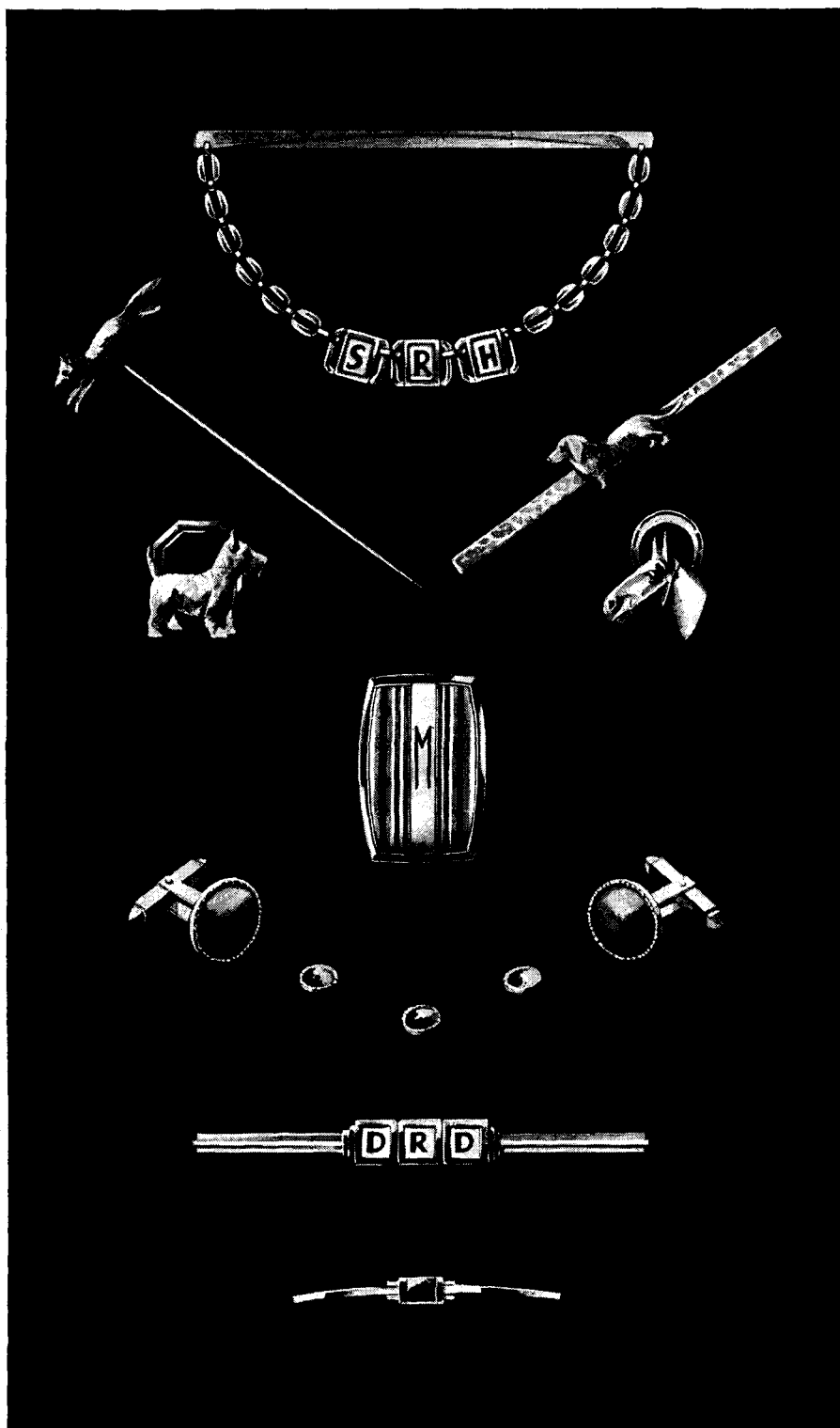
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(Continued from page 51)

by Humberstone's men. A converging concentration from the twenty-seven points marked out there," he added, pointing to the map, "should then start at the same moment. Simultaneously I would order the unloading of the whole of the rolling stock on the steamers at Vladivostok and the putting it on the rails. Then should commence the march of supplies covered by reserve forces. The whole scheme, as my lord knows, General Mayne's scheme, his own scheme and mine which march together even as though they were planned by the same brain, should be brought into work."

"What do you suppose," Cheng asked, "the Russian plan of campaign will be?" Fan Sik Tsun smiled cryptically.

"We have had an army of spies at work," he said, "for two years. The Russian armies may march but they will not fight."

"They will not fight because I shall not give them the chance," Mark interposed. "In a sense there is something tragic about it because the Russians have always been brave soldiers."

"It is true," Cheng pronounced, "that the armies of the Grand Duke Michael, the famous ancestor of Catherine Orloff, performed prodigies, but the Russian armies of today are more vulnerable. . . . I grant your request, my general. This shall be the great moment of the generation."

Fan Sik Tsun's face was illuminated with joy.

"Tonight, with my lord's permission," he announced, "I shall fly to Alexandria and from there I shall cross to General Mayne's headquarters. Everything is prepared. My staff is already chosen. There were only two causes for delay when I begged for your lordship's presence here tonight."

"What were they?" Cheng demanded.

"One was the word."

"I give it."

"The second was the slaying of the world's great enemy."

"It is accomplished."

THE little man with the brown withered skin, the clear deep-set eyes and the soft voice stood for a moment motionless. He was simply dressed; his uniform indeed might have been found in an emporium of ready-made garments in the Avenue de la Victoire; his very lack of height seemed to rob him of distinction. Yet as he stood there, very rigid, his eyes devouring the great chart before which they had been gathered, one remembered that there was not a medal or order which had been issued by the military dictators of his own days or the sovereigns of ages before which had not flashed upon his narrow chest.

There was something in the faraway light of his eyes at the moment curiously suggestive. He had sat on his horse, he had leaned back in his old-fashioned, imperfectly protected automobile, he had climbed to the spurs of mountains through the snow and ice to watch without a tremor on his face battles upon the issue of which hung the destiny of his country, the destiny of a once still greater power, the destiny of a decaying empire. No man could claim more than he to have seen in agony and bloodshed the making of the new history of the world. . . . Slowly he moved now toward the platform in front of the chart. His hand crept behind the frame; his thumb was turned downward. A panel slid back. He pressed a hidden knob. As they stood there they heard the soft, vibrant ringing of a bell, drowned in a few moments by the louder vibrations of the sleeping instruments he had awakened.

A man came silently up to Cheng. He whispered a few rapid words. Cheng was swift to act, although his expression

remained unchanged. He summoned Mark. The two turned together toward the door. They glanced back at the general but it was doubtful whether the latter noticed their going. A strange tumult awakened by the instruments below grew in volume. In his mind those pegs had become divisions. Great hordes of men were creeping across the empty spaces, fording rivers, climbing mountains, marching with eager feet to the everlasting rumble of artillery, supply wagons and the beating of airplane engines. The campaign had commenced.

COWARDICE, a very awkward and difficult characteristic for a man who had lived the life of Paul Hanson, was at its old tricks again. He felt a sudden sinking of the heart. The spirit of bravado with which he had awaited the coming of Mr. Cheng and Mark Humberstone seemed suddenly to have deserted him. He shuffled in his chair and though his knees felt like water he was conscious of an urgent desire for flight. Yet not a threat had been uttered. To all appearance the two men who had come down to receive his visit were only slightly interested, perhaps a little mildly amused, by his story when he made his last attempt at bluff.

"Well, there it is, Mr. Chinaman," he wound up, "or whatever your name may be. You run this bureau, so I am told. Anyway you are responsible for what goes on here. The woman cannot be found anywhere but I know that she was brought into this building unconscious after her outburst at the Casino. She is here now somewhere and the police are looking for her."

There was a chill silence for a moment, a silence which somehow or other Hanson disliked. Mr. Cheng was lolling against the desk, indifferent yet with a faintly derisive expression upon his face. Mark was seated in an easy chair with his hands clasped behind his head, smoking a cigarette. At that moment Hanson himself would have given the world to have been inhaling tobacco smoke. His yellow stained fingers were twitching with desire; his lips were dry and his throat parched.

"A quaint but significant story," Mr. Cheng observed calmly. "What I ask myself is why Mr.—did you say your name was Hanson?—why you come to me at this unusual hour instead of taking your very interesting information to the police?"

Hanson made a gesture at rising from his chair but he knew quite well that without a smoke, without a drink, without something to give him a spark of courage, he would never be able to reach the door.

"All right," he said, "it is your choice—not mine. I will go."

Mr. Cheng put out that beautiful white hand of his with the big jade ring and waved it gently. Hanson obeyed. He ceased his effort and sank a little farther back in his chair.

"You must not misunderstand me, Mr. Hanson," Cheng continued. "I have no wish to part with you. Please do not think that I am inhospitable but it did occur to me to wonder why you did not carry that very interesting information to police headquarters. If Professor Ventura brought the woman here, however, the matter is simple. You would doubtless like to interview him?"

"Not I," the man in the chair called out. "I wish to have nothing to do with Jonson, or Professor Ventura, as he calls himself."

"Dear me!" Cheng exclaimed. "I thought that he was a friend and an ally."

Hanson shivered. He looked around the room as though praying for a door to open or anything to happen. What a fool he had been! This smooth-tongued Chinese aristocrat who had slipped

through his fingers in London knew everything.

"Three of you there were in Moscow," Mr. Cheng went on reflectively. "Jonson, Krakoff and Hanson. Very fine fellows. You were the bodyguard of a person of consequence in Moscow—yes?"

Hanson made no reply. Mr. Cheng continued.

"Occasionally you had outside commissions. One brought you not long ago to London. There you were not quite so successful as your talents and courage deserved. In other words—you failed. Mr. Jonson returned to the new duties which he had taken on. You—Hanson—and Krakoff also, came down to Nice. I wonder why? Was it to follow me or was it to protect the man who was to arrive?"

Hanson's fingernails were digging into his flesh.

"Ah, well, why should you give away your secrets?" Mr. Cheng went on tolerantly. "Here am I and there are you, Paul Hanson. Did you come here to-night to make good your failure in London or did you come here with the idea of being allowed to visit your lady friend? That could doubtless be arranged."

Words of a sort came to the panic-stricken man:

"I know nothing of her. I wish to know nothing. I came because I thought it was best. I want to get away out of this country. I thought you might help me."

"Blackmail," was the quiet comment. "I am glad you came, Hanson. After all, I would rather you came here, you know, than went to the police."

Mr. Cheng threw away the end of his cigarette and turned toward Mark. It seemed to Hanson that this was his chance. He rose to his feet and made his unsteady way to the door. He tried the handle and pulled. Useless. The door refused to move. He turned the handle every way and shook it at last. Finally he looked around. His tormentor was watching him with a smile.

"A little device of ours," the latter explained. "When we have a particularly unpleasant visitor and we think there may be trouble, we tread upon a little bell underneath the carpet here—so simple—and the door is locked on the other side. Would you really like to run away from us so soon. I hope not, for you see it is unfortunate but we cannot afford to let you go."

"I am not going to the police," the shivering man gasped. "I never thought of going there. It is not my affair. All that I want is to get away."

MARK rose to his feet. He glanced contemptuously toward the speaker and addressed his colleague.

"He's a poor little rat," he said, "but I don't see that he can do us any harm. I should pack him off about his business."

"The matter is more serious than that," Mr. Cheng replied. "You have not heard what happened tonight—only a few hours ago."

"Anything fresh?"

"Jonson was giving his usual show at the Casino—that was not a very sane thing to do—and this woman rose in her place, shouting out that he was an assassin. There was a great commotion. She had a fit. Jonson, who is really very clever at dealing with a crisis, got to her first, gave her a glass of water and some medicine and spirited her away before she recovered consciousness."

"She is here now, then, in the building?"

"Precisely. She is not likely to give any trouble just yet but there she is locked up in Jonson's room."

Mark was momentarily perplexed.

"You never told me any details about that night."

"It was not necessary. What had to

happen happened, and Jonson was there by his own special request. He had a reason for that. Anyhow he was there and the woman saw him. So was I. The men who disposed of Mr. Paul Agrestein's body a mile or so out at sea were to have looked after the lady, too, when they got back. You know that the lives or deaths of this sort of people," Mr. Cheng went on, "are a matter of absolute indifference to me, but I try, my dear Mark, sometimes to remember your scruples—the lady lives, to make herself rather a nuisance, it seems. Of course, it is only a matter of hours. When we reach Paris, for the first time we reveal our whole scheme. After that we are supreme. No one will venture to interfere. History has known many occasions upon which a political assassination of a far more criminal type has been adjudged anything but a crime."

Mark nodded.

"Meanwhile there is this poor devil here listening hard all the time."

CHENG returned to his chair without immediate reply. He lit another cigarette and looked thoughtfully across the room.

"It has just occurred to me, Hanson," he said, "that you had quite a reasonable chance of making up for your failure in London."

"You are mistaken about that," the terrified man protested. "It was Krakoff alone who had a commission. You can see for yourself—"

He rose to his feet and turned his pockets inside out. Mark stood over him.

"He is telling the truth," the latter declared. "He has no weapon."

"And I can tell you why," Mr. Cheng said with gentle sarcasm. "It was taken from him below. No one of whom we have suspicions is allowed in any of the audience rooms until Jacob or one of the men has been over him. That is true, is it not, Hanson? They took your gun away before they brought you here."

"That is true," the latter admitted. "But I swear before God I did not bring it here to use."

Cheng looked straight into his eyes, and Hanson felt strangely as though he were some sort of wild animal who had blundered into a trap. He said nothing but there was a queer feeling at the back of his head. He tried to look away and failed. The terror had come back. All the time, the door behind him was being slowly opened. Mr. Jonson came noiselessly in, still carrying the master key by which he had gained admittance. He reached the back of the chair. Mr. Cheng nodded and the grip was upon the terrified man's throat before he could move. He gave one cry—a gurgling, panic-stricken effort at speech—then he collapsed. Mr. Cheng looked at him scornfully.

"Take him away, Jonson," he ordered. "It would be a kindly thing to let him die of fright, perhaps, but the moment is scarcely opportune. Take him away."

Jonson dragged the fainting man to his feet. He shook him slightly and a small but wicked-looking knife fell from some concealed place in his coat onto the carpet.

"Take him away," Cheng repeated contemptuously, "and his toy with him. He would never have had the courage to use it."

"Shall I—" Jonson began, and there was without doubt a murderous gleam in his eyes.

His master shook his head.

"Keep him quiet until you hear from us again," he enjoined. "Entirely out of compliment to you, my dear Mark," he added, turning away. "My own ideas with regard to vermin are slightly less humane."

Jonson left the room with his charge, a disappointed man.

(To be continued next week)



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January and February are the months you're most likely to be affected. These are the "peak months" for winter discomforts, according to the most recent findings.

Often, the reason so many people fail to get through this season in comfort is because they've used up their reserve forces during the first bad weather, and by January their general *resistance* is low.

The sensible thing for you, then, is to take precautions this year in advance. Start with *Adex*! It will help you build good general resistance, a little every day.

With *Adex*, you get the benefits of Vitamin A, a known help toward good general resistance. Also "sunshine" Vitamin D which you should get from a *special* source at this trying season.

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One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

Hit the Road

Continued from page 9

roads on Long Island to races and now after a lapse of twenty-six years the race is to be revived and the drivers who have been burning up the track at the newly completed Roosevelt Raceway have been tearing down the straight-away at 140 miles an hour; have been taking all but the sharpest turns at eighty-five and ninety miles an hour and no one at all has called them hare-brained creatures.

The old classic received its name from William K. Vanderbilt and the cup which he originally offered to the winner of the race now reposes in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, mute testimony to the death of what was once a great American sporting tradition. Now on the site where the huge smoke-belching steel monsters driven by Robertson, Ralph De Palma, Dario Resta, Barney Oldfield, and other immortal knights of the road once roared, the new George Vanderbilt Cup race will be held on October 12th before an anticipated crowd of 175,000 people.

This time it is George Vanderbilt, cousin of William K., who gives the cup and lends his name to the revived classic. In general, the race will follow the tradition of the old Vanderbilt, with one important exception. The track is a four-mile track without banked turns and during the race every spectator will be able at all times to see every car. Unlike the Indianapolis track, where the annual 500-mile race is held, the Roosevelt Raceway is neither made of brick, nor is it banked. Where the Indianapolis and similar races are tests of sheer speed and durability of a car, this race is a test of driving skill.

Road racing has always been a great European sport, and the favorites to win the October 12th event are the Italian, French and German drivers. European governments believe that the slight disadvantage of tying up a few highways is more than compensated for by the fact that each road race tells the automobile manufacturers a little bit more about speed, about motors, about stress and strain.

Iron Out the Bugs

The old Vanderbilt Cup was one of the prime factors in the development of the American automobile. The cars, for one thing, were too heavy to go any faster than seventy or eighty miles an hour. Engineers pondered over that and finally introduced light substitutes for the heavy copper and steel which was used in many parts of the motor. Half the cars always broke down in that 200-mile grind and engineers immediately pounced upon the broken parts to find out what had happened. Then they'd remedy that weakness and wait for the next race to find others. Today, when a car breaks down, there is great consternation in the pit. Cars these days have no right to break down.

A road race, of course, is not only a more grueling test of a car, but the conditions also more closely approximate conditions under which stock cars drive. The revived Vanderbilt Cup event is a road race held on an enclosed track—a track quite unlike any other track in the world.

The surface of the track is a composition of sand, gravel and asphaltum oil, a combination which keeps skidding down to a minimum and which is resilient enough to make it what the drivers call "a fast track." It is a great deal like the ordinary asphalt street.

The idea for the race was born in the agile mind of the same George Robertson who took reporter Steve for a spin

twenty-seven years ago. For years Robertson has been talking road races to anyone who'd listen.

Averell Harriman lent a receptive ear. So did George Vanderbilt, member of a family famous for its interest in speed. Paul Abbott, wealthy sportsman, turned his attention from his racing interests to this new track and so did F. W. Dodge and C. Colvin Darling, the aviation man. A dozen others, all joined by the common denominator of speed, fell into line.

Robertson—now Major George Robertson—was made the technical adviser and one fine day ground was broken on the site of historic Roosevelt Field, perhaps the most famous airport in the world. . . . It was from Roosevelt Field that Lindbergh, Byrd, Chamberlin, and the other ocean spanners hopped. The track was designed by Arthur Pillsbury and built by a bundle of dynamite named Mark Linenthal.

Round and Around

The race itself will be a 400-mile affair. The track is four miles around with sixteen curves. The straightaway in front of the main stands is just a little less than a mile and the drivers expect to tear down it at 140 miles an hour, which isn't loafing. The curves will slow them down, of course, but the drivers expect to average about ninety miles per hour on the 400-mile trip. To a layman the course seems excessively dangerous and at first glance it would seem that only drivers who have seen all the sunsets they want to see should enter—but the drivers disagree.

"Actually," Babe Stapp, one of America's more prominent entries, said, "it isn't a dangerous track at all for a careful driver. You know the curves are coming and for a month we've all been practicing on them. It will be a great test of skillful driving, but if a man gets into trouble it's his own fault, not the fault of the track."

Stapp, incidentally, has made a few wagers that he can make one lap of the track at 105 miles an hour. These drivers seem to have scant respect for that ol' devil Centrifugal Force, which has such a nasty habit of getting cars into trouble on the turns. But then, racing drivers are a class of people apart. Perhaps it is not true that all racing drivers are a little bit crazy, but it is true that a touch of craziness helps.

Take the Hon. Brian Lewis, for instance. The Hon. Brian, scion of British aristocracy, is wealthy, healthy, and looks like Leslie Howard, and what more should a man want? Yet he's strictly a nut on automobile racing and he'll be one of the men behind a wheel on October 12th. Now, really, he should know better. He's competed with great success on the continent for years and now he wants to add the Vanderbilt Cup to his collection. He talks of this track caressingly, lovingly, as though it were a brand-new puppy or a very old bottle of wine.

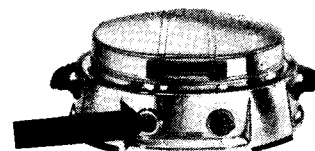
"A beautiful course," he told me, "beautiful—nothing like it in the world. It'll furnish the greatest test of skill we've ever had. It's one course where a good driver with a slightly inferior car will have a fine chance of beating a poor driver with a slightly superior car."

The Right Hon. Earl Howe, P. C., C. B. E., V. D., member of one of England's oldest families, is another entrant. President of the British Racing Drivers Club, Lord Howe has competed in virtually every big road race in Europe. His racing colors are blue and silver and his

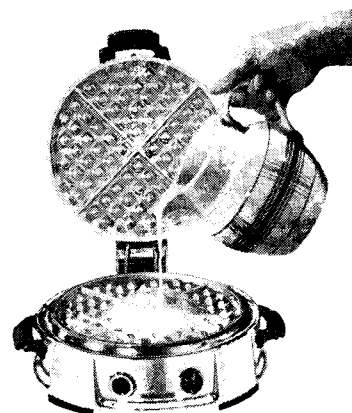
RECIPE FOR PERFECT WAFFLES

Quicker

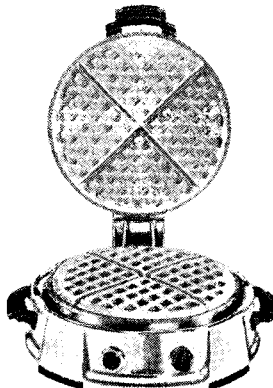
First, you get this fully automatic Toastmaster Waffle-Baker—and the rest is easy.



Of course, you let the Waffle-Baker heat up. But you don't have to guess how long. When the red light goes out—you know!



And you pour in batter. The light goes on again while the waffle is baking.



And then—waffle flash! The light blinks out—another perfect waffle is ready.

That's how simple it is to get perfect waffles every time with this fully automatic Toastmaster Waffle-Baker. Speedy waffles, thanks to "instant heat control." Crisp, light, tender waffles, due to more precise regulation of time and temperature. Less sticking, because the Waffle-Baker can't get excessively hot. . . . It's the modern way to make waffles—and lots of fun! See the beautiful new Toastmaster Waffle-Baker, and other fine Toastmaster products, wherever quality appliances are sold. . . . McGraw Electric Co., Toastmaster Products Division, Minneapolis, Minn.

TOASTMASTER Waffle Baker

TOASTMASTER PRODUCTS—Waffle-Baker, \$12.50 . . . 2-slice fully automatic toaster, \$16.00; with choice of Hospitality Trays, \$19.75 or \$23.50 . . . 1-slice fully automatic toaster, \$10.50 Junior toaster, \$7.50.

cars are always painted in those colors.

For many years he drove a 1,500 cc. racing Delage, the fastest road-racing car of its class in the world. But it came to grief on the Monza track when it hit an oil patch on the road and flew into a grove of trees. The car wrapped itself so completely around the trees that it had to be left there. Lord Howe, with the luck which has always characterized him, escaped without a scratch.

The track on October 12th is going to be knee-deep in foreign accents and aristocratic miens.

Probably the greatest European driver who will compete for the \$85,000 in prize money is the Italian champion Tazio Nuvolari. In Italy he is considered to be a combination of Dizzy Dean, Jack Dempsey, Colonel Lindbergh, and Rudy Vallee. They call him "The Man Who has a Contract with the Devil." That, at any rate, is the literal translation of the Italian nickname by which he is known. Nuvolari has had perhaps more narrow and wholly unwarranted escapes from death than any man living. At one time or another every arm and leg he owns has been broken and he's spent much more time in hospitals than he has on the roads of Europe.

Blazing Finish

Two years ago he entered the Targa Florio mountain race in Italy, driving a huge supercharged Alfa Romeo which no one else would drive. No one would drive it because it was too powerful and too difficult to handle on the treacherous mountain two-by-four roads. However, he did all right with it, until it caught fire thirty miles from the finish line. But he refused to stop. He just stepped on hard and finished first with his blistered mechanic alongside of him desperately beating out the flames. Nuvolari, among the drivers, is considered to be the favorite.

But there's a Jean Wimille, the head man behind a wheel in France. Recently M. Wimille scored a little slam when within the space of a week he won the 620-mile French Grand Prix at Montlhery and the Marne Grand Prix. Wimille learned to drive cars very quickly from here to there by acting as a chauffeur for a general in Morocco, when he was doing his military service.

Philippe Etancelin is a merchant in Rouen during the winter but he's an automobile driver during the summer and the fall. He's the only driver in the business whose wife acts as his pit manager.

Raymond Somer of France has earned the iron-man title among European drivers. In 1932 he won the twenty-four-hour event at LeMans during the course of which he drove one stretch of twenty-one hours without a stop. The experts think that he'll be somewhere near the head of the line when the drivers walk

up for their prize money after the race.

Superstitious Wild Bill Cummings is given a good chance to win by his fellow drivers. He won the 1934 Indianapolis event. Until then he'd always had a huge No. 7 painted on his car. It had brought him luck many times and he thought it helped him win the 1934 500-mile test. In 1935, in accordance with the custom of racing, he was awarded No. 1 in the race and to his dismay that number was painted on his car. Just before the race he painted after the No. 1—"plus 6," but it didn't help any. The best he could do was third.

The smooth, calm-driving Lou Meyer is another American who will be trying to stay in front of the foreign drivers. Twice winner of the Indianapolis race, Meyer is considered one of the most skillful of the world's drivers. He's the Gene Tunney of the automobile racing fraternity—he leaves nothing to chance but studies his car, the track and his opponents with meticulous care.

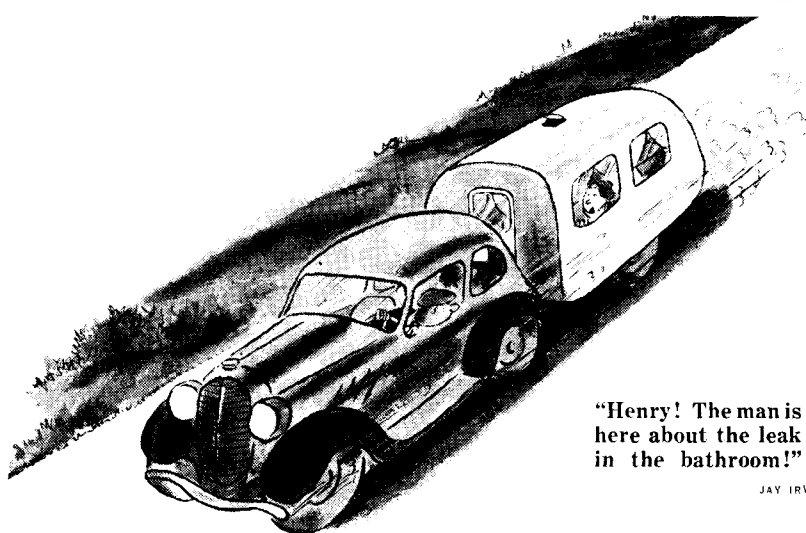
Anyhow, that's the kind of competition that Stapp, Harry Hartz, Wilbur Shaw, Wild Bill Cummings, Lou Meyer and the others will have to face when the flag is dropped on October 12th and it may be a bit too much for them. In all, thirty-six drivers will face the starter that day—the thirty-six whose time trials have been fastest among all those who have entered, and close to seventy-five have entered.

Racing drivers speak a language all their own and if you should walk past the pits and listen you'd hear an amazing lingo. A car to drivers is never a car, it's a crate. If you see a car hit the restraining wall on a turn you'll hear a driver or mechanic say, "He kissed that wall." You might think that 100 miles an hour is pretty good speed but the drivers say of such speed with contempt, "He's just touring."

Cars that fail to live up to their best speed are called "junkers," and any driver at all is a "chauffeur." When a car overturns the driver and mechanic usually duck under the cowl to escape injury. The drivers call this "taking to the cellar." A reckless driver is always looked upon with annoyance and they say of him, "He's driving over his head." Brakes are "binders"; crankshafts are "hairpins"; connecting rods are "galloping irons"; an inexperienced driver is a "nut and bolt washer," and when a car shoots over the rail you'll hear white-faced mechanics murmur, "Old Gabe's got him," which means that the angel Gabriel is now at the wheel.

Clever drivers often like to lay their car right behind another during a race. The first car breaks the wind and the suction left in its wake helps draw the second car along. The second is known as "in tow" or "on the rope."

This is the language they'll be talking on October 12th. This is the language of speed.



"Henry! The man is here about the leak in the bathroom!"

JAY IRVING

WHAT Every Young Wife SHOULD KNOW



Dear Miss Luvcolyum:

I married George a year ago. I was an innocent young thing who had led a sheltered life. George is a perfect dear about most things -- but he does have one Bad Habit. He's so terribly forgetful about the car... he just will not remember to put water in the battery every two weeks. The car is not very old -- but you'd never guess it from the way that battery acts. Last night was the third time we had to call for help to get the engine started -- and I can't stand it any longer.

Should I get a divorce?

Betty Batteryproblem

● THIRST RUINS MILLIONS of ordinary batteries... But the Prest-O-Lite HiLevel can go unharmed for long periods without adding water. Once every four months (or every 4,000 miles) is often enough. Extra plates give you extra power for quick, snappy starts, brilliant lights and ample reserve for your radio and car heater. Have your Prest-O-Lite dealer put a HiLevel in your car.



PREST-O-LITE BATTERY CO., Inc.
Oakland, Calif. INDIANAPOLIS, IND. Toronto, Can.

A Battery for Every Car... Every Purse

Prest-O-Lite

HILEVEL REDUCES RISK OF BATTERY TROUBLE BY 75%

Meet the family!

YOU don't need an introduction to Hammermill Bond. It has probably worked for you in your office, on your desk, for at least some part of the twenty-five years it has been serving the American business public. But possibly you are not acquainted with Hammermill Ledger for your records; Hammermill Safety Paper for your checks and negotiable documents; Hammermill Cover for your catalogs; Hammermill Offset for your advertising broadsides; Hammermill Mimeograph and Duplicator for your reports, charts and department instructions. Hammermill manufactures a range of standardized papers for nearly every business use, and they are all made to Hammermill quality and distributed to printers through the nation-wide merchant group known as Hammermill Agents.



DIRECTLY ABOVE is shown the Comprehensive Sample Book of Hammermill Papers—more than 200 pages of quick, useful, authentic information on paper selection. 5½ x 8½" in size . . . about 1½" thick . . . fits snugly in a corner of your desk or in the drawer. Free if you will attach the coupon to your business letterhead.

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Gentlemen: Please send me your Comprehensive Sample Book introducing the entire Hammermill family.
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We Are What We Eat

Continued from page 18

and how much will it cost and how much should I take to grow the extra twelve inches?"

The story did not stop there; it was syndicated and soon spread throughout the world. Thousands more read it. Thicker than autumnal leaves in Val-lombrosa the yearning appeals fluttered down upon my office. I contemplated the heaped-up piles in dismay, and resorted to a form letter. I was forced to explain by mimeograph the unfortunate limitations of the powder. But the story lingers on. In the most out-of-the-way places I am still approached by hopeful persons.

The growth powder was not magic. It was only another gate opened into the large and unexplored field of nutrition as related to the development of racial characteristics and the promotion of growth. The old argument as to the respective importance of heredity and environment will never cease. But chromosomes and genes must give consideration to the popular appeal of calories and vitamins.

There are probably other factors besides inheritance which account for tall parents often begetting tall children. It may be because in those households foods which make for height will continue to be prepared.

That food could both kill and cure has long been known. But in numbers and extent the diseases for which diet can be arraigned as culprit are constantly increasing. Although we may not always know definitely all the properties of vitamins and inorganic salts, we do know that in varying combinations we may induce strange results.

For example, the stomachs and intestines of many of the inhabitants of southern India are riddled with ulcers. Bad as is the condition in Madras, it is much worse in adjacent Travancore, where the natives consume large quantities of pure starch as found in their tapioca root. What did the laboratory men do? They put two groups of rats on the respective diets of these two provinces. Over a quarter of those eating Travancorian food and ten per cent of those on the Madras diet presently developed gastric or intestinal ulcers, a truly remarkable result; these figures corresponded almost exactly with the incidence of the disease among the peoples of the two provinces. No ulcers occurred in the control rats fed on balanced rations.

Hope for Humans

The Japanese, working independently of the Indian Medical Service, contributed other information. If diets producing ulcers in rats were continued for more than a hundred and eighty days, the ulcers turned into cancers and were incurable; if reversed within that time, they disappeared. Scientists in Japan can also produce stones in the gall bladders, kidneys, and bladders of rats, and dissolve them again unless they develop an insoluble coating.

Nobody as yet knows the full effect of such discoveries on human beings. But they do offer hope that much human suffering may be prevented. Any person afflicted with stones in the bladder lives in torment. The crystal deposit on the outside of the stones makes them rough and jagged so that as they roll around they cause bleeding and a most terrible pain. The victim does not die but lingers for years in agony. Half the twelve million inhabitants of Sind in northern India have stones in the bladder. Think what this means. Individual torture is multiplied by the appalling figure of six

million. Surgeons have operated, and operated, and operated. But six million a year is an impossible number of stones.

Dr. McCarrison fed the Sind diet to healthy rats; with dramatic suddenness fifty per cent developed stones. Again, just as in the case of the intestinal ulcers of southern India, the ratio between rats and human beings was the same. No stones, however, formed in a group of rats fed this same diet with the simple addition of a daily teaspoonful of milk. It is probable the same result could be repeated and millions could be saved from pain if every day they could drink just one pint of milk.

The role of milk in health is strikingly displayed in its effect on tuberculosis, a disease which touches the Western world closely. In this country the per capita consumption of milk provides an excellent index to tuberculosis. The more milk drunk, the fewer the cases. This does not necessarily mean that lack of milk is the sole cause. During the World War, in food-lacking Germany and Austria, the tuberculosis rate, which formerly had compared favorably with that of the United States or Great Britain, rose rapidly. But in the first few years after the war, in spite of overcrowding in sunless, badly ventilated and unsanitary houses, the incidence came down quickly and automatically; the populace were once more being supplied with milk, fats and other food essentials of which they had so long been deprived.

Teeth as an Index

"What d'ye lack, my lady? What d'ye lack, good sir?" Modern physicians are echoing the ancient street cry of London. The person who lacks health may often lack some essential food property. "Hog and hominy" with sorghum for sugar has been the traditional diet of our own South. Result—pellagra. Remedy—an ordinary vegetable garden. If the condition of the teeth is taken as an index of bodily well-being, the influence of food is apparent. An infant whose mother's diet has been deficient in certain respects, or a growing child whose food lacks certain necessities, may be doomed to go through life with toothaches, constant visits to the dentist, and dangerous low infections.

Before the American brought his highly milled flour, cereals and other foods to Hawaii, strong, sound teeth flashed in beaming smiles from dark Hawaiian faces. But no sooner had American diet been substituted for taro, the native tuber from which poi is made, than an eighty per cent tooth decay developed, a high figure, identical with that in the United States. Four years ago a thousand Hawaiian children were shifted back to the diet of their forefathers—taro instead of white bread and other carbohydrates. In the very first year tooth decay dropped to forty per cent, the next year twenty, the third year fifteen, and now it appears to be about eight, an extraordinary decrease.

In Japan interesting research is being conducted on appendix operation wounds by regulating the Vitamin A content of post-operative diet. The healing period may be prolonged indefinitely by Vitamin A deficiency. It may, in fact, be accelerated or retarded according to the amount supplied.

How convenient it would be in this country where almost everybody, sooner or later, relinquishes his appendix, to be able to say, "I'm in a great hurry, Doctor. I have to be in Cincinnati Monday," or, "The board is meeting three weeks from today and I prefer to be too ill to

go," or, "Here's my chance for a quiet rest. Take your time."

Vitamins are constantly showing new evidences of their mysterious powers. One curious phenomenon, appearing among the Russian troops during the war, was night blindness. Before their affliction was discovered, many soldiers on night expeditions blundered helplessly, sometimes to their deaths, merely because they lacked Vitamin A. The rods of their retinas had lost so much sensitivity that in dim light they could see little; in semidarkness nothing.

Sad as were these few instances, they cannot approach the immense tragedy of one of the great scourges of the East, caused by a simple diet deficiency. At times, before we knew the secret, while I have been collecting lepers in the Philippine Islands, the captain of the vessel would answer the distress signal of a flag flying upside down, or we would land at the foot of a lighthouse where no light was burning, and, when we climbed the tower, we would find the crew all dying or dead of beriberi. In the hospital for incurables at Singapore, my heart has been wrung by the sight of patients crawling or hitching along, dragging their paralyzed legs behind them.

Beriberi, pathetic and utterly unnecessary in the light of our present knowledge, like so many other diseases from which man suffers, was brought about by man himself. Rice is the universal staple diet of the Orient among the poorer classes. The inventive genius of the West contrived a high-grade milling machine which removed the coating from rice and with it the Vitamin B. Orientals liked the white polished rice and ate it. As a result, a hundred thousand of them die every year of beriberi; far more are made ill or crippled.

Sometimes cleanliness, which is next to godliness, may prove dangerous to health. At Saigon, in Indo-China, was a monastery and also a nunnery. The monks, who skimmed their housekeeping duties, remained hale and hearty. The cleanly nuns sickened and died of beriberi. Finally it was noted that the monks did not wash their rice, and the nuns had soaked away the coating in which lay the vital vitamin.

That Bay Window

To cure many diet-deficiency diseases should be easy; the difficulty lies in human nature which is so blind that it will not see. Beriberi could be wiped out if each Eastern country would levy a small tax on polished rice. Such a tax—even a few cents—would lift the price out of reach of the poorer classes. They would then buy unpolished rice, thus involuntarily saving their own lives by the thousands.

Europeans and Americans, in considering diet, are apt to overlook the important aspects of race, growth, and health, and think of it in terms of esthetics. Men and women approaching middle age would like to mold themselves into more pleasing contours so they attempt sporadically to "reduce." Large abdomens do not necessarily mean fatness. The bloated intestines which often cause them may be deflated by proper eating.

Too many people are content to eat as their appetites direct, ask only for plenty, and pray it may not disagree with them. But dyspepsia can no longer be considered solely an individual misfortune due to an inherited weak stomach; it is often a dietary crime. The great sin of the American people is overeating. "We should eat to live, not live to eat," said Socrates. Fielding repeated it, and doctors are now trying to hammer the truth home.

The average robust adult requires about three thousand calories per day of properly balanced food. Almost without

exception those who can afford it consume six thousand or more. Anybody can see that if six thousand pounds of coal are burned under a boiler requiring only three thousand to produce the requisite energy, not only will half the fuel be wasted, but the boiler will wear out much more quickly.

Overindulgence in improper foods, curiously enough, is responsible for some of this overeating. Practically all urbanites inhale air which damages the sensitive mucous membranes of the respiratory passages. These, for protection, throw out a catarrhal phlegm, which causes the hawking and spitting in which so many of us indulge. Similarly, highly seasoned, strongly flavored or improper foods cause fermentation and irritation in the intestinal tract. It adopts the same type of protection. The catarrhal exudate not only causes digestive disturbances but clogs the sieve-like intestines. With the absorbing surface thus reduced, the same amount of nourishment can be obtained only by eating several times as much food.

Too great a strain is put on the digestive tract. The machine gets out of order. Americans then have two recourses. The obvious remedy is correct eating. The popular remedies are bicarbonate of soda, so-called digestive pills and laxatives; we have become a nation of purgative takers. These are palliatives. If we must overeat a better way to flush the intestines would be to drink a simple salt solution.

It's Absurd

More than any other race we are the willing victims of all sorts of food fancies. We lead ourselves to the slaughter. Faddist "diets" do reduce our total intake of food—the chief merit of many and the sole merit of most. It is absurd to say that meat and potatoes must not be eaten at the same meal; it has been scientifically proved that the human stomach is so constructed that it is able without injury to digest food in these combinations.

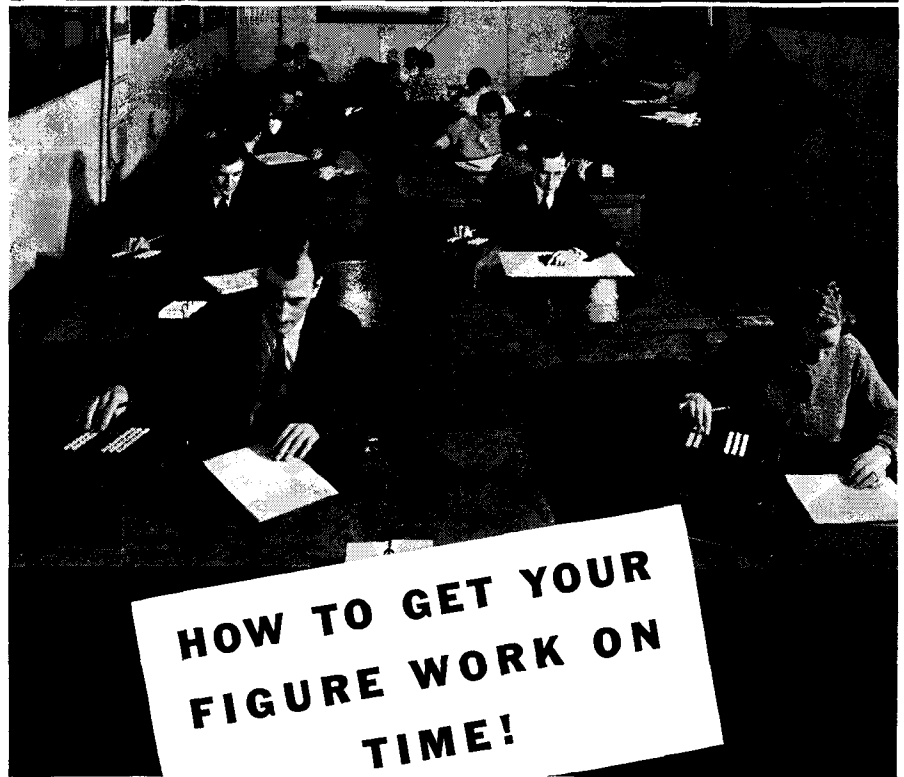
Bananas with milk and fats, on the other hand, happen to be almost a perfect diet. For reducing purposes the fat is omitted. But certain enthusiasts are convinced that any protein derived from animal matter is *per se* bad. Rat experiments disprove this. True, man can live on cereals, carrots, potatoes, spinach, turnips, radishes and onions. But why eat a bale of hay, when a small amount of meat proteid would produce the same amount of energy? Man can live on meat alone. But why swallow pounds and pounds of meat when a few lettuce leaves would furnish the essential salts and vitamins?

A well-balanced diet, broadly speaking, should consist of three parts (by weight) carbohydrates, one part protein, and foods containing vitamins and the necessary inorganic salts. This can be achieved with bread, cereals, and potatoes—representing the carbohydrates—eggs, meat, fish, chicken—representing proteids—leafy vegetables such as lettuce, cabbage, spinach and watercress—which contain the salts and add to the vitamins—and preferably several glasses of milk a day to fill in any deficiencies.

A person should eat just enough of these substances not to lose weight; under no circumstances should the rule be to eat just short of gaining weight.

Impounded rats, eating perforce what they are furnished, may thrive and grow vigorous. Reasoning man, claiming free will, with laboratory knowledge at his disposal, remains a slave to dietary habits, sacrificing his health, and even sometimes his life. I should like to see the day when man will eat foods which will grant him sound physique, mental tranquillity, and freedom from dietary disease.

Payrolls CAN'T WAIT...



A leading Ohio steel manufacturer will have October payroll figures on file by November 3rd.

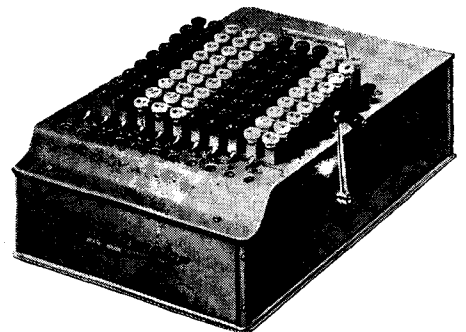
Unusual? Not at all. "Comptometer" makes it a routine performance, twelve months a year. Moreover:

Earnings of individual employees are compiled for 15-day periods. Daily distribution of labor is calculated. Labor costs are computed by departments. Indirect expenses are distributed by departments.

Twenty-five light-action "Comptometers" (Model J, easily portable from desk to desk) are used by the Payroll Department. Suggestions made by "Comptometer" representative, concerning application of machines to specific figure-work problems, proved tremendously helpful.

The complete satisfaction expressed by this "Comptometer" user is typical. In view of recent Social Security legislation, the extreme flexibility of the "Comptometer" makes it invaluable to hundreds of large and small concerns.

If speed, accuracy, and economy in handling figure work are essential to the efficient conduct of your business, telephone the "Comptometer" office in your locality. Or write direct to Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co., 1714 N. Paulina Street, Chicago, Illinois.



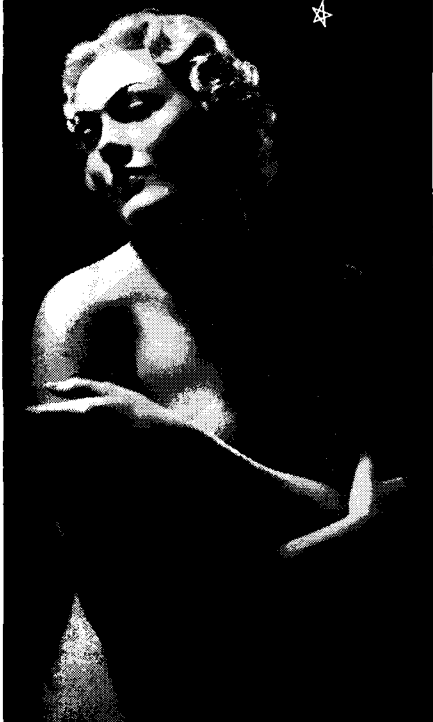
COMPTOMETER

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Complete Boss

Continued from page 13

To Be
TRULY LOVELY
From Head to Toe



**For Real Beauty, You Must Have
a Soft, Alluring Skin—Free
From Pimples and Blemishes**

SMOOTH, satiny shoulders—lovely skin “all over”—a radiantly clear, youthful complexion—men admire them and modern style demands them.

To be truly lovely, you must rid *all your skin* of ugly blemishes—end pimples and eruptions on face and body—have a lovely complexion from head to toe. And thousands are doing it, with complete success.

Doctors know that the real cause of ugly blemishes is often a lack of Vitamin B Complex. With this vital element lacking, intestinal nerves and muscles become weak and sluggish. Poisons accumulate in the body. And constant skin eruptions result to rob you of beauty.

In such cases, pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets work wonders. This pure, dry yeast supplies Vitamin B Complex in ample quantities—strengthens intestinal nerves and muscles, and restores natural functions. Poisons are thrown off. And the skin quickly clears—becomes smooth and lovely.

Start now to win real, alluring beauty. Try Yeast Foam Tablets to restore your skin to youthful loveliness, as they have brought beauty to so many others.



Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—and refuse substitutes.

Free!

Mail Coupon for Trial Sample

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Av., Chicago, Ill.
Please send FREE TRIAL sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. (Only 1 sample per family will be sent.) C 10-10-36

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

trampling Nugent underfoot, and then marched forward to elect Edwards by a plurality of fourteen thousand.

In the gubernatorial election in 1922, George S. Silzer, proudly confessing himself a Hague man, was elected with 44,000 votes to spare. This victory was followed by Hague's election to the Democratic National Committee, full acknowledgment of his power and unquestioned leadership. In 1925, A. Harry Moore appeared as the Hague candidate for governor, and again the Republican cohorts went down in crushing defeat. In 1928, Hague received his first reverse, Alfred E. Smith losing the state by more than 300,000, but Dill, the Hague gubernatorial candidate, ran 154,000 ahead of his ticket. In 1931, Harry Moore was brought forward a second time, and the Republicans, backed by good government leagues and anti-bossism bodies, massed for a drive to sweep Hague from power. Moore was elected by 230,053, the largest vote in the history of New Jersey.

Hague's one great political blunder was in 1932, but in no sense was it a miscalculation. Out of his devotion to Alfred E. Smith he stayed with the Brown Derby until the bitter end, actually leading the “Stop Roosevelt” movement. His debt of friendship discharged, however, he went back to New Jersey and rolled up a Roosevelt majority in November. Another rare burst of sentiment cost him dear in 1934, for over the protest of party chieftains, he insisted on the nomination of Dill, beaten in 1928. Harold G. Hoffman, the Republican nominee, won handsomely, but Hague made the battle a draw by electing Harry Moore to the United States Senate.

In the Jersey City elections of 1935, however, the strength of the Hague organization was such that his candidates for surrogate and sheriff were put into office almost by acclamation. In one ward, for instance, the Democratic vote was 1,250 against 2 for the Republican ticket.

Bossing the Enemy

Jersey City Republicans—what few are left—scream loudly and steadily that Hague's success is due entirely to the shameless stuffing of ballot boxes and an intimidation of voters that goes to the extent of downright thuggery. With tear-choked voices they tell of the time when twelve Princeton students were imported as challengers. Fine, manly fellows interested in honest elections. And yet within an hour of their arrival, eleven were occupying hospital beds. Confronted with the charge, Mayor Hague laughed indulgently.

“Animal spirits, that's all. I told my boys to lay off, but it was a pretty dull election, and they couldn't resist the temptation to have a little fun. Why, I'd be willing to have the Republicans bring over the whole of Princeton if they wanted to. And Harvard for good measure! Listen to this. When Walter Edge was governor, he made a great play about putting an end to ballot-box stuffing in Jersey City. And what did he do? Grabbed the entire election machinery! And what did *we* do?” The mayor emitted one of his harsh guffaws. “Our ticket won by a bigger majority than ever before. And we made all of the Republicans sign statements that the election was absolutely on the square. And did I paste these statements on every billboard in New Jersey! Oh, boy!”

What principally infuriates the Republicans, however, is Hague's pleasant habit of butting in on purely G. O. P.

affairs. Taking advantage of a somewhat legalistic interpretation of the state's election laws, the mayor often keeps about fifty per cent of his organization out of Democratic primaries, where contests are unknown, and throws them into the primaries of the opposition. As a consequence, when Republicans are exulting in the candidacy of some high-class citizen, they wake in the morning to find that their actual nominee is a pushover. Mr. Hague isn't surprised.

No Room for Vice

In the recent contest for delegates at large to the Republican convention, for example, party leaders were extremely eager to eliminate Governor Hoffman by reason of his record in the Hauptmann case. On the other hand, Frank Hague figured that it would be rather helpful to the Democratic cause if Governor Hoffman were chosen over the more eligible Mr. Fort, and some thirty or forty thousand Hague votes in Hudson County turned the trick.

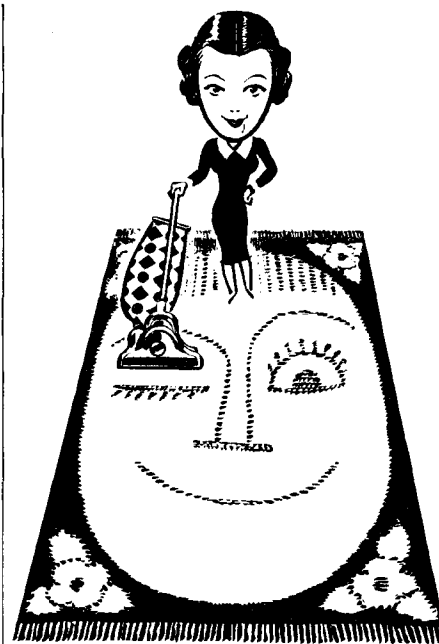
“Sure!” The mayor makes no effort to deny the charge. “What's wrong with it? The law gives us the right. And,” he continues virtuously, “my boys have got just as much right to be independent as Norris or LaFollette, haven't they? And say, if we didn't vote Republican now and then, the poor suckers would have to call off their primaries on account of poor attendance.”

“A bunch of cry babies, that's what they are. Just amateurs!” Here the mayor's expression left no doubt that he considered this the worst thing that could be said about anyone. “A bunch of amateurs! Hunting for alibis, that's all. We get our votes on the square because we're on the square with the people.”

“Listen!” And he let loose with a jab of his forefinger that would have been fatal had it landed. “A leader with a fair organization can get away with bad government for awhile, but sooner or later the people boot him out. A hookup with vice, crime and franchise grabbers is a short cut to power, but the life of that power is as short as the cut. Twenty-five years ago I had gumption to see the difference between what was temporary and what was permanent, and I went in for permanency. And you'll notice I'm still here. Mayor for twenty-five years! And why? Organization and good government!”

The record bears out the Hague claim. Women are not found in Jersey City's drinking places, and a violation of the law is punished with a permanent padlock. There is not an entertainer of any sort in cafés or clubs, for music and all other forms of entertainment are prohibited wherever food or drink is sold. Pool rooms and dance halls are strictly regulated and closed at midnight; dance halls are closed all day Sunday; there is no visible evidence of commercialized vice and no “hangouts” for idle boys and worthless men.

Jersey City has not known a gang since 1918, two years before national prohibition; nor a pay-roll or bank hold-up. No man or woman with a criminal record is permitted to loiter on the streets or even to travel through them. All are arrested immediately under the Disorderly Persons Act and sent to jail. No death cars operate in Jersey City. A highway patrol stops suspicious-looking automobiles, searches them and questions the drivers. Every bottleneck leading to and from New York is corked up. The town does not harbor a single stock-swindling house, bucket shop or mail-fraud establishment.



**Be kind
to your Rugs
and to yourself**

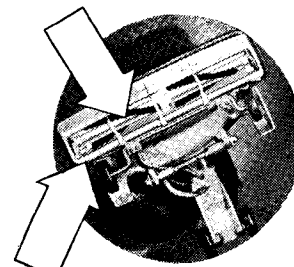
**Premier Vacuum Cleaner's
double action gives double
results and double value**

Rugs thrive when you clean them in the Premier double action way. Premier's exclusive Vibra Sweep Brush with its 54 tufts of tough bristles, set in a *double* row... gives your rugs the brisk sweeping that is good for them. And because Premier has extra, stronger suction, it gets *all* the dirt out.

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More thousands of stores have stocked Premier cleaners. These merchants sell Premiers because more women want them. Prices from \$14.95 up (slightly higher west of Rockies). If you don't know who your Premier dealer is, send us a postal. We will tell you.

DOUBLE SUCTION
lifts more dirt out



DOUBLE BRUSH
sweeps more dirt out

Premier
made by one of the world's leading
vacuum cleaner manufacturers

PREMIER DIVISION, Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

When it comes to the police and fire departments, even the opposition admits honesty, efficiency and sobriety. Particularly sobriety. From his boyhood days among the saloons of the Horse-shoe, Frank Hague carries over a hatred of drunkenness, and woe to any uniformed man caught crooking his elbow while on duty. Demotion or discharge follows swiftly, although if the offender has a distinguished record, the mayor may content himself with a few clouts on the jaw, and a promise to "break every bone in your damned body if I ever smell liquor on your breath."

No Detail Too Small

By way of assuring competency, one of his favorite tricks is to slip out at night, pull an alarm and then wait, watch in hand, to time the arrival of the fire laddies. If there is any delay, or if every truck does not have its full crew, his rough tongue flicks at the hide of the captains with the sting of a blacksnake whip. He uses the same methods with the police. Every home in Jersey City is supposed to have officers on hand within three minutes after a call, no matter what the hour, and there are few failures, for a cop never knows whether the telephone is from a frightened householder or from the boss himself, a menacing figure with eyes on his watch.

The distinctly "personal touch" also marks his handling of labor troubles. Back in 1913, and at a time when his battle for supreme power hung in the balance, one of his first moves was to order an army of strikebreakers out of the city. "If they are here tomorrow," he warned, "I will arrest and prosecute them to the limit." Up to date he has settled about two hundred strikes by the simple method of bringing employers and workers face to face, and in event of disagreement, making a decision himself.

No detail of government is too small for Hague's attention. In an odd moment, for instance, he inaugurated classes in careful driving, and still serves as the principal instructor. Attendance means a good mark, but chauffeurs and truckmen who "refuse to learn how not to be a murderer" are given the limit for any violation of traffic rules.

Where once some five hundred Jersey City youngsters were sent every year to correctional institutions, today the number is about fifteen to twenty. Frank Hague is entirely responsible for the reform. Happening to go through records, he found that the large majority of so-called "incorrigibles" had been arrested and shot through the juvenile courts for confirmed truancy, schoolroom misbehavior or street mischief. When educational authorities explained to him about the "problem child," the mayor's neck swelled until it threatened his stiff white collar.

"Just passing the buck, that's what you're doing," he rasped. "Getting 'em out of your damned schools without ever caring what becomes of 'em. Well, it's going to stop."

Calling together principals and teachers, heads of the police force and judges of the juvenile and police courts, he laid down a new rule. No kid was to be arrested, driven through the streets in a patrol wagon and arraigned. A Bureau of Special Service in charge of Dr. Thomas Hopkins, an assistant superintendent of schools, was to be the clearinghouse for all so-called juvenile delinquency. No finding of incorrigibility would be permitted until every possible means of saving the youngster had been exhausted. Parents, teachers, truant officers and police were all welded into unit form with Frank Hague cracking the whip. Together with his other duties, a Jersey City policeman today is required to keep an eye on youngsters, quietly reporting such as stay out late and also scouting candy stores and other places where young people congregate. Home conditions are also part of his watch and ward, and he reports on drunken or neglectful parents.

By way of strengthening these preventive measures, schools have been turned into social centers for neighborhood use in the evening, and the boys formed into clubs. More than that, the mayor took the site of an old, abandoned reservoir and made it into a playing and athletic field. Even today he writes regular letters to the police and the teachers, warning them to keep on their toes, and also to ward leaders, ordering them not to "interfere with the system,"

(Continued on page 60)



A Remarkable Drugless Aid To SOUND SLEEP That's Helping Thousands Nowadays

A Way That Countless Users Report Brings New Energy And Steadier Nerves Next Day—A Way That's Well Worth Trying

MODERN science has found a natural way to foster sound, restful sleep. A way that now enables thousands of "poor sleepers" to do away with night-time tossing—and brings them abundant new energy next day.

It is called Ovaltine—a delicious pure food concentrate created in Switzerland and now made over here. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for shell-shocked, nerve-shattered soldiers.

Originally it was developed as a strengthening food-drink for invalids, convalescents, and the aged. Then physicians observed that, when it was taken hot at bedtime, Ovaltine also produced unusual results in promoting sound, restful sleep. And in thousands of cases, it was found that people who took it, not only slept more restfully—but they also felt much fresher next day.

How Its Results Are Explained

First:—As a hot bedtime drink, Ovaltine tends to draw excess blood away from the brain. Thus mental calm is invited—the mind is "conditioned" for sleep.

Second:—Ovaltine, on account of its ease of digestion, gives the stomach a light digestive task to perform. Thus helping to do away with that hollow, restless feeling that keeps so many people awake.

Third:—It has also been observed that Ovaltine not only helps to bring sound sleep quickly, but, in many cases, helps to improve the *quality* of sleep.

New Energy—New Vitality

In addition, Ovaltine contains certain important food elements that are needed to maintain natural energy and strength. And it furnishes them in a form that's extremely easy to digest. (In fact, it digests so easily you might almost think it was *pre-digested*.)

Thus Ovaltine really acts in two ways to heighten natural energy and strength:—*Indirectly*, through restful sleep—and *directly*, through the special food elements it supplies.

That's why so many users report that they awaken feeling so much more vigorous mornings—and possess so much more stamina and "driving force" throughout the day.

Try It Tonight

If you have been lying awake recently and wish to avoid another sleepless night *tonight*, we urge you to give Ovaltine a trial. Simply phone your grocer or druggist for a tin of it now. Then mix 3 or 4 teaspoonfuls with a cup of hot milk and drink it just before getting into bed.

See if you don't fall asleep more easily and naturally than you have, perhaps, in weeks and months. See if you don't feel much fresher tomorrow morning—and have more energy, too.

NOTE: Ovaltine is now made in America by The Wander Company, 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois. It is inexpensive to serve—and can be obtained at all grocery, drug, and department stores.

Philbert

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By FRANK OWEN



"He wants to buy the Island back!"



"Come the first freeze,
my ol' bus gits stiff
in every j'int!"

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MARFAK
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"She won't this year,
Zeke, MARFAK
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Night and day your eyes
are subject to strain and
fatigue. Keep them feeling
fresh, clear, and alive with
cooling, soothing Murine.
Recommended for 40 years.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

(Continued from page 59)

no matter how many parents appeal. Jersey City's Health Center, dominated by four massive skyscrapers, is the finest in the country if not in the world. Here is Frank Hague's pride, and aside from politics and baseball, his one and only pleasure. As he goes from building to building, dragging visitors down into kitchens and even engine rooms, making them pinch bed linen and feel upholstery, no real-estate agent making a sale ever worked himself into any more profuse lather of enthusiasm. It is an interest, his friends explain, that goes back to Hague's own poverty-stricken boyhood when his mother had to drag herself and her sick babies to the city hospital every day because the miserable building was short on beds.

Today the General Hospital Division can take care of one thousand medical and surgical cases; there is a psychiatric hospital and a hospital for infectious diseases. The Margaret Hague Maternity Hospital, with four hundred beds, has no actual wards, for non-paying patients in a multiple room of four or eight beds are given essentially the same service as those who can afford to pay. Proper dressing and feeding are taught during prenatal visits of prospective mothers, and after discharge they are urged to return for classes in personal and child hygiene, and also to have the child inoculated and vaccinated against diphtheria, scarlet fever and smallpox.

The A. Harry Moore School for Crippled Children is another splendid institution. Built especially for the physically handicapped child, it is equipped with ramps, elevator service, hand rails, a solarium, treatment rooms, rest rooms and a special gymnasium. Some 200 pupils are enrolled, and along with physical care and education, it provides vocational training, particularly watchmaking and watch repairing.

Everything about the Health Center, in fact, supports the Republican charge that Hague built and furnished without regard for the unhappy taxpayer. The seventeen-story Nurses' Home, for instance, and the lovely Staff House, both with their suites, libraries, gymnasiums, card rooms and superb cuisines, are the equal of any rich man's club.

Ask the Reformers

"Yeah, I reckon we could have done it cheaper," the mayor confessed amiably, "but what of it? Being poor is bad enough, but being poor and sick is hell. They're right about the staff houses being pretty swell, but this is the way I figured it. If the nurses and the docs sleep in a good bed in a nice room, and tuck away a fine, well-cooked breakfast, they're going to take a feeling of cheerfulness into the wards. Follow me?"

Even a day in Jersey City removes any doubt about Frank Hague's being a boss. More than that, he is the monitor, the beadle, the proctor, for along with absolutism he enforces a strict regimentation. No Tartar chieftain, no Norman baron, no Salem minister, ever ruled with a higher, harder hand than does Frank Hague. Revolt is a thing of the remote past, for both press and people have been made to feel his ruthlessness and power. "No quarter" is the cry of the Hague organization, and just as an enemy newspaper is stripped of readers and advertising by organized boycotts, so are individuals forced to play the boss' game.

"I've been the issue in every campaign in New Jersey for the last twenty years," Hague says. "Hagueism, as they call it, was the slogan used against me in my mayoralty campaigns, and the battle cry when I elected Edwards, Silzer and Moore. And during all of those twenty years the reform snoots and the legis-

lative committees have gone over the records until they're torn and tattered. And what did they get? Not a damned thing. Go ask 'em. All they can say is that I'm a boss. Well, no man stays boss for a quarter of a century unless he gives the people the kind of government they want, and can hold up clean hands.

"They'll tell you I've made millions out of my job. Now how does a crooked official fill his pockets? I don't have to tell you the answer. It's by selling favors and by failure to enforce the law. Letting vice go unchecked, standing for dives and gambling, permitting big corporations to cheat on the taxes, edging in on real-estate deals, and taking commissions on city contracts. And what have I done? I've cleaned up vice and gambling and racketeering. I increased the taxes of the railroads by \$36,000,000 in one lump, and fought off attempts by public utility companies to jump their rates. Look for yourself, and you'll see I've dried up every possible source of graft.

Is He Rich or Broke?

"Now get this," and the bony forefinger landed painfully. "Not so long ago the Case Committee came to town. It was supposed to inquire into the operation of Civil Service in New Jersey, but from the first it developed into an investigation of me and my administration. The whole state was told that all sorts of corruption, malfeasance and embezzlement would be uncovered when I went on the stand. And what happened? Not a single instance of official wrongdoing was exposed! And when they fell down on that, they tried to pry into my purely personal affairs, wanting me to produce my bankbooks and private correspondence. I told 'em it was none of their damned business, and the courts upheld me."

The record bears him out. No instance of graft has ever been proved against Hague or any member of his various administrations, and the courts did support the contention that his private affairs were nobody's business but his own. As a consequence, the amount of his fortune, whether thousands or millions, remains a mystery to this day.

The only light ever thrown on the subject was a dispute with the Internal Revenue Department in 1929 when Hague was compelled to pay \$60,000 as an income tax adjustment.

Even Hague's intimates do not seem to know whether he is rich or broke. In the roaring days of the Coolidge market, when the Boss was cheek by jowl with Al Smith and the Raskob crowd, he is supposed to have cleaned up handsomely. Whether he got out when the getting was good, or stayed in to his sorrow, nobody knows. Hague himself keeps a close mouth. Every one of his public acts is open for inspection, but to hell with 'em when they want to stick their noses into his private affairs. Asked for his opinion about grafters and grafting, however, he puts reticence aside.

"Temp'rary stuff," he declares. "Unless a man is satisfied to go in, clean up and get out, it's stupid. Remember what I said about deciding to be permanent when I started out in politics? Well, I've been pretty perm'nent, haven't I? And why? Because I've played square with the organization and with the customers. That's the answer. A happy, loyal, efficient working force and a fine product."

So saying, the mayor turned away and walked down the street, a proud, lordly figure, bowing graciously to the right and left, but with an eye ever keen to see that his people are obeying his rules and regulations. And unless the opposition takes a leaf out of the Hague book, and goes in for organization instead of oratory, Frank Hague's "perm'nency" is in no danger.

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Thousands
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Method Which Works Quickly,
Yet Gently

Yes—when you need a laxative DO AS DOCTORS DO—and take no chances. Dr. V. N. of Michigan states: "I have used and prescribed Pluto Water for 40 years." Dr. H. A. O. of Wisconsin writes: "I not only prescribe Pluto Water almost daily—but always use it personally."



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Do Like de Man Say

Continued from page 15

personal economics are under the direction of a shrewd merchant, and his farming is supervised by one of the best agronomists in the Red River bottoms.

Candy will never understand how it happens that he is so specially favored. He knows the men who are backing him, and he likes them. They "send him word" what to do, and he does it. That is all he knows about it. The real story, however, has many ramifications.

When Candy bought his hill place, he had a small amount of money, enough to pay half the price of the land. When a man goes on his own, he has to have a mule and some plows. Candy's bossman had a mule that was getting too old to pull a plow in the stiff bottom land but strong enough for light hill work. He also sold Candy a few old plows and some feed. As these sales were not for cash, it put Candy in debt to the planter. Immediately, Candy's welfare became of financial interest to the planter.

The problem of supplies, or "furnishings," had also to be solved. The planter was not in the supply business, but each year he ran a thirty-thousand-dollar account with "Mister Dave," and at the planter's suggestion the merchant began "furnishing" Candy.

To protect himself, in case of crop failure, the merchant took over the mortgage on Candy's place. If Candy made it, financially, eight per cent interest on an investment would be good; if he failed, the farm itself was first-class security.

In the meantime, the price of cotton dropped. The bank that supplied money for the merchant's operations called for more collateral, and Candy's mortgage, along with others held by the merchant, was turned in.

Cotton went lower and Candy could not pay for his supplies. A conference was held, where it was decided to let the federal government take over the mortgage.

The planter, realizing that the lower cotton went the more Candy would have to make if he were to pay for the mule, lent his expert knowledge to aid in cultivating Candy's crop. The bank, with lots of farm-paper collateral, instructed its attorneys to examine every help offered by the government, and to procure the greatest benefits possible for the farmers whose mortgages it held. The merchant took Candy and other debtors in hand and personally supervised their way of living so they would get the maximum value from the minimum amount of supplies.

As for Candy, he did what he was told to do, and gradually he is coming out of debt.

Vague About the Government

Giles Arnold, the Negro foreman of the river-bottom plantation on which Candy Haley made his first share crop, has definite ideas about it all.

Asked how the farm program affected the plantation over which he presides, Giles laughed good-naturedly.

"Aw, dat mess!" he said. "Us jest playin' now. Us ain't farmin'. Hay and cawn and stuff! See dat bald-face bull out yonder amongst all dem yearlin's? Er cou'se, you kin sell all er dat stuff for money, efn you kin find anybody wid some money and dey wants to buy hit. And you kin take dat money, efn you gits hit, and buy meat and flour. But when you got a bale er cotton, you don't have to go huntin' for nobody to buy hit. All you got to do is git a paper sayin' hit's yo'n, and ain't a store in Shreveport won't be glad to see you."

It was pointed out that since the "government mess" had come about, the price of cotton had risen from five cents to twelve cents a pound.

"Yes, sir," Giles agreed, "us got a good price last fall. And hit was a good year, too. On de land us had planted us made better's a bale on de acre. But us didn't have no cotton planted, much. Hit was most all hay and cawn and pasture. But no mind. Some er dese days, de guvmer gonter turn us a-loose, and us gonter hit a lick. And when us hit dat lick, wid a good crop and high price, de bossman gonter buy all de land dat jines us!"

Any illiterate Negro knows that the federal government is a mighty institution. Beyond that, he is vague. Some think it is run by a big white man named Uncle Sam, but the wiser ones know that Mister Roosy-felt is actually the head man.

Zeke Tells a Story

Zeke Whittington, of West Feliciana Parish, remembers seeing Mister Roosy-felt, the time he came to Louisiana to go bear hunting. Actually, it was Theodore Roosevelt he saw, but that little detail doesn't worry him.

"Guvmer John Parker," Zeke related, "spoke mighty high of Mister Roosy-felt, and you know efn a man suit Guvmer John Parker, he must be all right."

Zeke had a few ideas about the way the white folks in Louisiana run things and he had found an audience. He was crossing the Mississippi River on a ferryboat at Baton Rouge. He had been visiting some kinnery at Melville and was returning to his home, near St. Francisville.

"De trouble wid de guvmer is," he now observed, "Guvmer John Parker ain't runnin' things. Looky yonder!" He pointed to the new five-million-dollar skyscraper capitol. The building arouses some kind of emotion in the breast of every taxpayer in Louisiana. It is "Huey Long's greatest monument," if one is an admirer of the late senator; if not, it is "Huey's two bits' worth of Broadway."

"Hit took many a bale er cotton to build dat house," Zeke declared. "And hit ain't any too much cotton raised ev'y year to buy meat and flour, let alone build a big house like dat."

"When Guvmer John Parker was de Big-I-Am, he contented hisse'f down yonder." Zeke jerked a thumb toward the beautiful old capitol building which stands on the river bank, a mile downstream. "And when de price er cotton drapped," he went on, "Guvmer John Parker made things take place."

"De fust thing he done was send word to Mister Roosy-felt. 'B'ar huntin' is purty good down hyar,' Guvmer John Parker told Mister Roosy-felt, 'cause Mister Roosy-felt always was a fool about b'ar huntin'."

"So dey got a bunch of niggers and dogs and hosses and pistols and stuff and went b'ar huntin'. Dey hunted around in de hills a while, and de fust thing you know, Guvmer John Parker worked his way over to Tensas Bayou. 'Le's set down and wait on de dogs a while,' Guvmer John Parker told Mister Roosy-felt."

"I don't mind efn I does," Mister Roosy-felt told him. So dey sot down and waited. Well, purty soon one er dem big old bayou muskeeters come a-zizzin' along and let Mister Roosy-felt have hit.

"Mister Roosy-felt slapped at de muskeeter wid bofe hands. 'I swear, Guvmer John Parker!' Mister Roosy-felt say. 'I b'lieve to my soul dat dog-blame muskeeter got fire in his bill.'"

(Continued on page 62)



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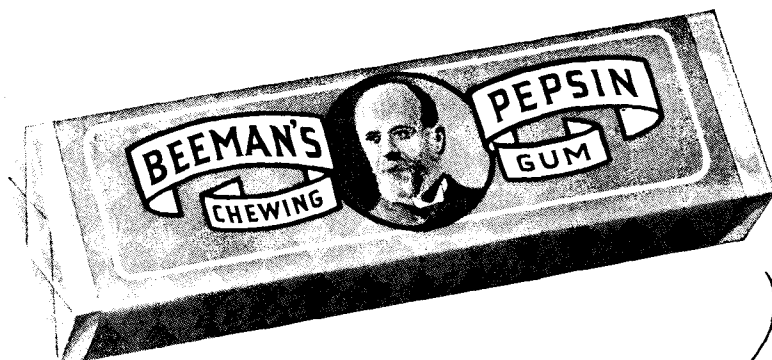
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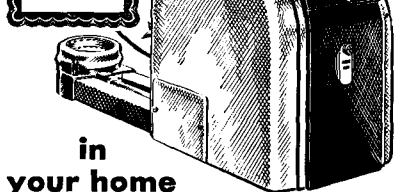
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Automatic COAL BURNERS

(Continued from page 61)

"Nawp," say Guvmer John Parker, 'hit ain't fire. Hit's pizen.'

"Well, dey sot around for a while, and de muskeeters kept gittin' hotter and hotter. 'Guvmer John Parker,' say Mister Roosy-felt, 'maybe us better be gittin' on back to town.'

"Go 'head, efn dat's what you want to do," say Guvmer John Parker.

"I don't know de way," say Mister Roosy-felt.

"Hit'd be bad," say Guvmer John Parker, 'gittin' lost out in de swamps, wid de muskeeters an' all.'

"Whyn't you come on, too?" say Mister Roosy-felt.

"I'm too busy studyin' over my mind," say Guvmer John Parker. 'Cotton done drapped to ten cents a pound, and I got to study over my mind about dat.'

"Studyin' yo' mind ain't gonter change de price er cotton, Guvmer John Parker," Mister Roosy-felt tells him. 'Ain't nothin' gonter change de price er cotton. She goin' up or down, when hit suits her sweet se'f. And de man ain't bawn which kin change hit.'

"Guvmer John Parker laugh. 'You tellin' me and I'm de judge!' he say. 'I knows all about cotton. Now, cotton ain't like meat. You kin pass a law about de price er meat, efn you lives back yonder whar dey cyores all dat salt meat. Now, efn I was runnin' dat part er de country, I'd watch out. And quick as I seed de price er cotton drap, I'd start passin' a law which'd make de price er meat drap, too. Er cou'se, I ain't tryin' to tell you yo' business. You got yo' troubles and I got mine. But dat's about de way I'd handle hit, efn I was runnin' hit.'

"Mister Roosy-felt seed de p'int. 'Well,' he say, 'let's git away f'm dese dog-blame muskeeters, and I'll pass a law about dat meat, quick as I gits back up to New Yawk.'

"Guvmer John Parker set and looked at Mister Roosy-felt a long time. 'A man yo' size,' he say, 'ought to be big enough to set right hyar on de bayou bank and pass a law, efn he put his mind on hit.' 'Hit's a law,' say Mister Roosy-felt. 'How much you want de price er meat to drap, Guvmer John Parker?'

"Drap hit," say Guvmer John Parker, 'so's a pound er salt meat will cost jest what a pound er cotton kin sell for. And no matter how high or how low cotton goes, a man kin always git somethin' to eat.'

"Nowhars Else to Go"

"So Mister Roosy-felt stood up and held up his right hand. 'Hit's a law,' he say.

"And when he done dat, Guvmer John Parker turned 'round and told his niggers, 'Git out yonder and turn dem dogs a-loose, so's I and Mister Roosy-felt kin ketch dat b'ar.'"

The ferry was nosing into the bank; the interview was practically over. Zeke had enjoyed talking about his own personal hero, former Governor John M. Parker, Louisiana's Progressive Democrat, who was a friend and admirer of Theodore Roosevelt. It is actually a fact that the former President did go bear hunting with Governor Parker. It is probable that a mosquito or two did sting him. But the rest of the yarn belongs to Zeke.

"Who," Zeke was asked, "changed that law? It takes two and a half pounds of cotton to buy one pound of salt meat, now."

Zeke shook his head sadly. "Hit wa'n't none er my doin's," he declared. "But I jest bet hit's plenty er white folks which voted agin Guvmer John Parker out wawkin' de big road today, 'cause dey ain't got nowhars else to go. And Guvmer John Parker is settin' on his fine plantation, wid his fine stock and fine dogs, jest livin' on his intrusts."

The painstaking effort of one river-bottom planter to explain to his tenants the significance of the United States Supreme Court's decision which overthrew the farm-aid program accomplished nothing.

In the first place, it was impossible to explain just what the Supreme Court was. Long before Hollywood began to describe a mediocre picture with super-colossal superlatives, any farm hand in North Louisiana knew that a Supreme Outer Guard was practically a social outcast in the lodge. Naturally, they reasoned, if a court was merely supreme, it must be a pretty sorry outfit.

The planter undertook to impress the share-croppers with the idea that the Supreme Court was much more powerful than the "big court," as the parish superior court is known. The Negroes laughed.

The Making of a Christian

"De Big Cou't," one of them chuckled, "is big enough to set over yonder in Benton and send a man to Angola for de rest er his life. And efn de man be's, real mean, de Big Cou't kin break his neck wid a rope. I don't reckon hit's many cou'ts kin do a man worse'n hangin' him."

Strangely enough, the coming presidential campaign interests them, and though few of them vote, all of them do a heap of talking among themselves. They are Republicans, and they like the Republican party to win. If the Republicans win, that means Walter Cohen, a Negro, will be collector of customs in New Orleans. But now, Walter Cohen is dead. The big point of discussion is, Who will get Walter Cohen's job?

The Republican nominee, however, means very little. Of the dozen or more farm Negroes questioned, only one man, Fletch Moore, had even heard the name.

Fletch is a small independent hill farmer near Avondale. He made his start in the oil fields, twenty years ago.

"Efn he de same white man named Mister Landon I knowed over at Mooringsport," Fletch declared, "I wouldn't vote for him, even efn I voted. He was what dey called de field boss, and all he done was go 'round and cuss out de people dat was workin'. 'Cause de work never was goin' along to suit him, no matter how good hit was.

"Us was pumpin' a bunch er wells in a field about four miles f'm de road, and I and my brother was firin' de b'ilers. Dey used steam to run de pumps, in dem days. My brother was firin' in de day, and I was firin' at night. So 'long about sundown, I'd ride my mule out to de b'ilers, and git to firin', and my brother would git on de mule and ride him back home. And I wouldn't see nobody ontwell about daylight, when my brother rid up on de mule again.

"So one night, along about moon-up, Mister Landon driv up in his automobile. He hit de ground cussin'. He didn't like de way I was firin' dem four big b'ilers, and he told me about hit.

"I jest stood dar, and let him cuss hisse'f out. And when he got done, I say, 'Mister Landon, does you know how to fire four b'ilers at once?'

"Hell, yes!" he say.

"Den you got a job," I told him. And I wawked right on off, leavin' him to fire dem four big b'ilers ontwell my brother got dar at daylight de next mawnin'.

"He cussed me some mo' and den he axed me to come back, but I kept right on wawkin'.

"But I don't reckon he de same Mister Landon you tawkin' 'bout. 'Cause f'm what I hyared later, dem four b'ilers made a Christian outn him, dat night. He quit de oil fields, jined de church, and went to preachin' for a livin'."



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The Checkered Suit

Continued from page 14

dressed. In this kind of neighborhood she was simply courting robbery. Collingham had just sent her some money; whether she kept her money in her apartment or not, people around here must have believed she did. Anyway, the murderer believed it. It's plain how he got in. He came up or down the fire escape and reached across and forced the window open and stepped from the fire escape onto the sill."

"You're good. Who was the guy?"

"Of course I don't know that, but it's plain he lives in this neighborhood. The killing took place in midafternoon and other windows open on this court and someone may have seen him."

"Well, we can find that out."

We went around and asked the people whose windows opened on the court. The window directly across belonged to a photographer. He hadn't seen anything, but he said his partner might have; the partner wasn't there. The other people hadn't seen anything. When we got back to the apartment a man was there with the address book. There wasn't much in it—a few telephone numbers and a few street numbers. O'Malley called one of the phone numbers.

"Is Freeman there?" he asked. Somebody answered. "Ain't this the Sheffield Hotel?" he inquired.

"What is it?" I asked.

"He says it's a meat market."

"Who's Freeman?" I asked.

"That ain't no guy. I just made that up to find out whose phone it was."

He tried the other phone numbers the same way, but they all turned out to be tradesmen's places.

"Well, nothing in that," he said. "I guess we won't find nothing in these addresses either."

One of the addresses was Collingham's. We went around to all the others. The first one turned out to be a beauty shop.

They knew Miss Dubois as a customer at the beauty shop. Of course they had no idea who'd killed her. She was known the same way at most of the other addresses. At two places we couldn't find anyone who'd ever heard of her. One of these places wasn't really an address at all; the street number came in Central Park.

"Well, that ends that," I stated.

"Why, no," O'Malley said. "It ends them places where they knew about her, but we got two they don't. Why would she have a number that comes in the park? I think that looks funny. I'm figuring this dead dame was a crook, and crooks got ways of writing things so that whoever finds 'em won't read 'em right. It might be we got that kind of business here. One way: they write the numbers backward."

I STUDIED the two addresses. One said 236 Cathedral Parkway and the other one, 345 Columbus Avenue. On the same page it said "3F." We looked up 632 Cathedral Parkway and 543 Columbus, but it got us nothing.

"There's still another way they do," O'Malley said. "If they write two addresses, one gives the right number but the other one gives the street."

There was no such number as 345 Cathedral Parkway, so we tried 236 Columbus. A good-looking young man about twenty-two years old opened the door of apartment 3F.

"Who're you?" O'Malley asked.

"Joe Harril. How about yourself?"

"A cop don't have to give a name." O'Malley showed his shield. "We'd like to look around your place."

"Well, go ahead."

We searched the room, and then him, and in his pocket we found three one-hundred-dollar bills with pinholes through them. The holes matched the pinholes in the pattern O'Malley had taken from the dead woman's slip.

"Well, guy," O'Malley said, "we got you."

"For what?"

"For knocking off Miss Dubois and robbing her of her dough."

"I haven't killed anybody and I never heard that name before. My aunt gave me that money."

"Yeah? You'll get a chance to prove that to the inspector."

We took him to the station house.

"This has been extraordinarily fine police work, O'Malley," I commended him.

"Sure, it's swell work," he said, "except I don't think this is the guy that done the killing."

I was astonished. "Why, you've practically proved it," I declared. "You must be crazy!"

I SAW O'Malley next day.

"Well, have you got the proof on Harril?" I inquired.

"Boy! We ain't got no proof on nobody. Most cops think Harril was the one. That Miss Dubois had a police record but it was long ago; some old-time cops remembered her. Collingham ain't the only guy that give her money. So we got other suspects, but we don't know who. That Collingham ain't what he looks and talks like; he ain't rich, he's broke. The report is he made what dough he once had dealing in counterfeit bonds, but it was never proved on him. Guys came to Miss Dubois' place sometimes to see her, and some kids saw a strange guy around there the afternoon that she got killed. They can't describe him except he was wearing a checkered suit. I don't know if anybody could get from that fire escape into the window, so we're going to try that out."

We went to Miss Dubois' apartment. Some plain-clothes cops were there and one was wearing a checkered suit. The man in the checkered suit went up to the roof, while we stood in the courtyard watching him, and he came down the fire escape and tried to force the window open from the landing. He couldn't do it. Then a younger cop tried it and he did it all right.

"There you have it, O'Malley!" I exclaimed. "It was a young man. That shows it was Harril."

"Yeah, fine!" he said. "Only the laboratory says them casts they took of the toolmarks on the window frame show that the window got opened from inside. You try it that way now," he directed the man in the checkered suit.

We went inside. The cop in the checkered suit forced the window open with what I thought at first was a jimmy, but I saw later that it was a steel knife sharpener. Apparently he didn't do it right, for O'Malley made him repeat it several times.

"That's the right way," he told him at last.

Then another cop who had waited in the court came in.

"Okay," he said.

We went to headquarters. After a while a cop came and gave O'Malley an envelope and O'Malley went into the inspector's room. He came out again and we waited and Collingham came in with a couple of cops.

"We need your help on that Dubois killing," O'Malley told him.

"I'll be glad to do anything I can."

(Continued on page 64)

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That's the amount of money which Mr. Fred W. Fitch, President of The F. W. Fitch Company, offers to the first person who can actually show him a "dandruff germ" and prove that the "germ" causes dandruff. This offer is open until January 1, 1937, to any layman, laboratory worker, research expert or scientific body.

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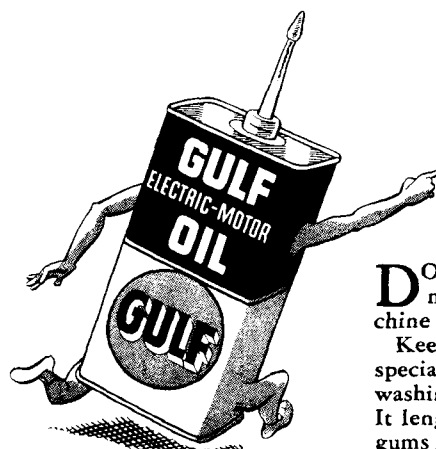
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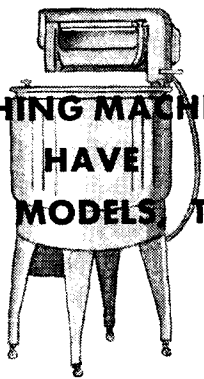
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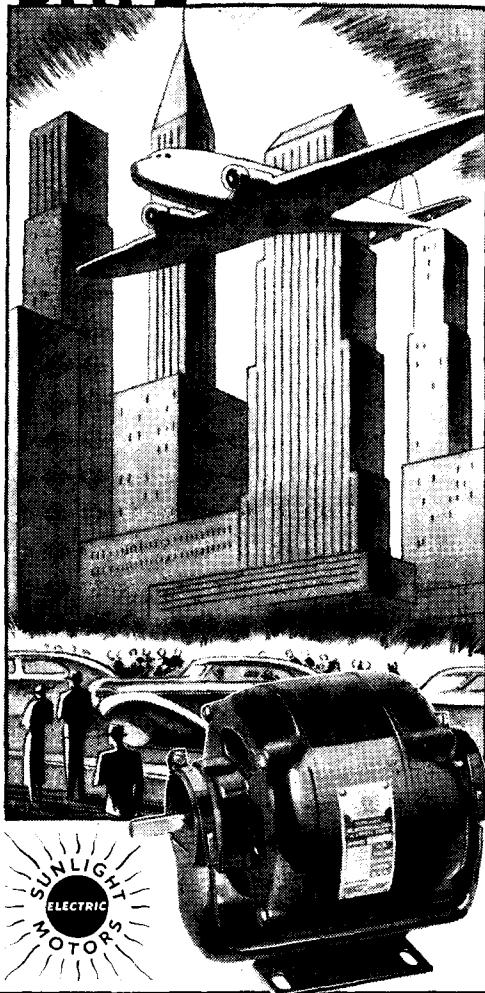
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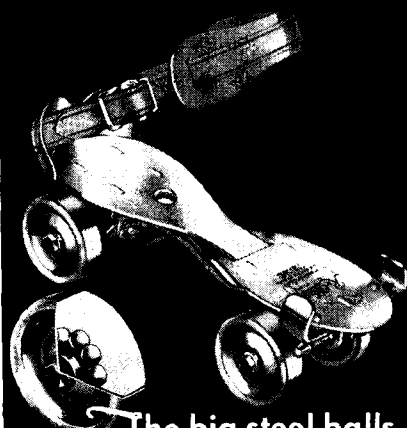
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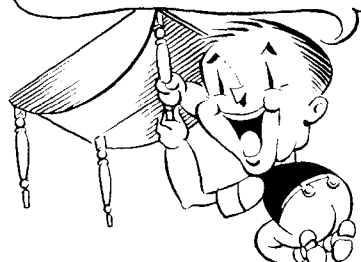
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PLASTIC WOOD

(Continued from page 63)

"We want you to tell us how you knocked her off."

Collingham got white.

"You're nutty in the head!" he declared.

"Our heads are all right. You want me to tell you how it was? You'd been paying blackmail to her, but now she tried to shake you for a bigger bunch of dough. You went there to argue with her. We got some kids seen you go in her place. She wouldn't believe you when you told her you was broke and you strangled her to shut her mouth. You got a knife sharpener out of the kitchen and fixed the window to make it look like some guy had broken in, and you scattered her things about so we'd think it was a robbery."

"You're wrong."

"Yeah, sure; we're crazy. A photographer has a place across that court. What you don't know is that the guy happened to be trying out a camera."

He showed Collingham a photograph. Collingham gazed at it and then stared at the floor and his body seemed to be folding up.

"I'll talk with the inspector," he said after a couple of minutes.

THEY went into the inspector's room. Some cops were studying the photograph and I looked at it over their shoulders. It showed the cop in the checkered suit pretending to force open the window; the man's face was in shadow but his clothes showed plainly.

"Collingham was a fool to fall for that fake picture," I told O'Malley when he came out of the inspector's room.

"You can't tell what no guy will fall for. He recognized his own checkered suit."

"His suit?" I asked. "How was all this?"

"Why, I'd think you'd guess. That Miss Dubois was one time in pictures, like Collingham said, but she was a lot of other things besides. She was a gay kid and she picked up enough on several well-off guys to ruin 'em, and then afterward she lived on it. She lived in that neighborhood so she wouldn't meet people that she knew in her old times."

"I guess she could have went on like that until she died, except for this young guy Harril. She told him she was his aunt, but we can't find out she ever had a sister or brother, and it's my idea he is her son. However that was, she didn't

want him to know nothing about what she'd been or how she lived. He understood always his folks was dead and he was always in school and in summer he was with other kids in camp, and the money for them things was sent through a bank. He says he never seen his aunt but twice, and the name he knew her by wasn't none she used anywhere else."

"The second time he seen her was the day that she got killed. He was through school and he had come to New York and got a room, and she came to see him and she give him some money that she unpinned from inside her clothes. She asked him what business he wanted to get in and said she'd send him the money to get started in it. She expected to get the dough from Collingham. The rest was the way I told it just now to Collingham."

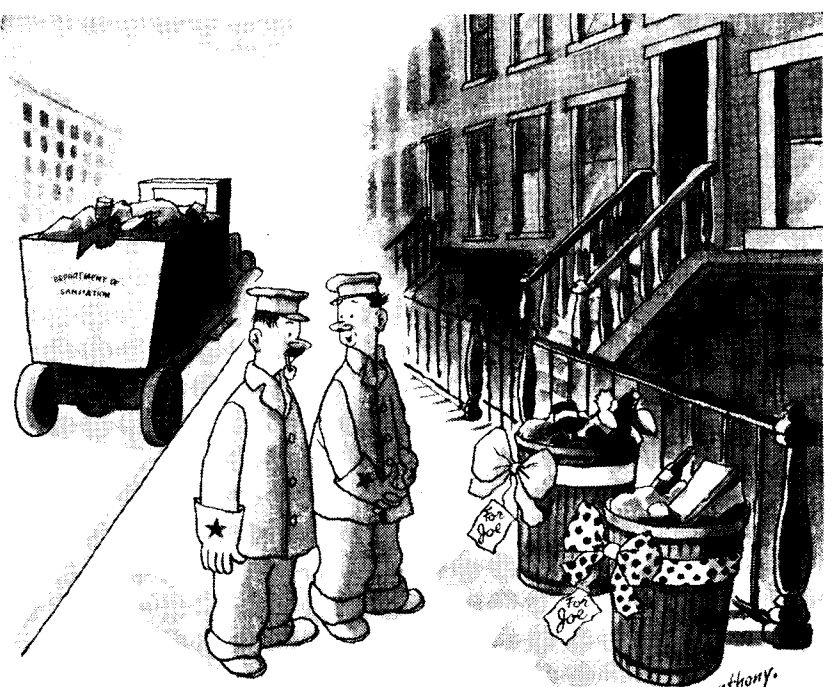
"I don't see yet," I said, "how you knew Collingham was the one that killed her."

"I didn't till the guy admitted it. You're kind of dumb. I only figured this dead dame was a crook, and Collingham had a reputation as another one. It looked like she had been holding him up, though he wouldn't tell she was, so I wondered did he kill her. Some kids had seen a guy go to the building in a checkered suit. Collingham wasn't wearing no checkered suit when we seen him, and I wondered did he own one. Some cops went round the neighborhood where he lived and seen all the clothes pressers, till they found out who pressed his clothes; and the people there said they'd pressed that kind of suit for him. So then we had a guy from the presser's go to Collingham's and tell his wife Collingham had telephoned 'em to press his checkered suit; she give it to him."

"I didn't have no idea about the photograph until after we got the suit, but then I figured we might try that piece of business on him. So I found a cop that looked as much like Collingham as I could and had him put on Collingham's suit. After he'd tried getting into the window from outside, we went inside and I had 'em take that photograph. You know, I ain't sure even yet if Collingham really fell for that photograph, or if it only made him think we had so much on him he might as well confess."

"It was a smart trick, O'Malley."

"Anyway it caught a fish. Maybe instead of a cop I ought to be a crook, but I figure a crook works harder than a cop, and I ain't that fond of working."



"My sweetheart lives here"

J. M. ANTHONY

Homeward Bound?



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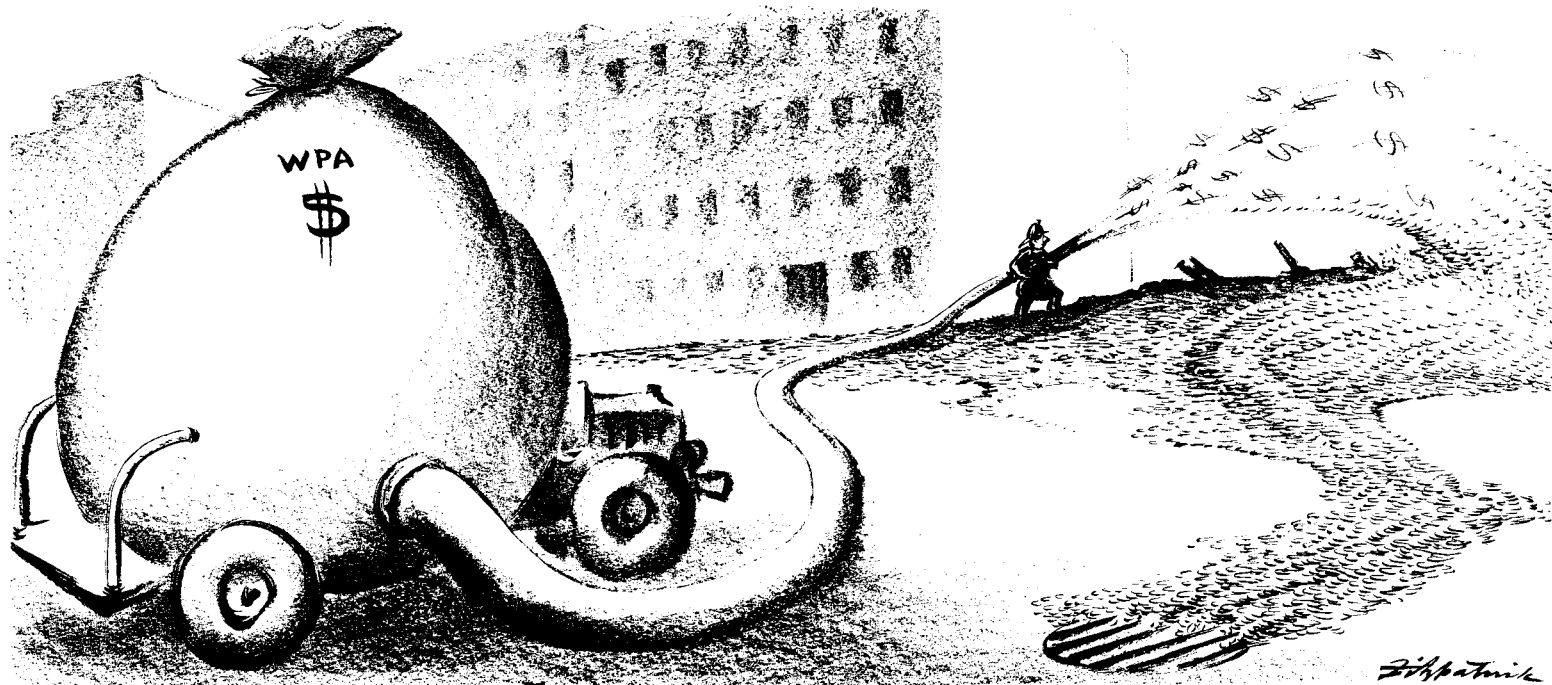
other new and improved building materials, the experienced counsel of an architect is practically essential. His guidance is as important in building your new home as are any of the materials you employ. By all means, let an architect chart your course when you are Home-ward Bound.

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Make Relief Rational

HARRY HOPKINS is a man in a hurry. His heart is kind and he can say "yes" quickly. This is a useful quality in a grave emergency. He never learned, however, to use the word "no" at the right times. So the WPA is a headache for Mr. Roosevelt and will continue to disturb whoever is President after next January 20th.

Until he was called to Washington to take charge of relief, Mr. Hopkins had no great experience in large affairs. He had been a technical social worker.

In the normal course of duty he had seen misery and poverty. The funds available to private charity are small enough at any time. When Mr. Hopkins got access to the long purse handed over by Congress to the Administration, he entered the social workers' heaven. There were seemingly endless billions to give to millions asking for relief. Mr. Hopkins was entrusted with power and responsibility and literal billions to distribute. His capacity for swift decision lifted him above his rivals. He seemed to have no private axes to grind. He was no politician.

So while other men argued or investigated or considered, Mr. Hopkins made decisions and acted upon them. The result is that even with the return of prosperity the relief expenditures of the federal government are not diminishing. Obviously something is wrong, and fundamentally wrong, with the administration of relief.

There is a widespread impression throughout the country that much governmental money is being given to those who have no sufficient claim upon public generosity. One of Mr. Hopkins' early acts was to repeal the rule laid down by St. Paul: "If any would not work neither should he eat." If Mr. Hopkins did not approve the kind of employment available to the recipients of the government bounty, work was not prerequisite to eating.

Very surely any Administration must re-

consider and reorganize the whole structure of federal relief. As a first step the rolls of those who receive governmental money through the WPA must be thoroughly examined. On the basis of the facts developed by such an inquiry, it will be possible to formulate an intelligent, just and sound program of relief.

Nobody knows accurately even the number of the unemployed. A number of agencies, some governmental and some private, have made statistical computations. On the authority of these calculations, estimates of the extent of unemployment have been published. The estimates may accord with the facts. No one is now able, however, either to substantiate or to confute them.

We need first to know the numbers of those actually unemployed and in need of relief. We need, also, to know why various individuals and groups are unemployed. Until such facts are known, any Administration must continue to expend very large sums without knowing how much of the expenditure is honestly required.

How many young people are on the WPA books? How many superannuated? How many disabled through disease? How many actually skilled and competent workers? What classes of workers are represented? These are obvious questions which must be answered before it is practicable to do more than spend blindly.

We know that children, the aged and the sick will not be re-employed by private industry. Children ought not to be employed. One of the great accomplishments of the late NRA was its temporary abolition of child labor. The support of children is, furthermore, definitely not a federal responsibility. Through state, local and private agencies, indigent children should be supported as a matter of sound public policy.

Superannuated workers ought not to be

carried permanently on the WPA or other federal charity lists. Most of the states have now established old-age pensions. Some of these are meager, it is true. Through the Social Security Act the national government supplements the appropriations made by the states for old-age relief. As soon as the lists are examined, it will be possible to transfer to the states responsibility for caring for the aged.

The number of those unemployed, because of disease, chronic or temporary, is suspected to be very large. Careful medical examinations should be made of all those on the WPA projects. Those unfit for work because of disease should be eliminated from the rolls of the employable.

Merely to purge the WPA lists of the sick unemployable is, of course, only a first step. Those curable should be given the necessary medical treatment. The United States Public Health Service, the public health officers of the states and cities and the private agencies have a vast opportunity to aid this group. All that can be done to restore them to health and usefulness should be undertaken. It only confuses the industrial problem, however, to count them as unemployed.

Already, W. Frank Persons of the United States Employment Service has been allotted a fund of \$1,500,000 by the President to make an occupational classification of the workers employed on the WPA program. This study ought to yield much information for a reconsideration of the relief problem.

Under existing methods it is difficult to reconcile the vast continuing expenditures for relief with industrial production at present high levels. We are in a period of industrial expansion and still relief expenditures go on at emergency rates. Bring out the significant facts and public opinion will sustain the necessary appropriations. The time for haphazard expenditures, however, has definitely passed.

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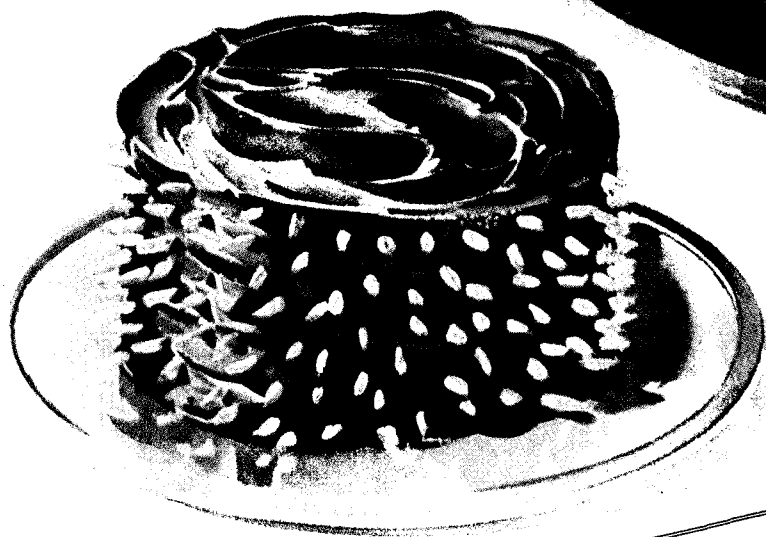




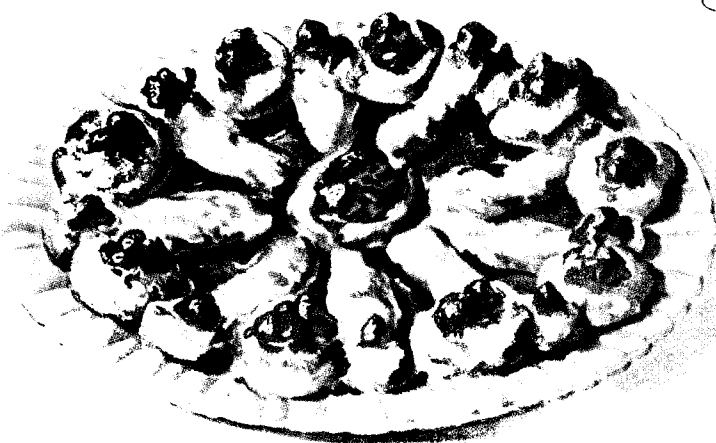
Autumn Fashions in Desserts —

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Apricot Chocolate Cream Cake — golden apricot with chocolate and smooth cream! Too tempting to resist? — then try the recipe — it's in the bag!



Fruit Fritters — so good — so easy! Tricks like this with canned fruit banish menu monotony. The recipes in the bag!

Recipes in bag

These foods taste better and look better made with Pillsbury's Best Flour. For Pillsbury's Best is "balanced" — a scientific blend of wheats, each selected for a valuable baking property. It is good for all baking... and economical, too — it never causes a baking failure. Also, Pillsbury's Best is in "enzyme balance" (ask your doctor), which means that all the rich food-energy of the wheat is in quickly and easily digestible form.

Pillsbury's Best — It's the "balanced" flour